

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JANUARY/FEBRUARY 2014

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DAVID MAMET
NAOMI WOLF
DON WINSLOW
BERTRAND RUSSELL
GEORGE LOIS
BUZZ BISSINGER
IAN FLEMING
JOE CASEY
LENNY BRUCE
PATTON OSWALT
ERICA JONG
TRUMAN CAPOTE
B.J. NOVAK
MARK LEYNER
RICK MOODY
SLAVOJ ŽIŽEK
WILLIAM S.
BURROUGHS



kate
moss

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MERT ALAS AND
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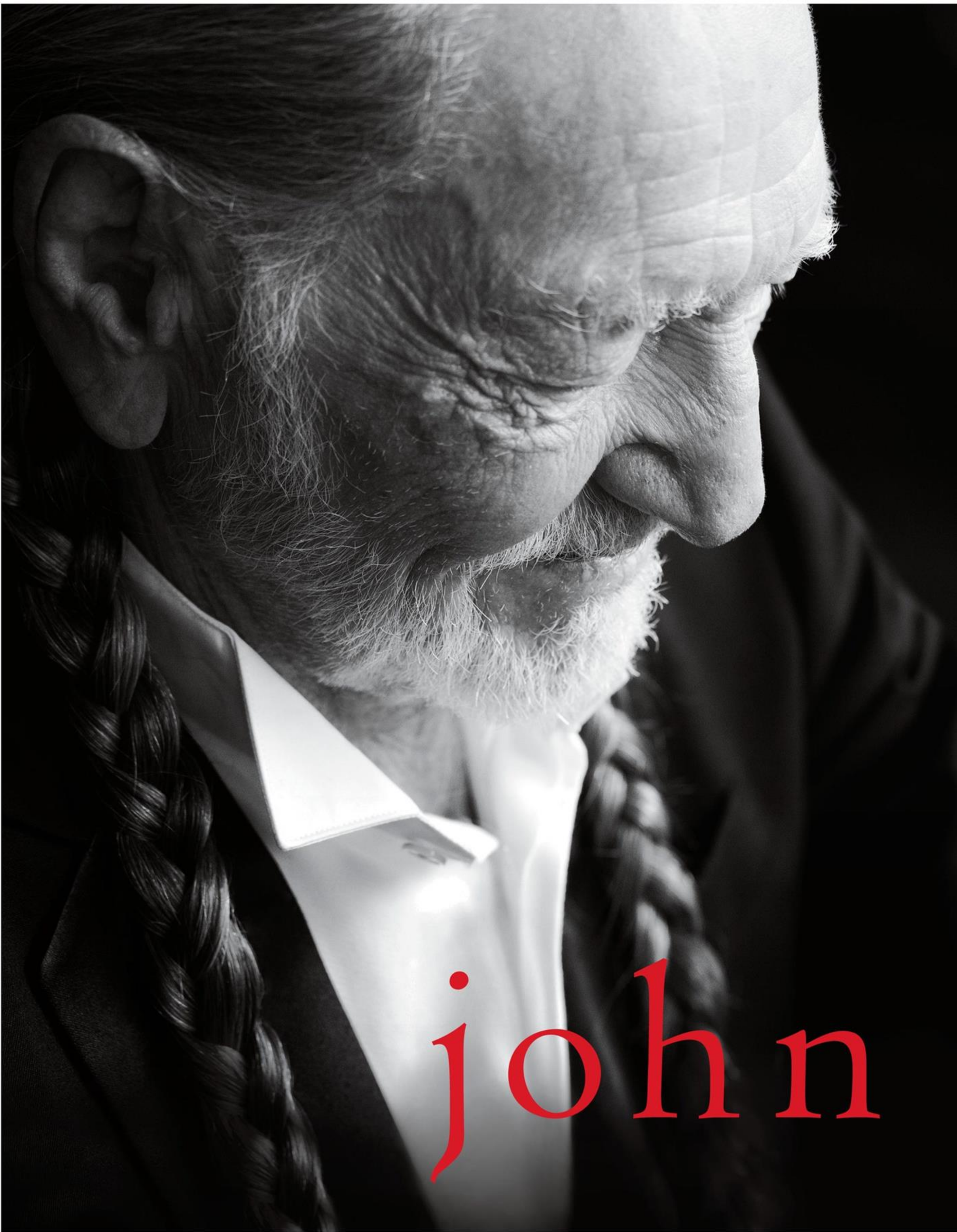
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“Topless for 25 years.”



O/ivi 



THE 25TH ANNIVERSARY MX-5 MIATA CELEBRATES 60 YEARS OF *PLAYBOY*.



mazda



THEY WILL NEVER LET GO.

KEVIN BACON

THE FOLLOWING

JANUARY FOX

PLAYBILL

If we are able to give the American male a few extra laughs and a little diversion from the anxieties of the Atomic Age," Hef wrote in 1953, in *PLAYBOY*'s first issue, "we'll feel we've justified our existence." Little did he know how laughs and diversions would launch a revolution. The anniversary edition you hold is a testament to 60 years of beautiful women, discerning taste, sexual emancipation, groundbreaking fiction and world-changing journalism.

To begin, we are proud to feature the woman who ushered in a new era of beauty: Kate Moss. You'll see why the supermodel captivates the world in our dreamlike erotic meditation *The Immaculate Kate Moss*, created by legendary fashion photographers **Mert Alas** and **Marcus Piggott**.

Some of the world's greatest writers join her in this issue. *Friday Night Lights* author **Buzz Bissinger** takes the NFL to task for neutering a game whose very roots lie in bone-crushing battle. Trailblazing philosopher and "Elvis of cultural theory" **Slavoj Žižek** focuses his laser-sharp eye on that inescapable phenomenon, the modern brand. Acclaimed environmental expert **Alex Hall** outlines why adaptation, not counteraction, is the next strategy on the climate-change battlefield, and **Ben Smith**, editor in chief of BuzzFeed, argues why the state of the press is surprisingly stronger than ever. Experimental-fiction king **Mark Leyner** embarks on the TMZ tour and takes a solipsistic (and hilarious) trip into the world of celebrity, while tech pioneer **Jaron Lanier** considers a world where everyone is known by code. In *Playboy, Magazine Ads and the Original Mad Man*, advertising visionary **George Lois** comments on 16 emblematic campaigns from the *PLAYBOY* archives. Of course we didn't forget the laughs: Venture with *The Office* star and producer **B.J. Novak**, whose fiction offering, *Julie and the Warlord*, sets a scene with your average OkCupid single on a first date, then take a ride on the nerdy side with **Patton Oswalt** as he examines in *20Q* how he went from a near-OCD *Star Wars* obsession to acting alongside Charlize Theron.

Hef's fight for sexual liberty is one of his enduring legacies, and *Sex: A Very Oral Report* captures the state of the contemporary sexual American woman. Prolific author and poet **Erica Jong** assesses how fringe fascism perverts our democracy, and **Naomi Wolf**, author of *Vagina: A New Biography*, speaks to how porn addiction affects



Buzz Bissinger



Slavoj Žižek



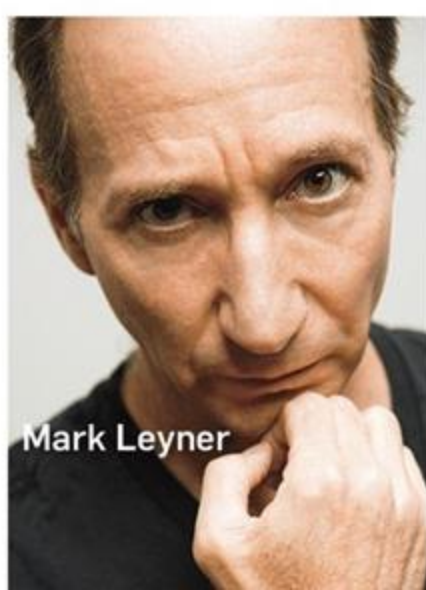
Alex Hall



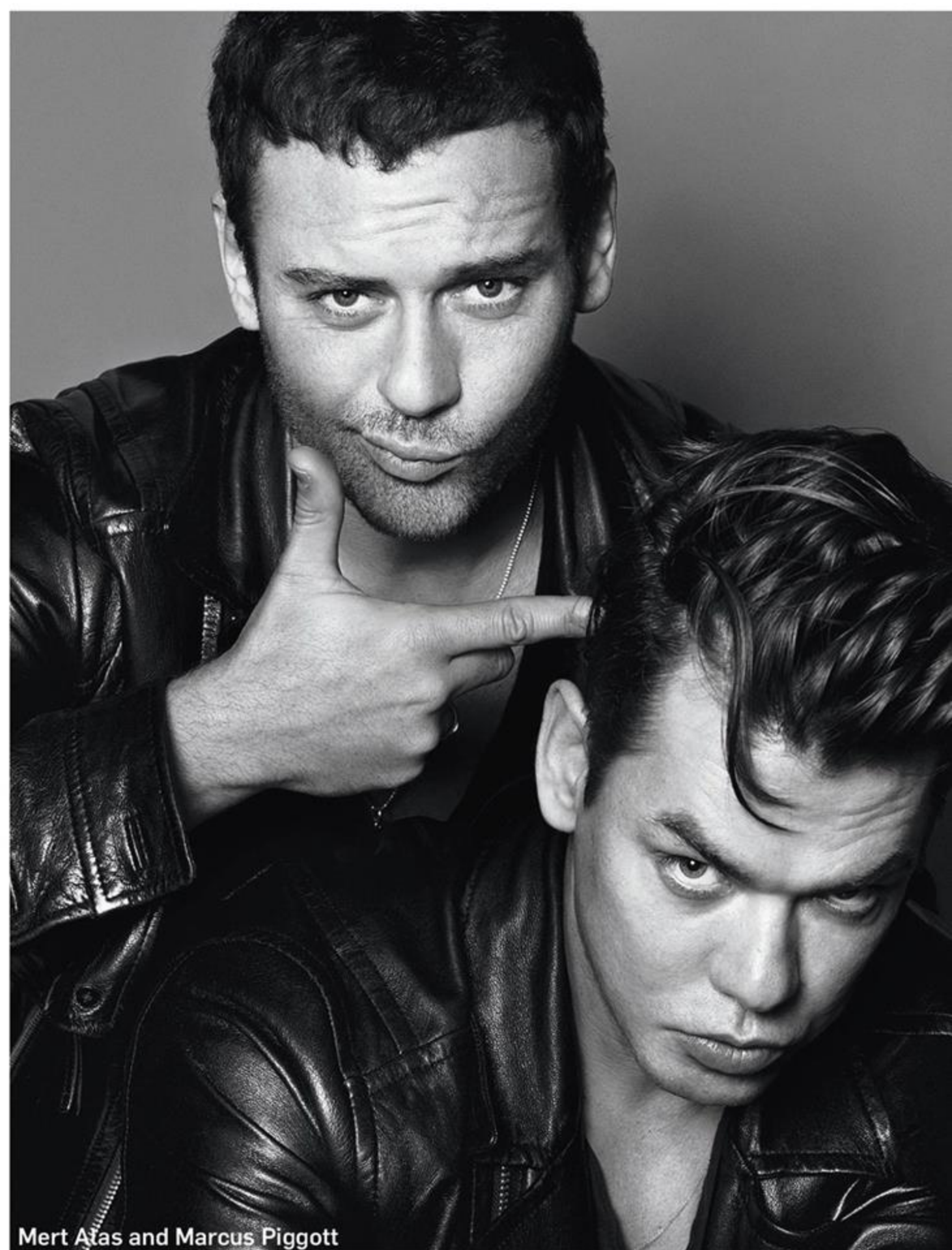
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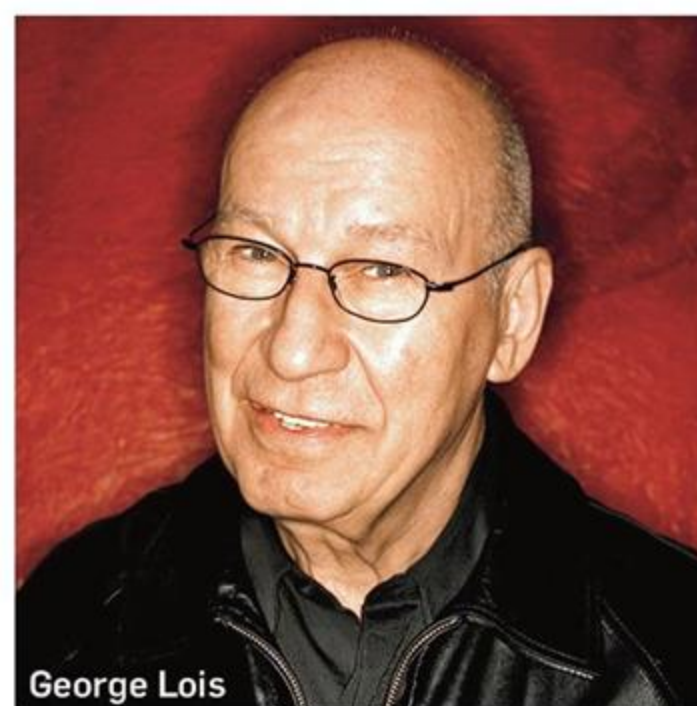
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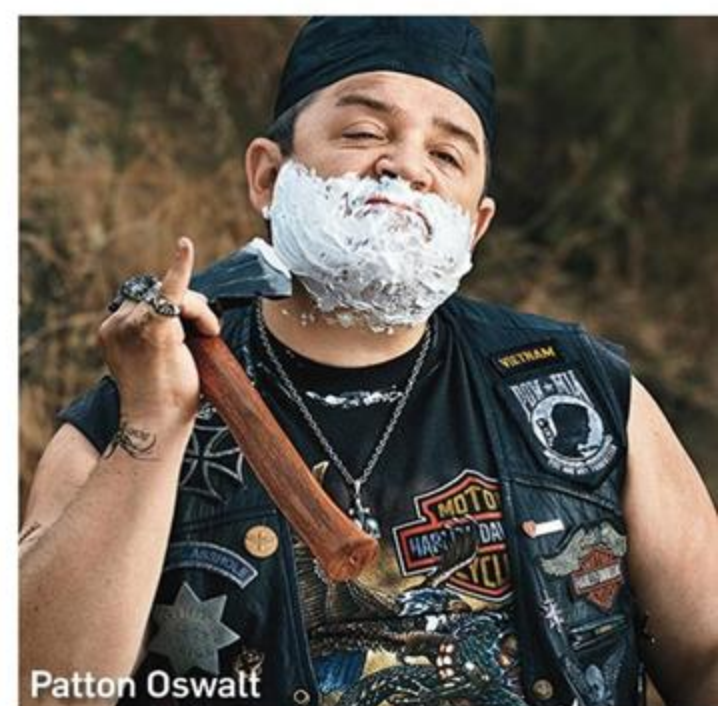
Mark Leyner



Mert Alas and Marcus Piggott



George Lois



Patton Oswalt



Jaron Lanier



Erica Jong

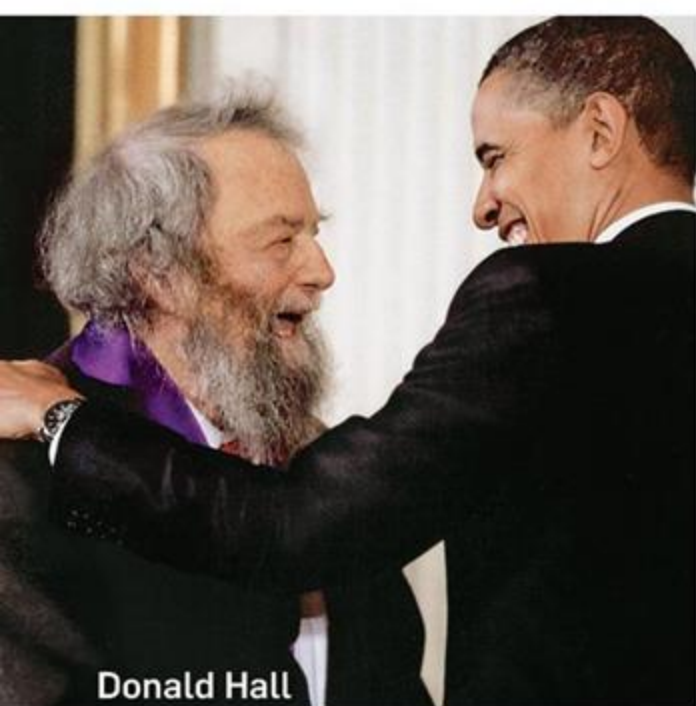


Naomi Wolf

PLAYBILL



Ben Affleck



Donald Hall



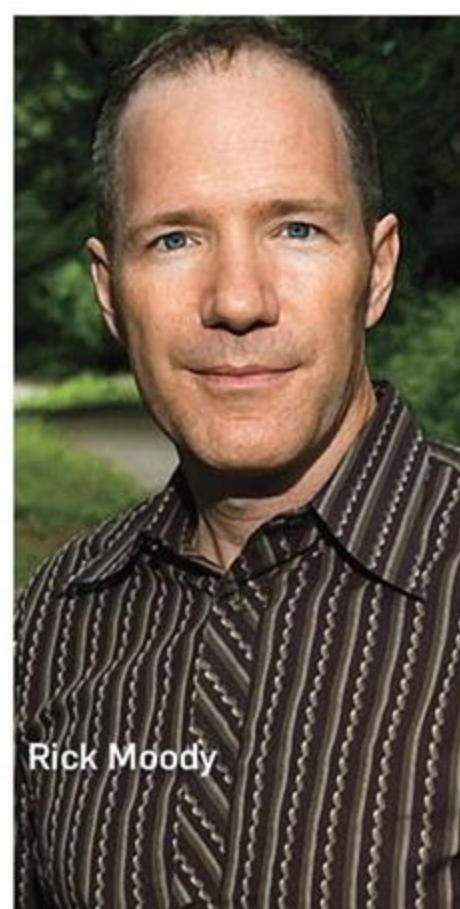
Gilbert Gottfried



Ben Schott



David Mamet



Rick Moody



Natasha Leggero



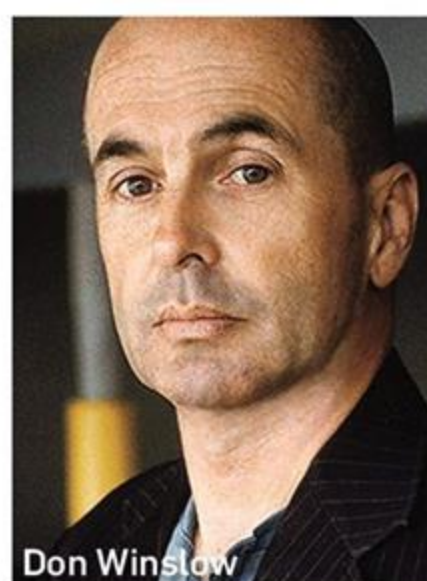
Cindy Gallop



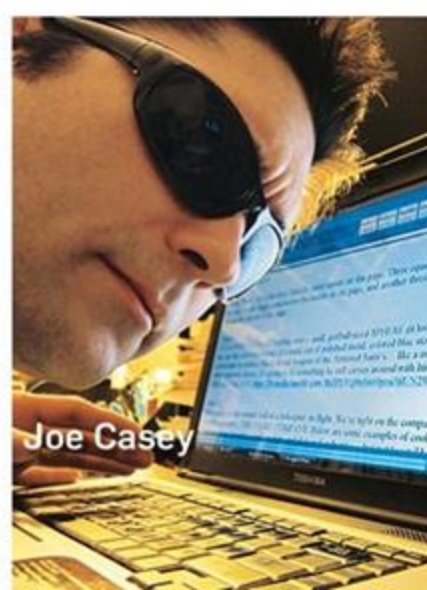
Jane Pratt



Aisha Tyler



Don Winslow



Joe Casey

men in the bedroom. **Natasha Leggero**, a thriving stand-up comic and actress with recent turns on NBC and Comedy Central, explains why she, and every other female comic she knows, still can't have it all. **Cindy Gallop**, founder of MakeLoveNotPorn.com, elucidates why she prefers younger men, while **Jane Pratt**, founder of Sassy magazine and xoJane.com, reveals how the role of women's media has changed with the role of women. And actress **Aisha Tyler** clarifies how technology and flirting should (and shouldn't) mix.

Perhaps no actor has had a career comeback as dramatic as **Ben Affleck's**. In the *Playboy Interview*, the actor-director delivers a no-holds-barred rundown of his filmography, from *Good Will Hunting* to *Gigli* to *Argo*. "I don't know what the future holds when I'm 55, 65 or 75," he says. "Right now it's about making movies I believe in, that I think will thrill and entertain and be meaningful to audiences."

What, exactly, is the meaning of success? For **Gilbert Gottfried** it's certainly not sex, and he'll quash any notion that funny men get laid in "*I Want a Guy With a Sense of Humor*." **Ben Schott**, professional trader of minutiae, probes the deepest reaches of *Playboy* facts and figures for his *Playboy Miscellany*;

even lifelong readers will find surprises. **David Mamet**, who is among the best playwrights and filmmakers we know, turns to the metaphysical in his cerebral treatise on government overreach. Novelist **Rick Moody** questions whether his generation's complaints about the extinction of the rock star hold water. And in *Forum*, former poet laureate **Donald Hall**, at 85, considers the meaning of death, driving far from the platitudes and euphemisms that surround it. It's a piece that is sure to give pause.

We've called upon art-world luminaries and heavyweights to illustrate this double issue, from street artist B. McGee to legendary caricaturist Philip Burke. A gallery's worth of masterpieces runs throughout. And master comic artist **Joe Casey**, whose mind has conquered franchises from *X-Men* to *Ben 10*, illustrates in *Modern Romance* how radically dating has changed since 1953. Then in fiction by **Don Winslow**, escape with *By Sun and Lightning*, a tale of bank robbers in love until they get screwed in a business that knows no loyalty.

Here's to it all: 60 years of *Playboy* parties, good drink, gripping stories, open minds, absorbing conversation, heady ideas and our ineffable, timeless Playmates. Here's to Hef. And here's to 60 more. Welcome to our anniversary party. It wouldn't be the same without you.

Don't judge.

GREG KINNEAR

RAKE

JANUARY FOX



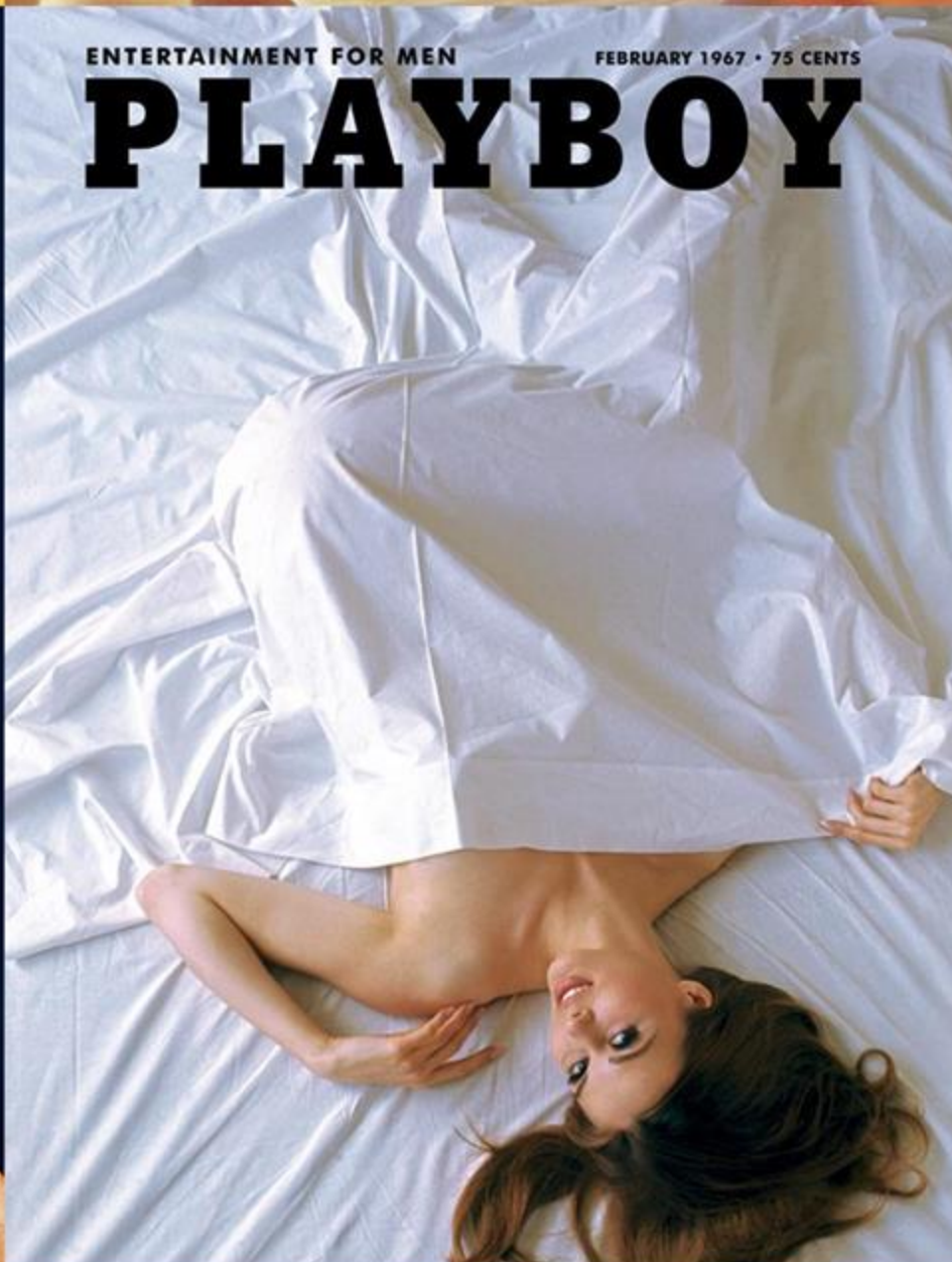
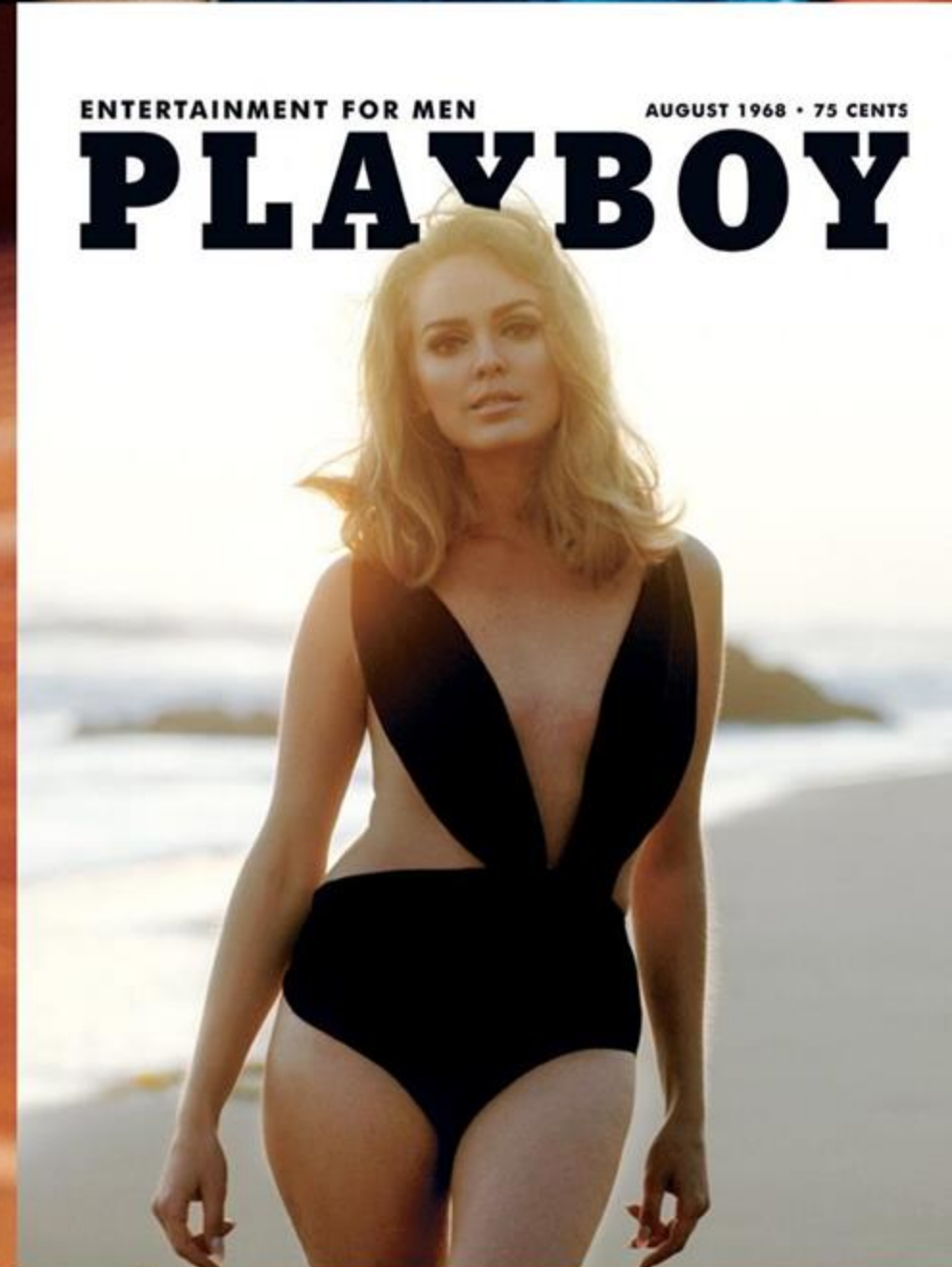
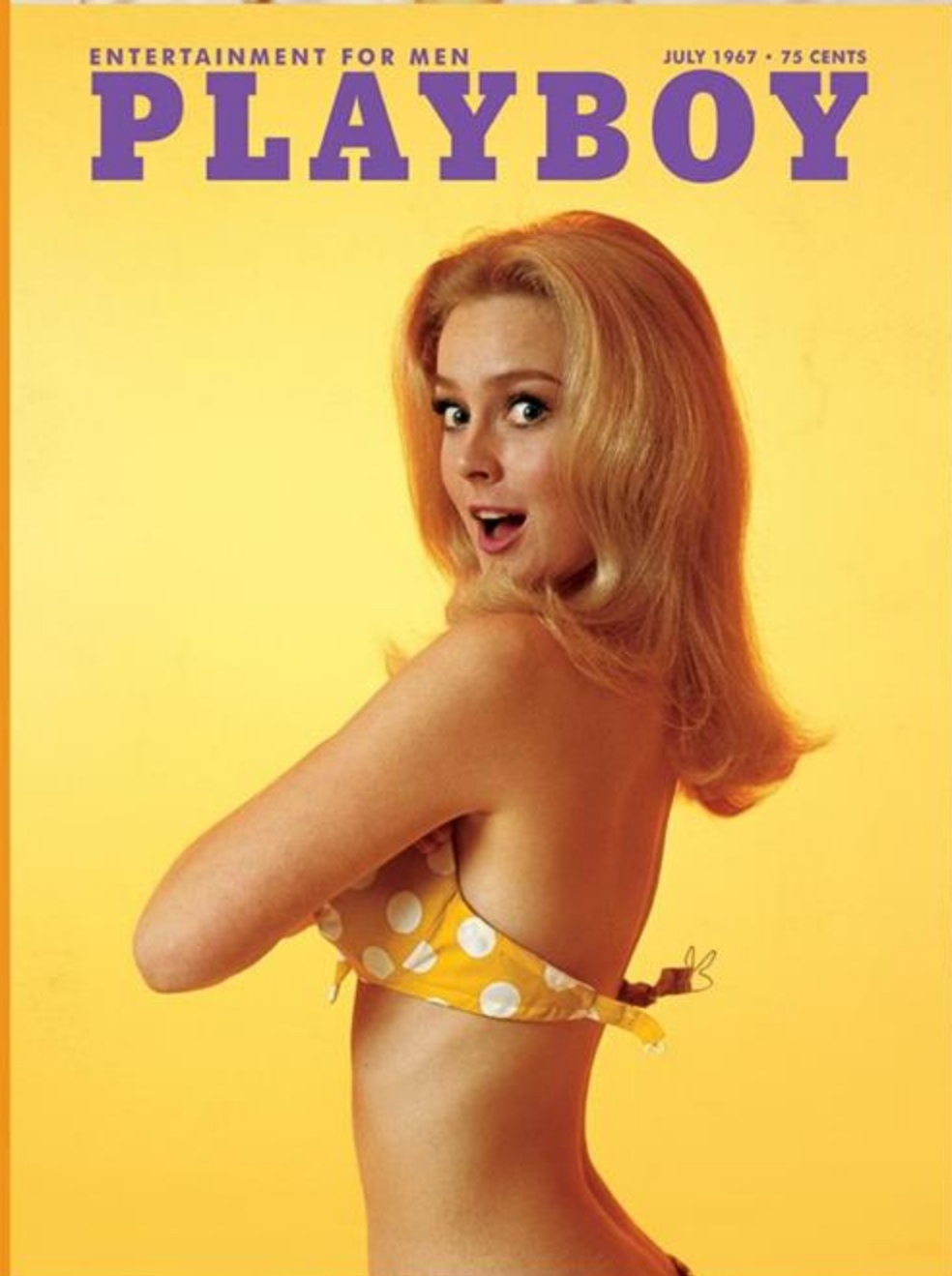
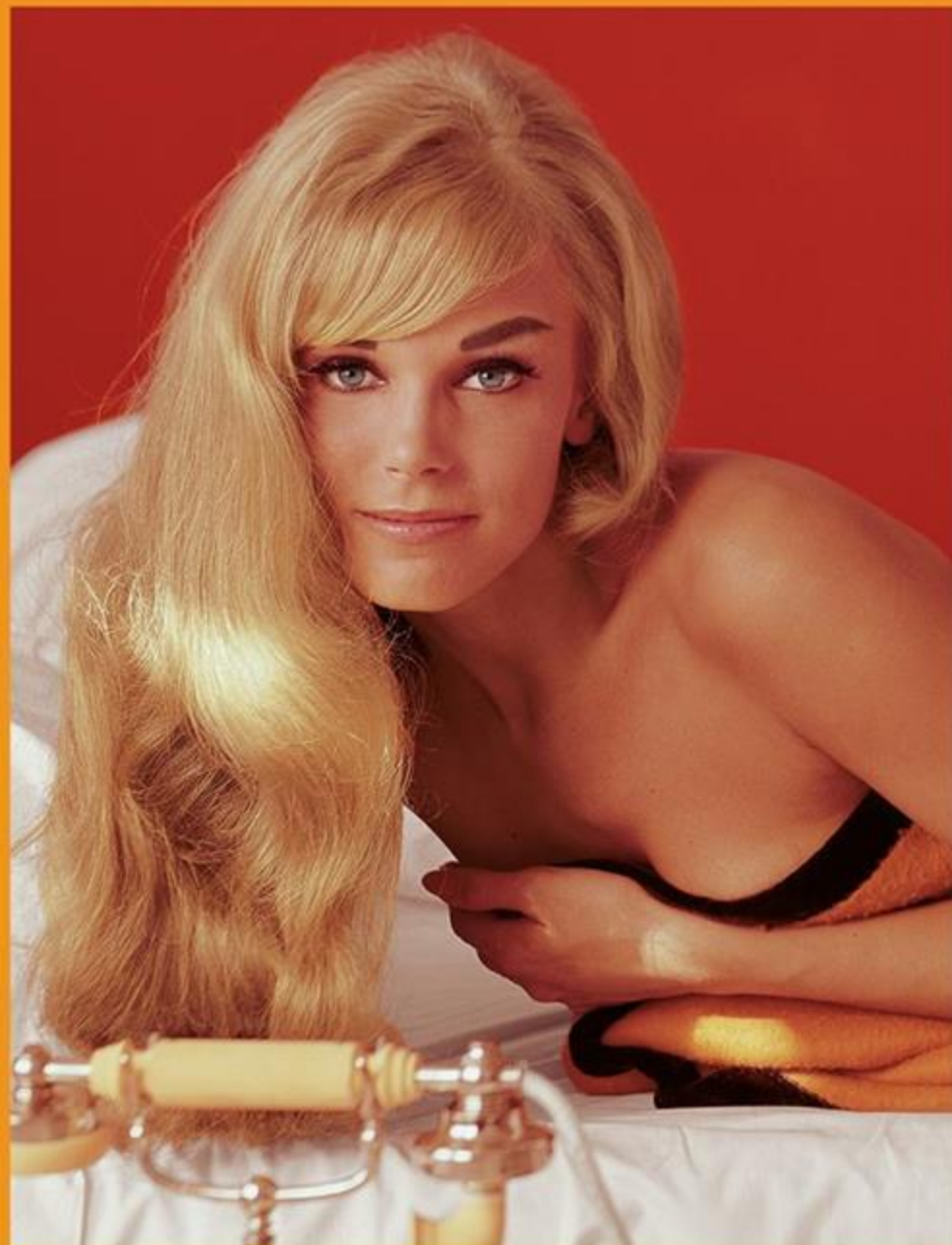
GUESS NIGHT

THE NEW FRAGRANCE FOR MEN

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HERE'S TO THE A-CUPS.

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PLAYBOY

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200 BY SUN AND LIGHTNING

DON WINSLOW transports us into the desert, where two thieves test the power of love against a bullet, a backstabbing fixer and imminent arrest.

COVER STORY

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Vikings

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PLAYBOY

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LAUGH TRACKS

HUGH HEFNER hand-selects the wittiest quips and funniest jests from 60 years of **PLAYBOY** cartoon archives.



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PRINTED IN U.S.A.

LEONARDO DiCAPRIO

A MARTIN SCORSESE PICTURE

THE WOLF OF WALL STREET

BASED ON THE BOOK BY JORDAN BELFORT SCREENPLAY BY TERENCE WINTER



DIRECTED BY MARTIN SCORSESE



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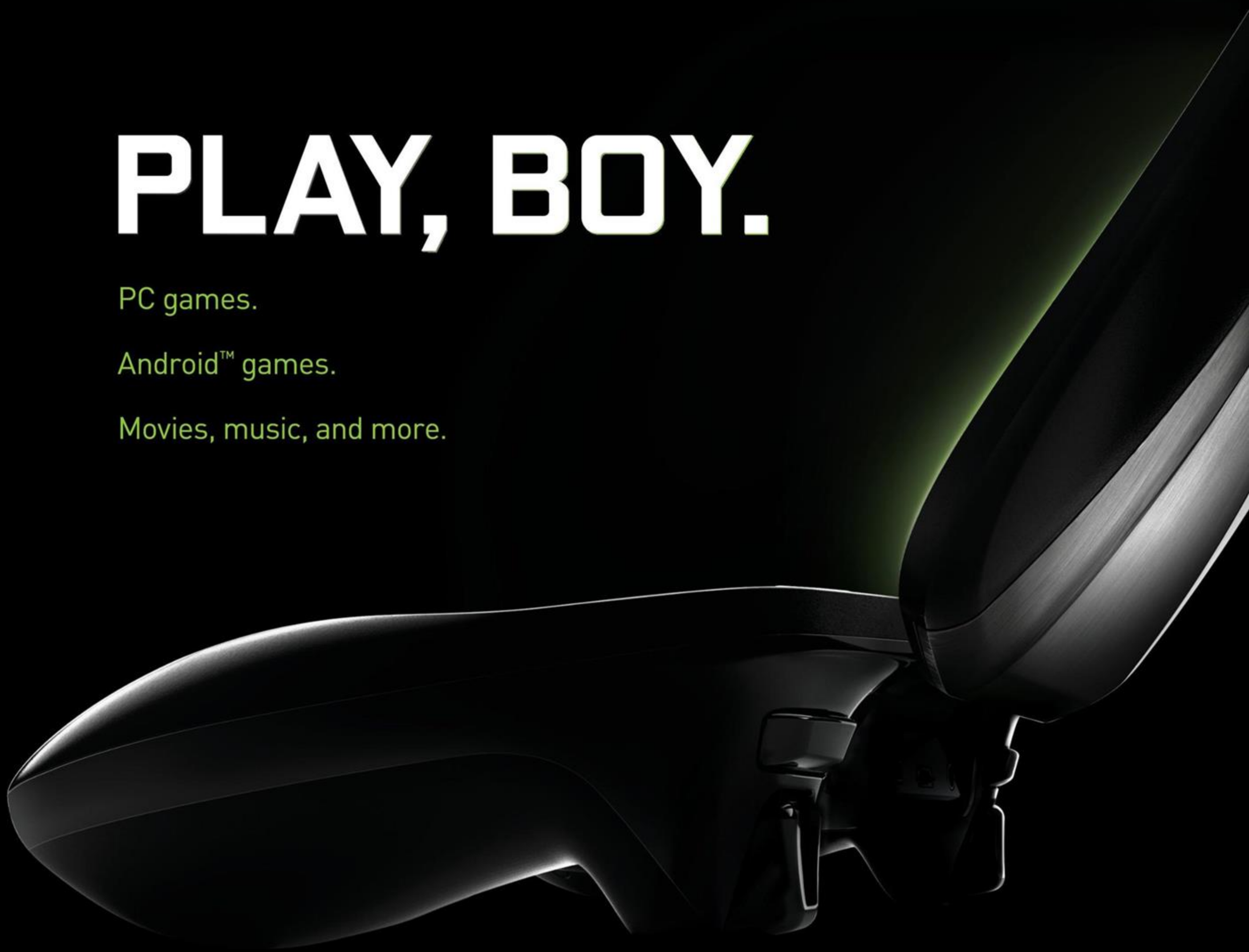
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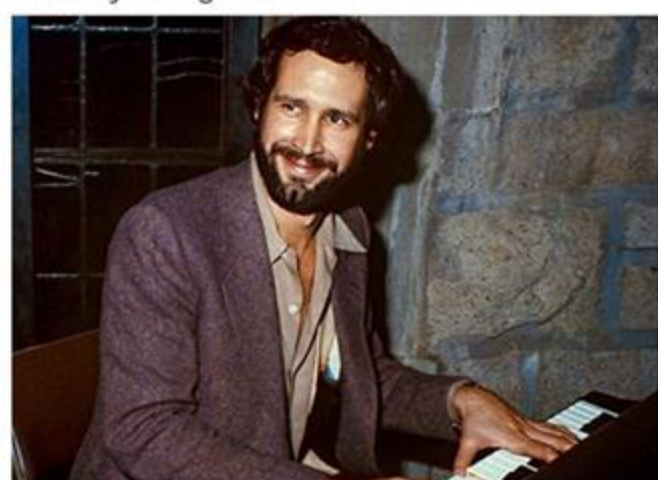
HANGIN' WITH HEF

60 YEARS OF MEMORIES

It's no wonder everybody wants to party with Mr. Playboy. Here are a few of our better-known revelers.



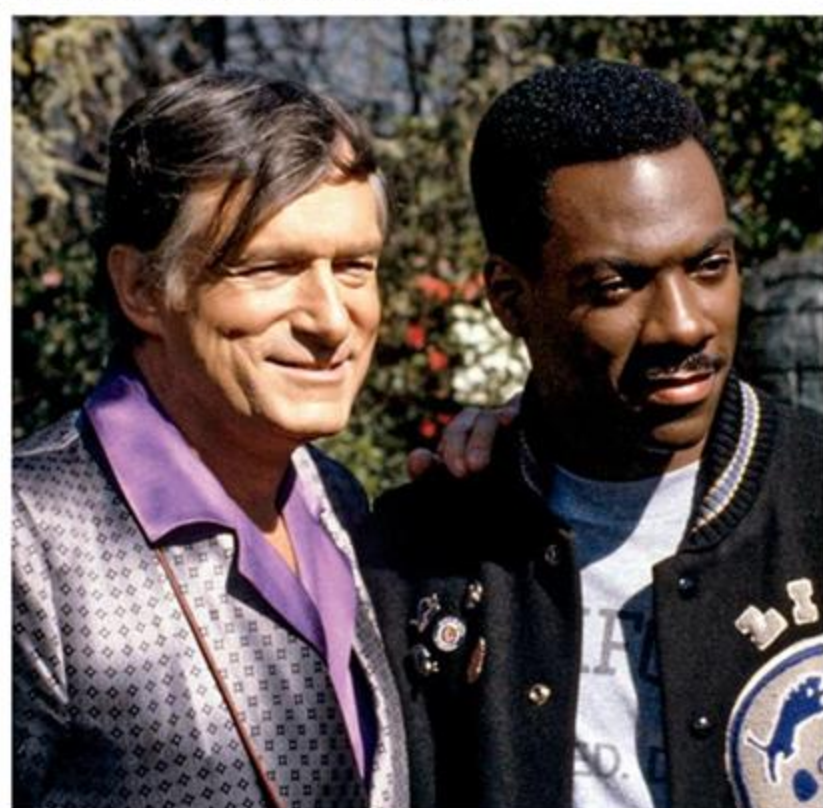
Rodney Dangerfield & Sam Kinison



Chevy Chase



Thora Birch & Elizabeth Taylor



Eddie Murphy



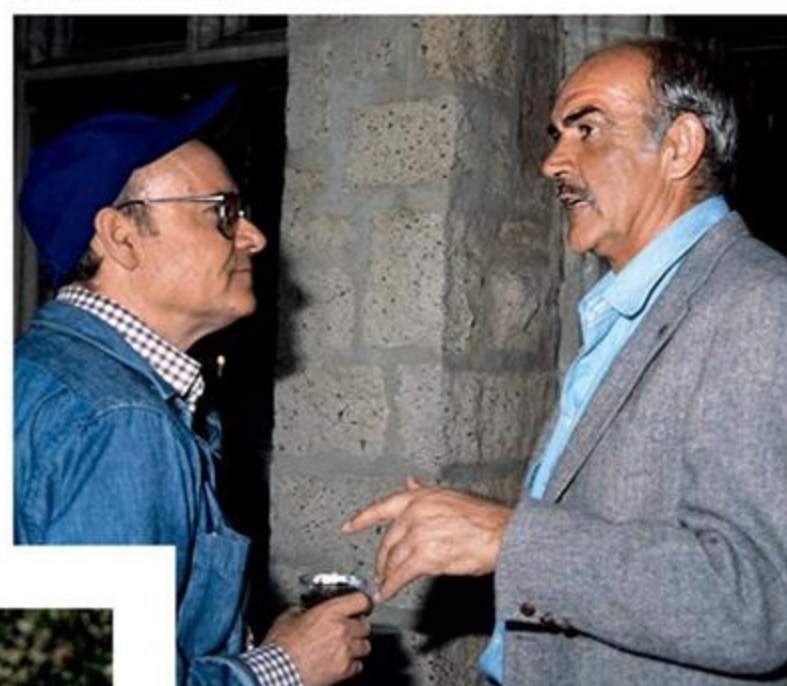
Alec Baldwin & Kim Basinger



Patrick Whitesell & Ben Affleck



John Belushi & friends



Buck Henry & Sean Connery



Sheryl Crow & Owen Wilson



Steve Martin



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Dan Aykroyd & Michele Drake



Gwyneth Paltrow & Anthony Kiedis



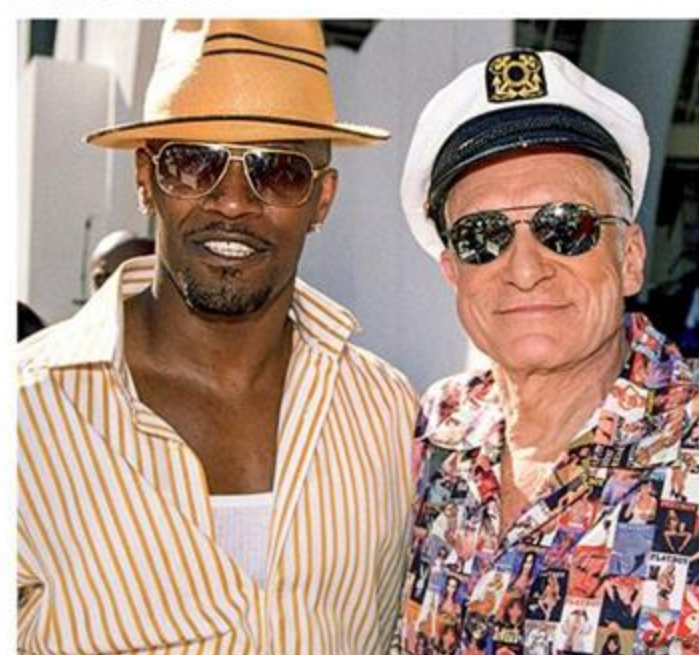
Johnny Carson & friends



Wilt Chamberlain & Jerry Brown



Dennis Quaid



Jamie Foxx



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Muhammad Ali



Leonardo DiCaprio



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Farrah Fawcett



Elton John



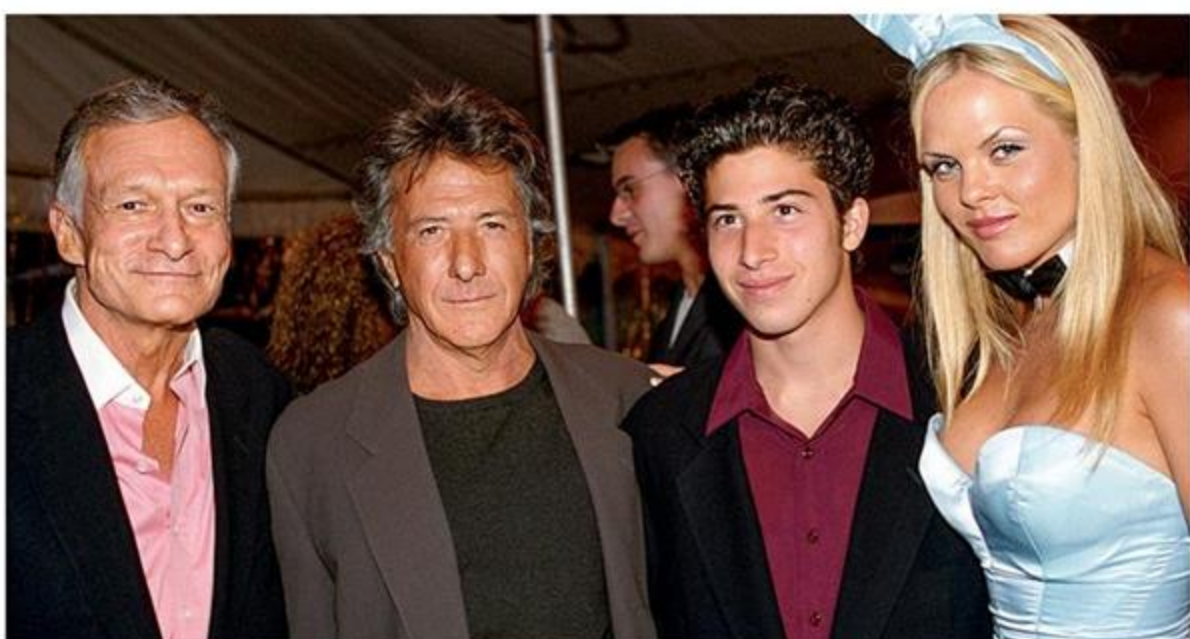
Brande Roderick, Liam Neeson & Geoffrey Rush



Cary Grant



Kevin Costner & friends



Dustin Hoffman & son Jake



Bo & John Derek



Wilt Chamberlain & Berry Gordy



RETURN



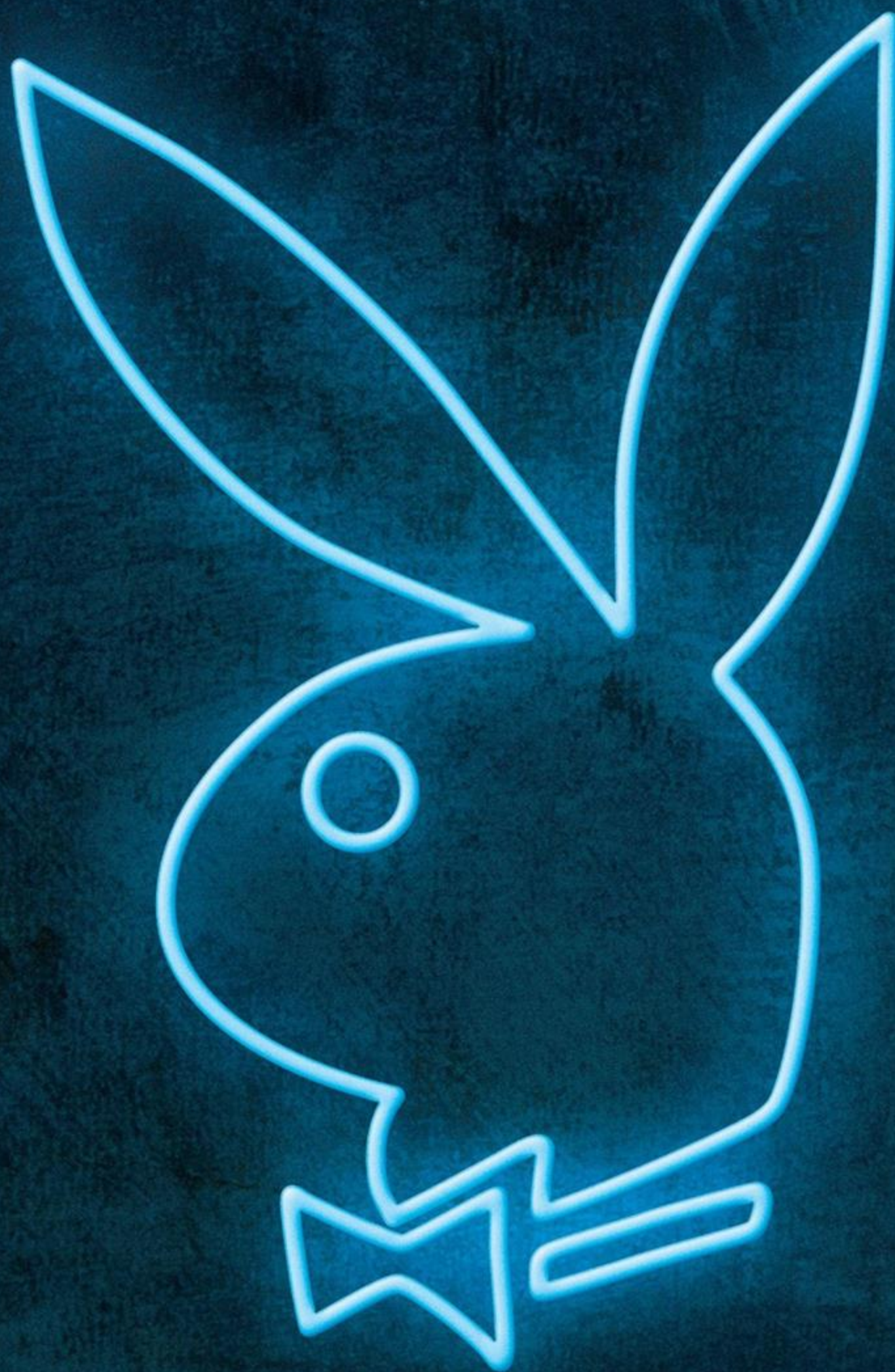
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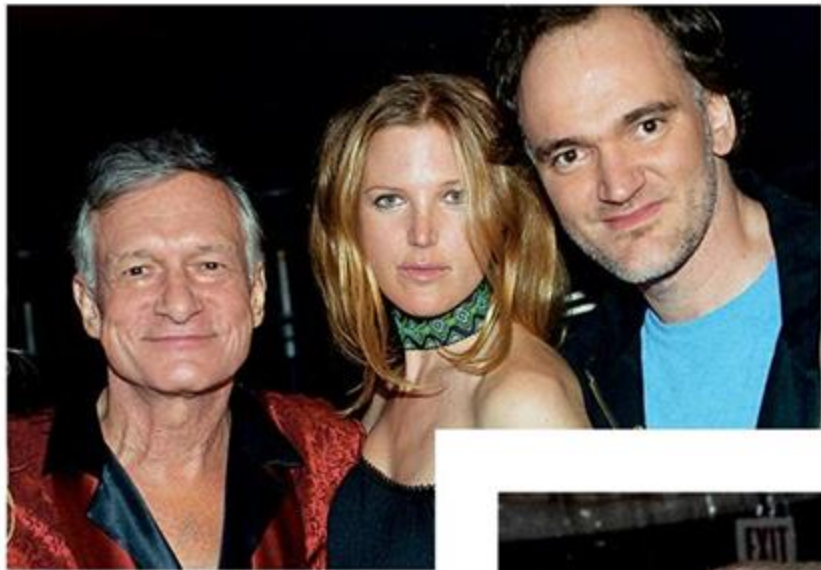
Kevin Spacey



Whitney Houston



Roseanne Barr



Quentin Tarantino



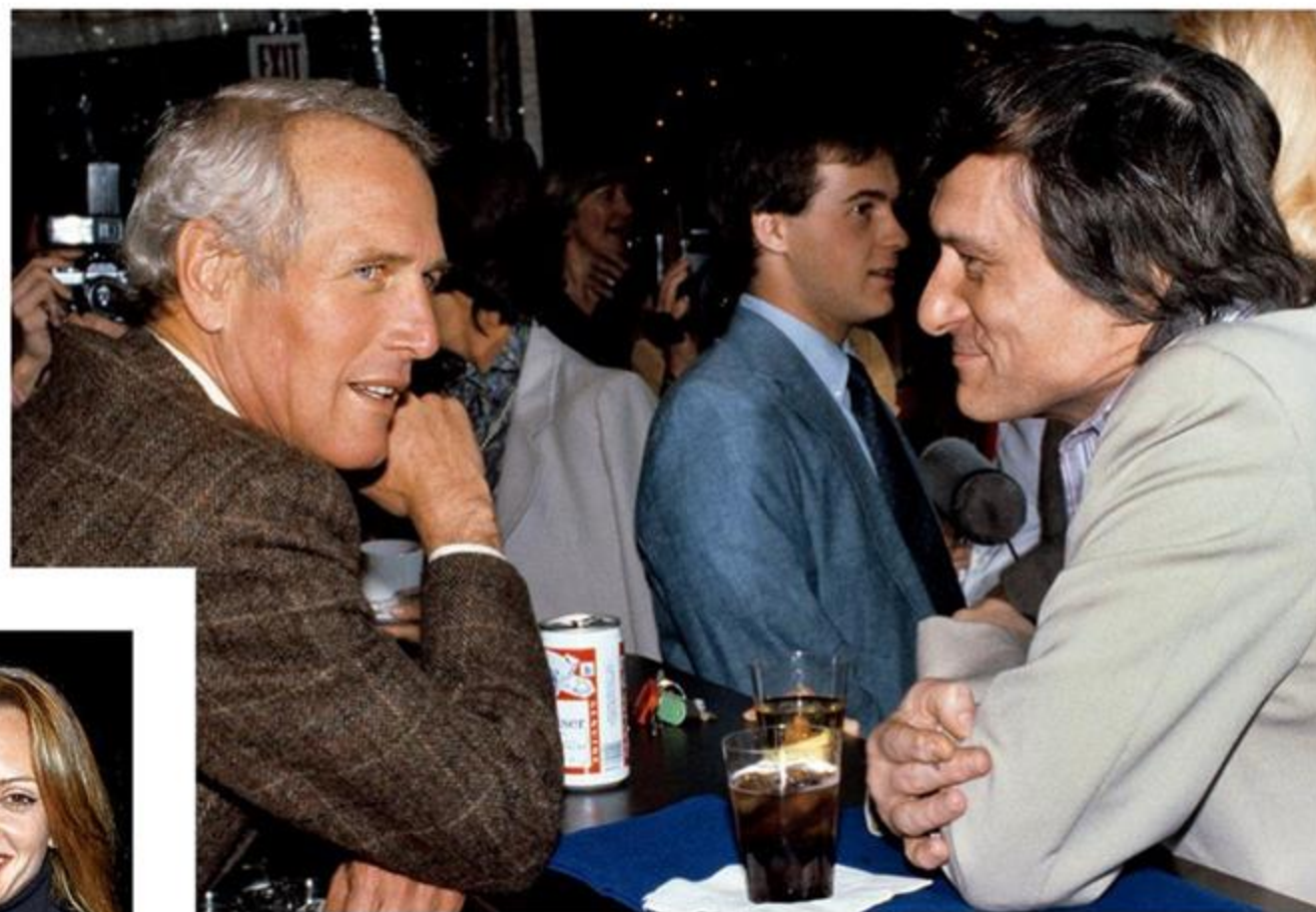
Will Smith



Kid Rock & Pamela Anderson



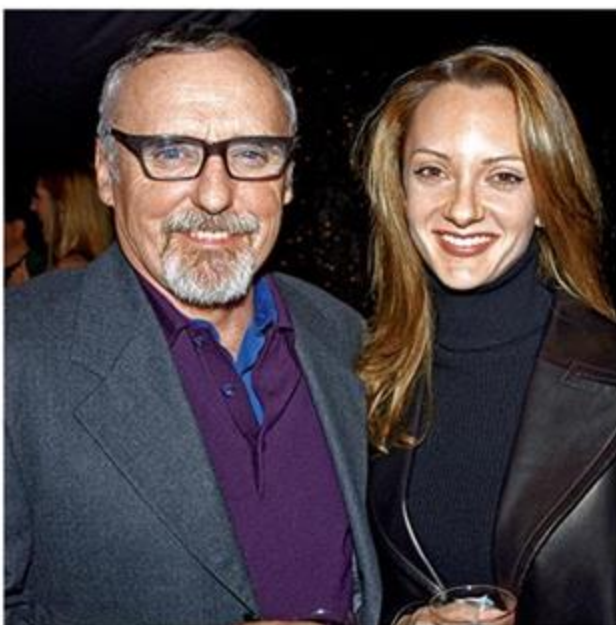
Paris Hilton



Paul Newman



Bruce Willis & Mel Tormé



Dennis Hopper & Victoria Duffy



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Al Pacino



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Arnold Schwarzenegger



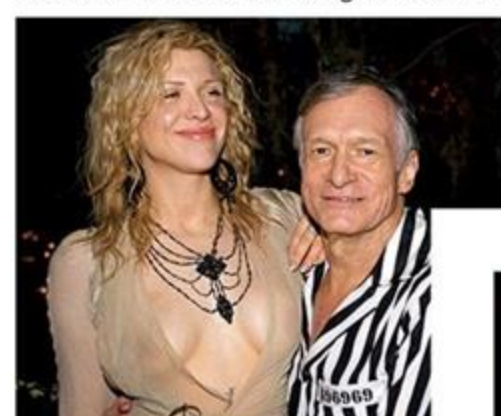
Sylvester Stallone & Kimberly Conrad



James Hetfield & Dwight Yoakam



Alberto Vargas



Courtney Love



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PLAIN SPEAKING

For some time this country has experienced a trend in censorship aimed at any public figure who is accused of stepping out of his or her respective racial boundaries. In order to be washed clean of all trespasses, he or she must take a strange apology tour. The first stop is kissing Al Sharpton's ring, the next stop is sitting down with Oprah, and the final stop is enduring the slanted wrath of Spike Lee. I respect all these people, but their sanctimony is getting in the way of racial progress. Kudos to Samuel L. Jackson (*Playboy Interview*, October) for refusing to take the tour and instead choosing freedom of expression.

J.B. McGeever
Brooklyn, New York

PLEASE PROVIDE PROOF

Are you serious? The winning entry in your College Fiction Contest is a story about a guy who goes to jail, gets beat up and watches a football game (*Spar-ring Partners*, October)? I wrote better stories when I was in high school.

Jay Aviles
Bakersfield, California

SEEING DOUBLE

The October cover is beautifully done. It reminds me of the 1950s pinup art of Gil Elvgren.

Michael Peters
Dearborn, Michigan

Did you intentionally hide two Rabbit Heads on the October cover—namely, the cloud and the left thumbnail? Has this ever happened before?

Kenneth Anderson
Walnut Creek, California

Glad to see you're paying attention. Yes, it

DEAR PLAYBOY

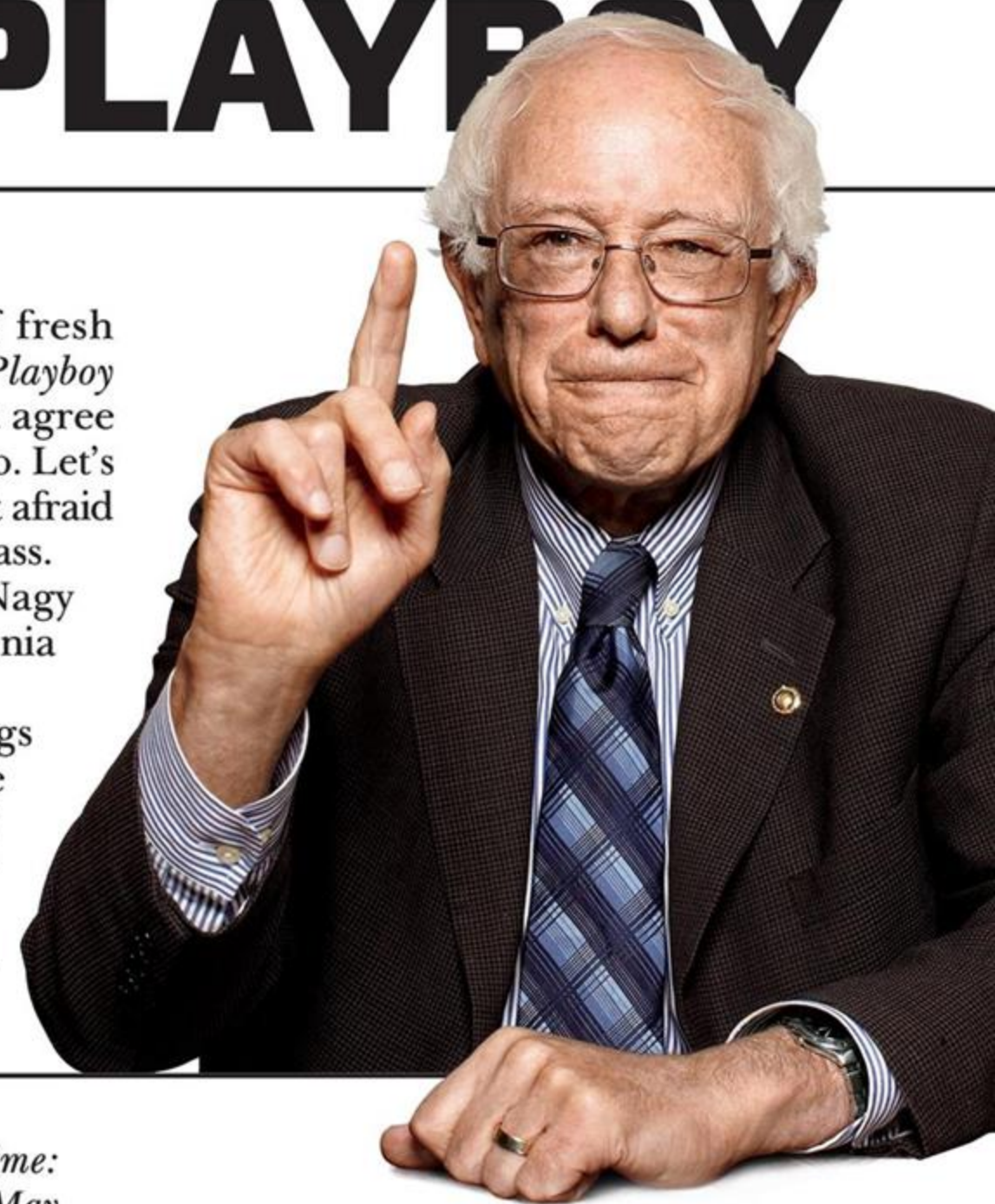
Senator Sanders

Thank you for the breath of fresh Vermont air, Bernie Sanders (*Playboy Interview*, November). I could not agree with Sanders more than I already do. Let's hear from more people who are not afraid of real topics about the working class.

Julius Joseph Nagy
Erie, Pennsylvania

I've been saying the same things as Sanders for years—with the exception of his comments about Syria. Perhaps I should run for office and give Bernie an ally.

Dennison H. MacDonald
Tullahoma, Tennessee



was intentional, and it's not the first time: Several Rabbit Heads appeared on our May 2012 cover with May Andersen.

MORE SENATOR SANDERS

Sanders is spot-on about the importance of certain issues. Some PLAYBOY readers will carp about his "socialist babble," but let them. His courage to speak the truth is one of the reasons I left the corporate duopoly behind and joined the Democratic Socialists of America.

Phil Stahl
Colorado Springs, Colorado

Bernie Sanders says the hatred of Obama stems from racism and the distorted information coming from the right-wing media. His claims are insulting

and out of touch. Sanders can't figure out why everyone hasn't drunk the Obama Kool-Aid. Maybe it's because a large number of people can see right through the president after his five years in office. Initially, some people believed the promises of a post-partisan, post-racial presidency that would bring unity and transparency. It turned out it was all campaign lies. Obama isn't a leader who brings people together; he made that clear during the 2008 campaign when he said "If [Republicans] bring a knife to the fight, we bring a gun." The 2016 election can't come soon enough.

Virgil Goodwin
Renton, Washington



RAVING ABOUT MDMA

• Thank you, Frank Owen, for pointing out that molly isn't pure (*Chasing Molly*, November). The next time someone tells me it's "pure," I'm going to puke.

• According to Owen, criminals are

unscrupulous people who are out to make a quick buck. Wow, the foundations of all my knowledge have been shaken to the ground.

• If you go to a concert and buy drugs that are unidentifiable to the naked eye, then you are never going to get

what you want. You're also an idiot. If you don't know what you're doing, then don't buy drugs. The problem isn't that molly is impure, the problem is that dealers take advantage of idiots.

• I've never understood how people can trust what a

drug dealer says is in a pill. At least with weed you can tell if it's quality with one good sniff.

• Molly is the "drug du jour"? So what was every raver rolling on back in the 1990s? Giving ecstasy a different name does not make it a new drug.

• Molly is a gimmick and a rebrand. It's just another name for ecstasy—and now methamphetamines, apparently.

• It sounds like the writer needs to meet better drug dealers. Or maybe it's because dealers

don't want to sell the good stuff to a narc.

• Molly is what I like to call "the hot dog of drugs." It's whatever is left on the table. My advice? Stay away.

• Tip number one: Avoid anyone who calls it "molly." That's the easiest way to tell who is riding the bullshit bandwagon.

• Some music festivals have well-advertised booths that test your drugs for free, no questions asked. A lot of bunk gets thrown away, and it's

greatly appreciated.

• So the point of the story is that pills are dirty and dealers aren't to be trusted? Color me not surprised.

• When Madonna named her new tour MDNA, I assumed that meant "Madge Displays Nipples and Ass."

• Drugs are asshole fuel. They exaggerate your worst personality traits.

• What year is it, 1999?

(Online comments from PlayboySFW.jinja.com.)



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HAWAIIAN HERO

Thank you, PLAYBOY, for having the social consciousness to publish *Fast Eddie's Last Stand* (July/August). In the 1970s a little farm growing corn appeared along a busy road in Kihei, Hawaii. We were told it was growing "different" types of corn. Monsanto must have an evil sense of humor. Today on Maui what once grew effortlessly now struggles to survive. We see bugs and insects that have never been seen here before. We see chemical trails that don't dissipate in the trade winds. The people are experiencing all kinds of illnesses and cancers. Please continue to give them hell, Eddie. Our families stand with you. This fight will be your true legacy, and ours as well.

Marie Chang
Kula, Hawaii

Eddie Rothman is a warrior for the Hawaiian islands and their people. Greed is at the core of our planet's most dire threats. Money in and of itself is not evil, but the love of it is. Corporate interests are driving the planet to extinction. We are rapidly approaching the tipping point, if we haven't passed it already. The apathy of the American people allows the greedy and powerful to push self-destruction forward. Where's the courage? Where's the leadership? I'll tell you where: in the courageous heart of Mr. Rothman.

Jerry Hilley
Albertville, Alabama

WEIGHTY MATTERS

Miss September Bryiana Noelle (*Stairway to Heaven*) is only 85 pounds? How about focusing on women with curves? Enough is enough. I'm just not feeling it.

Hermon George
Westminster, Colorado

SEAN HANNITY

Each year for many years a group of us would pick the person we thought was the dumbest rich person in the United States. A Chicago congressman held that distinction for a long time. Then came Dan Quayle and then Rush Limbaugh. And then came Sean Hannity (*Playboy Interview*, July/August). We have now retired the title.

Tom O'Connell
Belvidere, Illinois

ALIVE AND WELL

When I read about filmmaker Tim Tracy's incarceration in Venezuela (*Inside El Rodeo*, October), I started to cry. Then I got mad. A man armed with only a camera is accused of being a spy, President Maduro? Tracy is lucky to be alive.

Mark Garriss
Fort Valley, Virginia

MR. FIX IT

Tony Robbins sounds like a handyman who can fix anyone as well as anything

(*Playboy Interview*, September). He's a manic pleaser who is wise beyond his years.

Steven Rovnyak
Indianapolis, Indiana

Your interview with Tony Robbins has made a big difference in my life. It really helped. He is such a positive influence.

Paul Garcia
Los Angeles, California

GIRLS OF THE PAC 12

I could not take my eyes off the image of Danni Braun from the University of Utah (*Girls of the Pac 12*, October)—the glow of her hair, her bright blue eyes and her perfectly shaped butt. I am officially requesting that you please bring Danni



University of Utah's Danni Braun: PMOY 2015?

back for a pictorial this year. If you're in need of extra help on the shoot, please let me know soon, as I am about to leave for active duty with the U.S. Marine Corps.

Jeremy W. Harshman
Camp Lejeune, North Carolina

Your pictorial of the girls of the Pac 12 is wonderful! Will you make Kennedy Lane from Oregon a Playmate, please? She's among the most beautiful women I've seen grace the pages of your fine magazine.

Tom Klock
Rapid City, South Dakota

HUMAN ANATOMY 101

According to CNN, a House Republican aide remarked that Texas state senator Wendy Davis has "more balls than Ted Cruz." This popular figure of speech is illogical and an insult to women. Why is there no female equivalent for the term? When referring to a woman who is gutsy and courageous, I suggest we replace "having balls" with "having twat." Until women learn to pay attention to this male-oriented use of language, their struggle will remain an open-ended exercise in futility.

Guenter Koehler
Tuscaloosa, Alabama

Why not praise courageous men and women for their brains and not their genitals?





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PLAYBOY

Afterhours

Y/FEBRUARY-
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BECOMING ATTRACTION

TARA HOLT

• *"I DON'T MIND* being objectified," says actress Tara Holt about playing an eager-to-please bombshell assistant on Showtime's *Californication*. "It's always fun to feel sexy, but I'm also more confident and versatile than ever." In other words, playing eye candy is only a phase. "Don't expect me to play 'the hot girl' forever," she says. "What I'm capable of will surprise you."



CHRONIC PROBLEMS

PEYTON MANNING, PURPLE HAZE AND THE MARIJUANA BOOM THAT HAS BREEDERS RETHINKING HOW THEY NAME THEIR GREEN

• To the best of our knowledge, Denver Broncos quarterback Peyton Manning has never sparked up a J. Not even during the months he spent recuperating from a debilitating neck injury that required multiple surgeries. And yet, this past September at least one Denver marijuana dispensary rebranded Chem 91 SFV OG Kush—which treats anxiety, nausea and headache—after the teetotaling QB. Welcome to the wide world of weed in 2014, where marketing often trumps reality.

To be clear, unique names for different

strains of *Cannabis indica* and *Cannabis sativa* are not a new phenomenon. Casual tokers may be familiar with the monikers AK-47, Northern Lights and Purple Haze (named for the Jimi Hendrix song about LSD). But the explosive growth of the retail marijuana industry in states including Colorado and California is forcing growers to ramp up the gimmicks. “If you go into a dispensary and something doesn’t have a name, it’s almost like people won’t buy it,” says Johnny Green, proprietor of the Weed Blog. “It has to

have a catchy name.” The result? A boom in strains referencing Manning, Olympian Michael Phelps, recent medical marijuana convert Dr. Sanjay Gupta and others.

Most strains arrive in dispensaries with a name. “Naming strains is something breeders actually enjoy,” Kyle Kushman, winner of the 2013 *High Times* U.S. Cannabis Cup, says. “It gets your mark on something.” Not all strains will catch on, even ones that have an excellent name. “Think of it like music,” says David Bienenstock, a *High Times* columnist and author of *Legalized*

It! “New music comes out constantly, but not everything finds an audience. Part of connoisseurship in anything is being a part of that gatekeeping process.” In other words, experienced smokers hope quality product trumps a clever name.

Pot’s recent shift from underground (you and your buddies in a parked car) to general consumption by white-collar clientele (suburban dad with back pain) is also affecting names. “I know a lot of new medical patients who don’t have a long history with marijuana and the strain names,” Green says. “When they hear violent names like AK-47 or Green Crack, they are really turned off.” Kushman agrees. “I don’t like Cat Piss. I don’t like God’s Pussy.

I don’t like Green Crack. I don’t like these names. They don’t make me smile.”

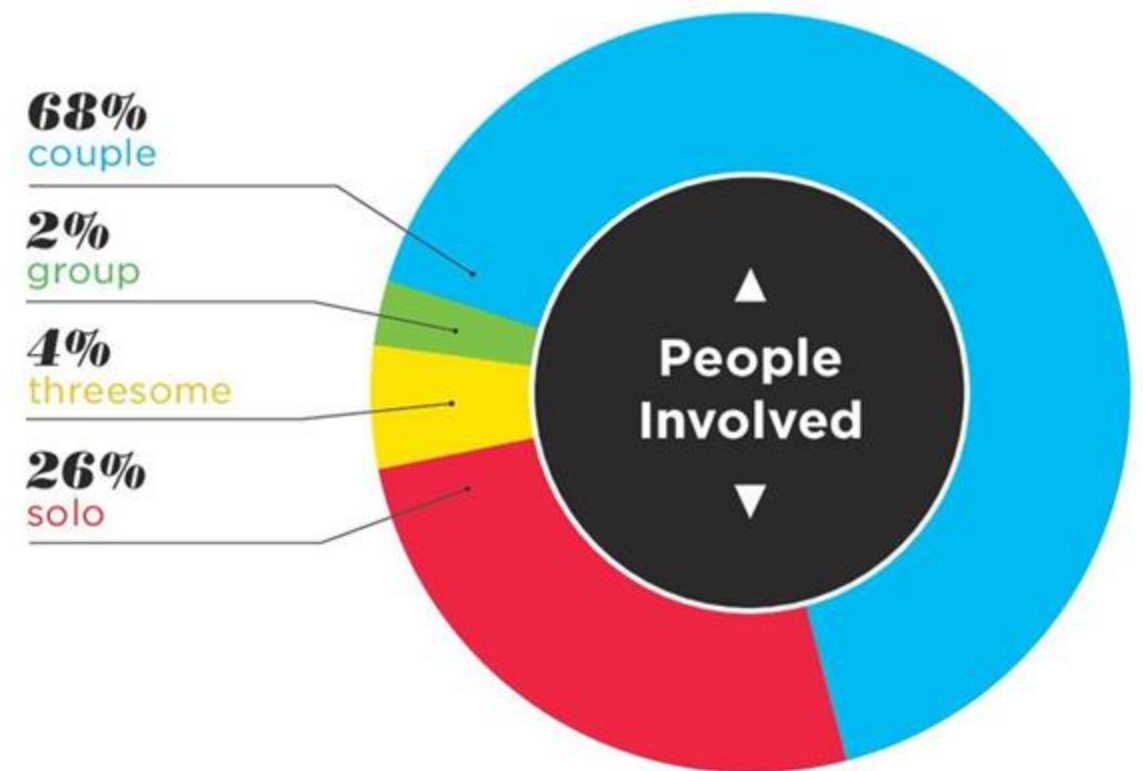
The best cultivators try to keep names in the family while adding a little whimsy. After crossing his famous Strawberry Cough with male pollen from the Adonai Kush (Hindu Kush being the mountain range in Afghanistan where the buds originate) and noticing a distinct cherry flavor, Kushman picked the name Cherry Choke. But after a friend mentioned the surfer Gerry Lopez, Kushman changed it to Cherry Lopez. Two sister strains became Candy Lopez and Sour Lopez. “Cherry and Candy sounded like two strippers I met in Tijuana,” he says, laughing of course.—Noah Davis

CARNAL KNOWLEDGE

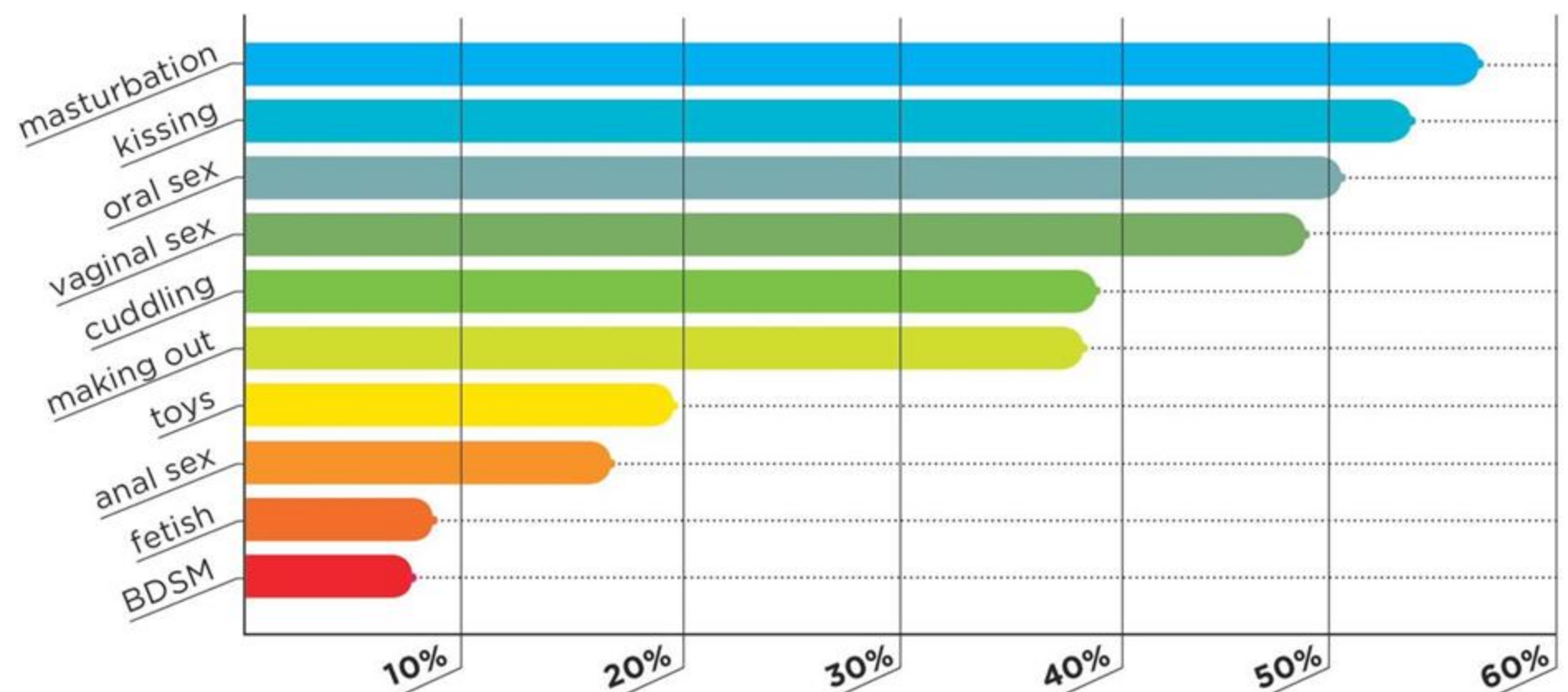
THE KINSEY INSTITUTE'S NEW APP REVEALS THE NAKED TRUTH ABOUT OUR SEXUAL SELVES

To compile their groundbreaking reports on human sexual behavior, Alfred Kinsey and his team at Indiana University conducted face-to-face, pencil-to-paper interviews with more than 18,000 Americans. (*Sexual Behavior in the Human Male*, released in 1948, caused far less uproar than 1953's *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female*, which revealed a nation of horny mothers, sisters and grandmothers.) If only Kinsey had had a smartphone app to gather sex histories—and now he does, in real time. The Kinsey Institute has released Kinsey Reporter (kinseyreporter.org) for Android and iPhone; it allows you to report any sexual activity you observe, including your own, and assign light and dark tags such as “pleasure,” “fun,” “plane PDA,” “unwanted,” “text message flirting,” “tired,” “infidelity,” “vaginal sex,” “hair pulled” and “shiny-plastic fetish.” The global data is sliced and diced and made available for browsing via online graphs or, for sex wonks, as naked numbers. Known for its stringent privacy standards, the institute spent months testing the app (and at one point pulled it for further review) to ensure no submitter could be identified. That's a relief, because we just entered our own report—we're not saying for what, but the tags were “threesome,” “fur fetish” and “toys.”—*Chip Rowe*

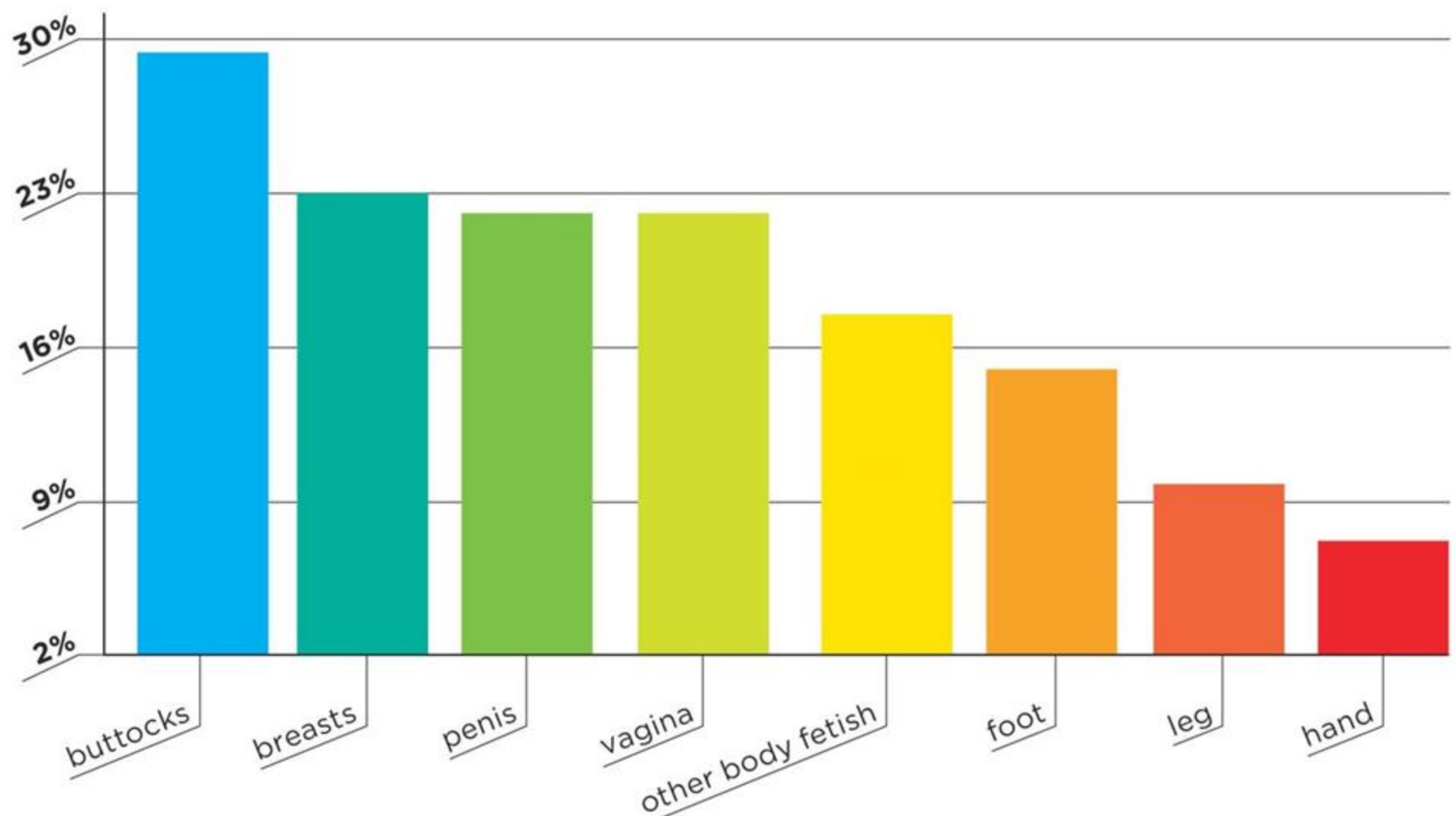
The Kinsey Institute's new smartphone app lets users report their sexual activity and tag each report with keywords about what went down, who was there and how they felt about it. Here's a look at some of the preliminary data.



SEXUAL ACTIVITY



SEXUAL DESIRE BY BODY PART



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KING KRULE

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• At the age of 19, with all of three years of professional musicianship under his belt, Archy Marshall (a.k.a. King Krule) has been called the next Chet Baker, Joe Strummer, Frank Sinatra and Tom Waits. Maybe it's his uncharacteristically deep voice, which betrays leagues of emotion on his latest album, *6 Feet Beneath the Moon*, that gives him more intensity than songwriters twice his age. Maybe it's the cinematic way his songs portray routine London life. It's a great place to be, but that voice is all his own.



Q: Your career took off after you enrolled at the BRIT School in London, where Adele also went. What was life like before that?

A: I was living off £20 notes, buying weed and starving the rest of the month. I wasn't going to school and went through quite a few different social centers. My grades had fallen. My best mate at the time was a heroin dealer. So BRIT was a savior.

Q: How do you think BRIT changed you?

A: I was a troublemaker there. I didn't fit in at first, and the teachers hated me. Eventually I knuckled down—that's what "Easy Easy" is about, not being a bitch and not getting in trouble anymore. I was such a headache to my family. I was such a little shit for so long.

Q: Have you ever wished you'd learned an instrument other than guitar?

A: When I was eight years old I saw a guitar and thought, That's me; I want to play that. If it wasn't the guitar it would be the keys, but they're only foundations for songwriting. At the end of the day, I've just always wanted to write songs.

Q: You hung out with rapper Earl Sweatshirt in L.A. recently.

A: Yeah. He's amazing. It was nice to chill with him because it gave me a lot of optimism about artists my age coming up.

Q: Any stories?

A: [Laughs] Uh, maybe.

Q + A



A man and a woman are shown in a close embrace. The man is wearing a black tuxedo with a white shirt and a black bow tie. The woman is wearing a black dress with a white collar. They are both looking towards the camera. The background is a solid dark grey.

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NAKED AMBITION

THE NEW NUDE MASTERS ARE TAKING THE CLASSIC ART FORM INTO THE FUTURE

• The nude portrait could be mistaken for Art School 101. Most amateur critics picture a model posing in a studio classroom with patient, slightly embarrassed students at their easels. We have moved on. Contemporary art is currently in a fertile period of nude portraiture that blends hyperrealism and surrealism

to create an entirely new genre of painting and an update of the most classic of inspirations. From the blue-chip gallery culture of Chelsea to the emerging underground art galleries of Los Angeles and beyond, the new nude masters have arrived to bare all. Here are three artists to watch.

—Evan Pricco

JENNY MORGAN

→ "Painting the nude is working with the body in the purest form," says Jenny Morgan, one of the most accomplished painters in the new nude movement. Her exhibit *How to Find a Ghost*, at New York's Driscoll Babcock Galleries this past fall, featured mostly large-scale nudes that show an evolving use of realism and a combination of technical skill and spiritual

connection with her subjects. "I was standing near my painting *You to Me*, which features two full-frontal-nude young women—one of whom is me," Morgan recalls. "These two very distinguished elderly ladies stood contemplating the piece for a while. One lady tilts her head and says, 'Nice technique,' and then the other says, 'Nice pussy.' I was delighted."



SOEY MILK

→ "Bare and beautiful is how I see it," Soey Milk says of her love of painting nudes. "The complexity of the form makes it even more intriguing." Milk captures a lonely figure often surrounded by symbolic allusions. This is a new form of surrealism for a generation of artists raised in the overwhelming information age. Asked what she's overheard about her work at gallery openings, Milk says, "I thought the best was when I heard a group of girls sweetly sighing and groaning while standing in front of my pieces."



AARON NAGEL

→ Beautiful women and expert brushwork are the hallmarks of Los Angeles-based figurative painter Aaron Nagel. He gained international attention in 2009, seemingly coming out of nowhere with a deft hand and subject matter reminiscent of *Suicide Girls* minus the tattoos. His works are nearly life-size and can be up to five feet wide. This past year, perhaps inspired

by his favorite nude painters, Jenny Saville and Jeremy Lipking, Nagel's work evolved, with newly practiced use of shadow, light and realism now in his holster. So why realism? "I'm motivated by beautiful women," Nagel says. "I find that oil paint is the perfect medium to capture a nude body. There's so much more depth, and to me it's infinitely more powerful than a photo."





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MEX APPEAL

• Mexico's Baja peninsula is a winter getaway with something for every kind of man: from boho surfer to superfoodie to A-list lounge to Hemingway angler. Here's a north-to-south, high-low tour.

1. Tijuana Drink Like a TJ Hipster

→ Northern Baja's rough-and-ready border town has bounced back from the drug-war doldrums. And as in many other gentrifying neighborhoods, skinny-jeans-clad cool kids are leading

the charge. Head to the intersection of Revolución and Sexta to drink with the artists and musicians at old-school Dandy del Sur, or sip through the extensive mezcal menu at La Mezcalera.



Dandy del Sur, Tijuana



La Guerrerense, Ensenada

2. Valle de Guadalupe Rough It in Wine Country

→ Napa is for wimps. If you can handle the bumpy roads of the Valle de Guadalupe wine-growing region, you deserve the drink that awaits at any number of small-scale wineries

cranking out serious cabernet sauvignon, grenache and more. Map out a visit to Monte Xanic, Viñas de Garza and Casa de Piedra to sample their vinous offerings. (Call in advance to reserve a tasting.)



Casa de Piedra, Valle de Guadalupe



4. Loreto Get Some Yellowtail

→ Make like Hemingway in Loreto, a sleepy town on the eastern coast of the Baja peninsula where drinking and fishing are the primary activities. Charter a fishing expedition through Wild Loreto (wildloreto.com) and try to hook a yellowtail on the Sea of Cortez.

5. Todos Santos Surf Todos Santos

→ Some 50 miles north of overrun Cabo sits this quiet haven popular with artsy expats and serious surfers. The latter come here for the wave break aptly named Killers. Beginners need not fear: Mellow breaks abound. Book lessons through the reputable Costa Azul surf shop.



Las Ventanas, Cabo San Lucas

6. Cabo San Lucas Go Luxe at Las Ventanas

→ There's a reason Las Ventanas al Paraíso is considered one of the most luxurious resorts in the world. When people like George Clooney, Jennifer Aniston and Leonardo DiCaprio don't feel pampered enough, they retreat here. Do their math: 80-degree weather, four restaurants, four golf courses, 3,900-square-foot villas.

3. Ensenada Taste the Real Baja Fresh

→ The fish taco, that cheap and transcendent culinary invention, has its roots in Ensenada. Experience the crunchy, creamy, refreshing real deal at Los Originales Tacos de Pescado. Go to

La Guerrerense for sublime seafood tostadas and bring back one of its 16 salsas as a souvenir.

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BONES BRIGADE

ROASTED BONE MARROW IS THE TASTIEST DISH YOU'RE PROBABLY NOT COOKING

Nose-to-tail cooking is a culinary trend that's gone a bit too far: Not every guy needs to know how to pickle pigs feet and braise cocks-comb. But roasted bone marrow is too cheap, too easy and too damned delicious not to make it a part of your cooking repertoire. Locked inside beef shank bones is rich, unctuous, unbelievably beefy-tasting marrow that, when roasted, becomes something akin to beef butter. While restaurant menus across the country usually spin it in Mediterranean ways, we turned to chef David Myers for an impressive Japanese-inspired recipe.

Roasted Bone Marrow With Miso Glaze, and Shiso and Frisée Salad

INGREDIENTS

Bone Marrow

- 1 tbsp. rice flour
- salt and pepper to taste
- 2 marrow bones split lengthwise into two pieces

Miso Glaze

- ¼ cup red miso paste
- ¼ cup honey
- 2½ tbsp. water

Salad

- ½ head frisée, torn
- 12 shiso leaves, julienned
- 1 tbsp. lemon juice
- 1 tsp. shallot, chopped
- 1 tsp. wasabi paste
- 3 tbsp. olive oil
- salt and pepper to taste

METHOD

→ Preheat oven to 385 degrees. Season rice flour with salt and pepper. Sprinkle seasoned rice flour on exposed marrow portion of bone. Pat down so rice flour sticks. Place bones in roasting pan and cook for 25 minutes.

For the glaze, whisk miso paste, honey and water in a pot over medium heat until the mixture has a jam-like consistency.

For the salad, toss frisée and shiso leaves together. In a bowl add lemon juice, shallot and wasabi paste, and while whisking, slowly pour in olive oil to make a dressing. Season with salt and pepper. Lightly dress the salad.

To serve, place bones on a plate, spoon or brush on miso glaze, and arrange salad on the side. Spread marrow on toasted bread.

▲
Serves
2

MARROW-MINDED

HOW A HUMBLE DISH BECAME A BIG DEAL

1994



Fergus Henderson serves bone marrow with toast and parsley salad at St. John restaurant in London. Chefs around the world follow suit.

2012



In "Tan Leather," rapper and former professional chef **Action Bronson** rhymes "Bone marrow roasted/Spread it on the rosemary bread, lightly toasted."

2014

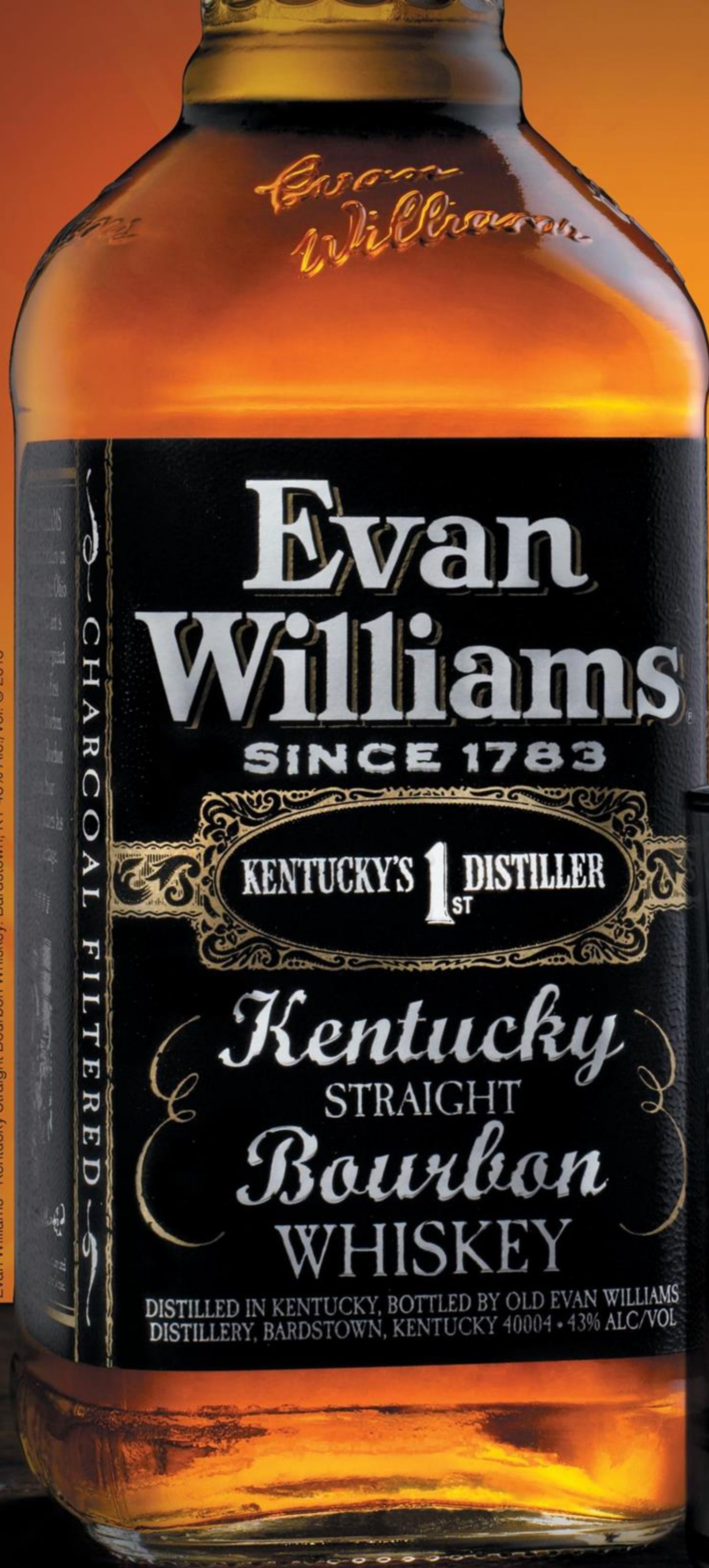


Chef David Myers serves an elegant and umami-packed Japanese-inspired version of the dish at his Los Angeles hot spot *Hinoki & the Bird*.

Photography by **FRANCESCO TONELLI**

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THE WHITE STUFF

• The frothy top on the cocktail comes from egg white, which adds body to a drink. Shake the cocktail vigorously to ensure proper foam.



Kiss Me Again

RECIPE

- 2 oz. Redbreast 12-year-old Irish whiskey
- ½ oz. cucumber juice
 - ¼ oz. fresh lemon juice
 - ¼ oz. simple syrup
 - ¼ oz. Pernod absinthe
 - 1 egg white

Combine ingredients over ice in a cocktail shaker. Shake hard for 10 seconds. Strain into a coupe glass.

RESPECT THE COCKTAIL

A TOP BARTENDER REINVENTS A MIDCENTURY CLASSIC (NO, NOT A WHISKEY SOUR)

• The modern cocktail movement would have you believe all great drinks were born either before Prohibition or in the past few years. But the postwar period in America was a splendid time for the art of booze, and modern bartenders are picking up where mid-century barmen left off. We asked a top cocktail revivalist to give us a drink that channels the best of the 1950s.

EVOLUTION OF A DRINK

If you think modern cocktails just happen, think again. Here's the backstory of how this drink came to be

1.

The Expert

→ To create a cocktail for our 60th anniversary we turned to Jack McGarry. The guy's got serious cred: He's the bartender at New York City's Dead Rabbit and winner of Tales of the Cocktail's best international bartender award.

2.

The Inspiration

→ McGarry turned to his library of cocktail books and zeroed in on Ted Saucier's *Bottoms Up*, originally published in 1951. "I thought of this book because it combines cocktail recipes with pinup art by top illustrators like Ben Stahl," says McGarry.

3.

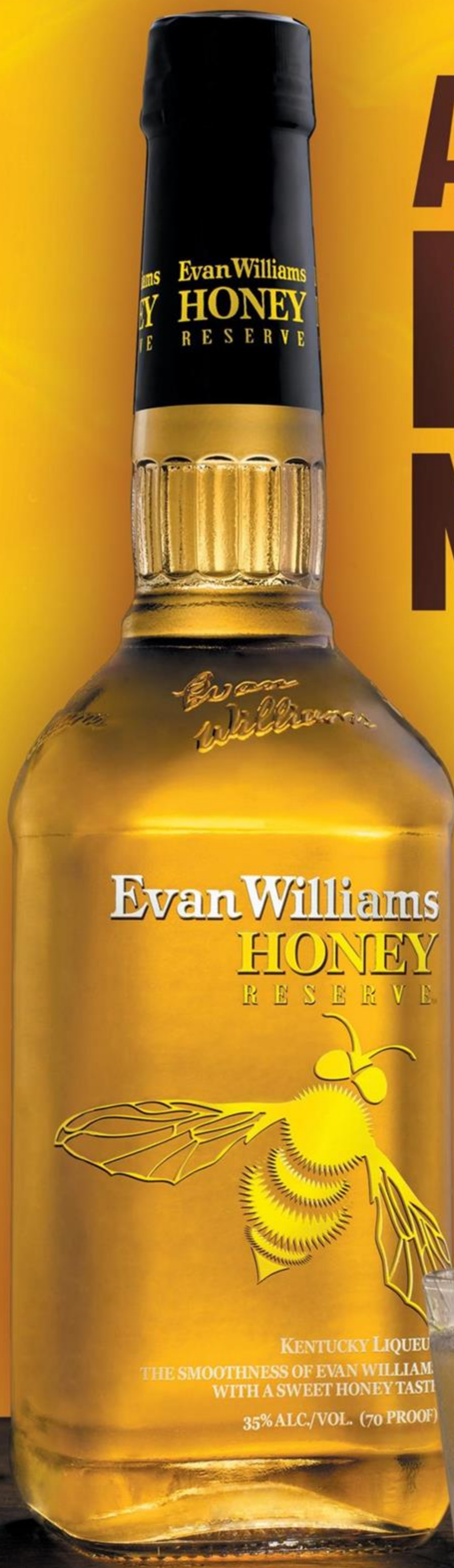
The Payoff

→ McGarry updated the Kiss Me Again cocktail, which in *Bottoms Up* is made with scotch, absinthe and egg white. He replaced the scotch with aged Irish whiskey for depth and added fresh juices for brightness.

Startender:
Jack McGarry



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LINKED IN

MAYBE THEY SHOULD JUST CHANGE THE NAME TO TOUGH LINKS

• In a world where casual Friday seems to start earlier every week, let's not stop investing in sartorial elegance altogether. And let's not lose our sense of humor. Cuff links are one of those affectations we can get behind, particularly with so many styles taking the piss out of the Bond, James Bond of it all.



6



7



4



5

These cuff links are standard issue for Playboy Bunnies. The original design has remained unchanged for 57 years.



8



9



1



2



3

1.
Enamel skull cuff links by Alexander McQueen, \$175, mrporter.com

2.
Rhodium-plated crystal cuff links by Lanvin, \$210, mrporter.com

3.
Silver stud cuff links by Bottega Veneta, \$450, bottegabeneta.com

4.
Sterling silver clovers by Alfred Dunhill, \$285, davidorgell.com

5.
Vintage enamel Playboy cuff links, \$119, playboystore.com

6.
Silver Berettas on red enamel by Duncan Quinn, \$575, duncanquinn.com

7.
Enamel pinup cuff links by Paul Smith, \$125, mrporter.com

8.
Ferrari metal Pneumatico tire-tread cuff links by GTO London, \$880, cufflinks.com

9.
Cricket-ball cuff links by Deakin & Francis, \$445, cufflinks.com

Show Some Cuff

• Make sure your suit jacket sleeve is tailored to show between half an inch and one inch of shirt cuff. Any less and no one will be able to admire your badass bling.



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Pump Up the Pajamas

→ Designer Olatz Schnabel makes pj's fit for an art star. (Yes, her ex-husband is sleepwear-wearing artist Julian Schnabel.)

Olatz silk pajamas, \$750

PERFECT SLEEPER

THE REST OF THE WORLD
FINALLY REALIZES
PAJAMAS ARE IN STYLE

While there's nothing technically wrong with wearing a threadbare T-shirt and baggy boxers to bed, it's not a particularly flattering getup to break out when you have company. Thanks to a boom in sharp-looking pajamas from companies such as Jack Spade's Sleepy Jones, J. Crew and Olatz, now you can actually have something to put on after you say, "I'm going to go slip into something more comfortable."



From one icon to another...

Happy 60th Anniversary!

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ENTERTAINMENT



MOVIE OF THE MONTH

ANCHORMAN 2: THE LEGEND CONTINUES

By Stephen Rebello

“I can guarantee it doesn’t suck,” says writer-director Adam McKay of the sequel to 2004’s *Anchorman*, about dim-witted 1970s local newsman Ron Burgundy and his moronic news team. The new flick, co-written by star Will Ferrell, also features Steve Carell, Paul Rudd and Christina Applegate, whose characters are unleashed in New York during the explosion of 24-hour cable news. “Will and I got intrigued by the idea of putting characters who do badly with change up

against the big change of Ronald Reagan, the dawn of CNN and ESPN, openly gay public figures and African American culture finally going mainstream,” says McKay. “We have enough good stuff for two alternate versions. We laughed so hard shooting a lighthouse scene with Applegate, Ferrell and a few of the other guys that tears kept streaming down the actors’ faces. It was like five friends fucking around, telling jokes. I don’t want to jinx it, but we didn’t swing and miss.”



HER STORY

Writer-director
Spike Jonze
talks about *Her*’s
unusual romance



Q: In *Her*, Joaquin Phoenix plays a soon-to-be-divorced guy who falls in love with an artificial-intelligence program voiced by Scarlett Johansson. Have you interacted with a sexy OS?
A: About 10 years ago I had a very brief exchange with Alicebot. It was like, Wow, am I really talking to this thing, and is this thing really fucking talking back to me? I started thinking, What if you had a relationship with a truly advanced operating system that developed a consciousness?

Q: Can you imagine a time when AI systems could be preferable to human relationships?
A: We freed ourselves from making a movie about technology or one that predicted the future. It’s a relationship story that explores how technology helps us connect with each other.

Q: What do you think happens to the two leads after the final fade-out?
A: I have an idea where the characters are going. Once the movie goes out into the world, everybody hopefully has his own relationship with the characters. I don’t want to impose my view.—S.R.



TEASE FRAME

Abbie Cornish

→ Abbie Cornish plays a bohemian beauty who falls for Heath Ledger—and, in equal measure, heroin—in *Candy* (pictured). See the Australian actress on-screen next as Clara Murphy, the wife of a police officer who gets an unexpected upgrade in the remake of *RoboCop*.

DVD OF THE MONTH

CAPTAIN PHILLIPS

By Bryan Reesman

Based on the real-life 2009 hijacking of an American cargo ship by Somali pirates, Paul Greengrass’s intense adventure allows star Tom Hanks to wrench the pathos out of the compelling narrative. Some actual crew members have alleged this film is a

whitewashed portrait of a reckless, arrogant leader, but as ocean-borne drama it’s powerful. It’s certainly no Disney family-friendly fantasy—and that’s good news for fans of quality dramas pulled from the headlines. (BD) **Best extra:** *On the Seas* making-of featurette. 🍿🍿🍿



BASED ON CHARACTERS
CREATED BY TOM CLANCY

JACK RYAN: SHADOW RECRUIT

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DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY HARIS ZAMBARLOUKOS, BSC EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS DAVID ELLISON DANA GOLDBERG PAUL SCHWAKE
PRODUCED BY MACE NEUFELD LORENZO DI BONAVENTURA DAVID BARRON MARK VAHRADIAN
BASED ON CHARACTERS CREATED BY TOM CLANCY WRITTEN BY ADAM COZAD AND DAVID KOEPP DIRECTED BY KENNETH BRANAGH

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MUST-SEE TV

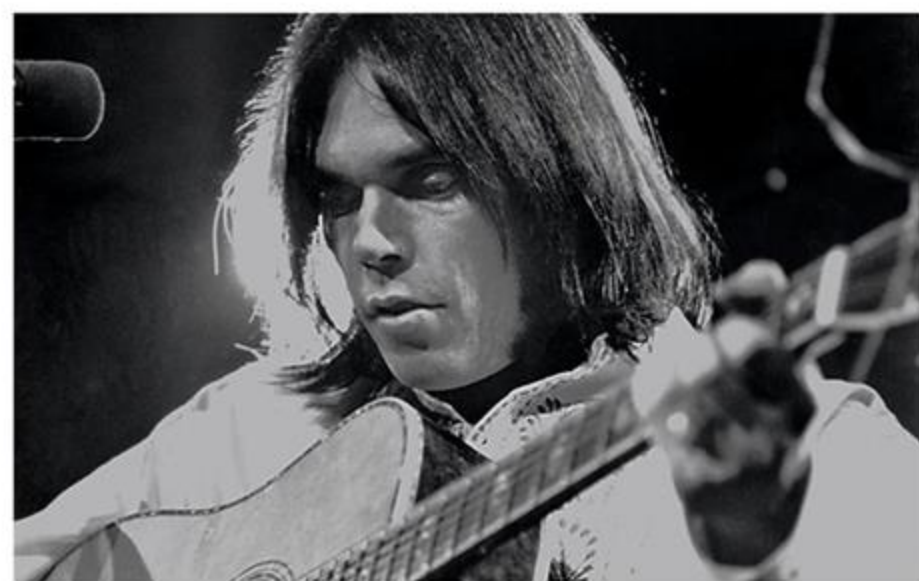
ENLISTED

By Josef Adalian

• Military comedies popped up regularly during TV's earliest decades, from *F Troop* and *Hogan's Heroes* to *McHale's Navy* and *MASH*. But no more: Although America has been at war since 2001, there

hasn't been a hit military-themed sitcom since *Major Dad* left the air two decades ago. If there's any justice, that will change with the debut of Fox's *Enlisted*, easily one of the funniest new shows of

the year. Like so many of its predecessors, it's set far from hostilities (an Army support unit in Florida) and involves a ragtag band of goofy misfits who prefer to make jokes, not war. But creator Kevin Biegel (*Cougar Town*) wisely puts a twist on a now-familiar concept: The show's three main characters are also brothers in the same stateside unit. The oldest, Pete (Geoff Stults), is a war vet who runs the platoon; middle sibling Derrick (Chris Lowell) is the snarky, Bill Murray-in-*Stripes* prankster; and baby brother Randy (Parker Young) is a human puppy dog eager to please. The characters could have been caricatures, but they're not, thanks to Biegel's clever writing and the amazing chemistry among the three leads. Even if it's a stretch to imagine the real Army putting up with their sitcom shenanigans, you'll have no problem believing these three guys are brothers. And not just TV siblings but brothers who really like (and love) one another. *Enlisted* works because it's not afraid to mix some heart in with its humor. 🐶🐶🐶



ALBUM OF THE MONTH

NEIL YOUNG: LIVE AT THE CELLAR DOOR

By Rob Tannenbaum

• Neil Young's early-1970s albums "put me in the middle of the road," he later said. "Traveling there became a bore, so I headed for the ditch." There's a strong whiff of the ditch in *Live at the Cellar Door*. Recorded at a Washington, D.C. club in 1970, soon after the magnificent *After the Gold Rush*, it's Young solo, mainly on acoustic guitar.

It's a shock to hear the violent "Down by the River" and the adoring "Cinnamon Girl" as acoustic songs—especially with Young playing piano on the latter. "This song is about dope," he announces before the final track, but with his fractured imagery and haunting, fragile tenor, all the songs sound like they're about dope. 🐶🐶🐶

GAME OF THE MONTH

NBA 2K14

By Jason Buhrmester

• Bright and sweaty is the best way to describe the next generation of sports games. That's a good thing. The graphic muscle inside the latest gaming systems pumps out bright arena lights and beads of perspiration. All of this adds to the realism of *NBA 2K14* (PS4, Xbox One), from the interactive crowds to players who look like their real-life counterparts—all the way down to Kobe's scowl. Retooled controls deliver smooth crossovers and behind-the-back passes with a flick of the thumbstick. Path to Greatness mode lets you choose whether LeBron sticks with the Heat or takes his talents to another team through a series of amusing what-if trades that leave King James changing jerseys more than Moses Malone. 🐶🐶🐶



STEVEN VAN ZANDT



Bruce Springsteen's favorite guitarist and every *Sopranos* fan's favorite thug has a new role—a New York wiseguy in *Norway*

Q: The second season of *Lilyhammer* is now on Netflix. Sum it up for anyone who hasn't watched yet.

A: The show begins with a basic cultural clash between my character, a New York type of wiseguy, and the country of Norway. A guy who's used to making up his own rules ends up in a country that always follows them. This gangster is dropped in the middle of paradise.

Q: It's huge in Norway.

A: We're getting a million viewers a week there, which is like 20 percent of the population. I think they get off living vicariously through my character. He's going around the rules in a way they wish they could—if they were a little less civilized.

Q: What was your initial reaction to the role?

A: I thought to myself several things, and one was, I really shouldn't do this. I'd played a gangster, and I knew people would say, "That's all he can do." But do I care if people wonder how versatile an actor I am? Maybe one day I'll do Shakespeare in the Park, and we'll see what I can do. But this role was irresistible.

Q: Does James Gandolfini's death feel real yet?

A: As I get older, I'm finding the word *denial* to be quite useful. That's the state I'm in with Jimmy—I just go to another place with it.—J.A.



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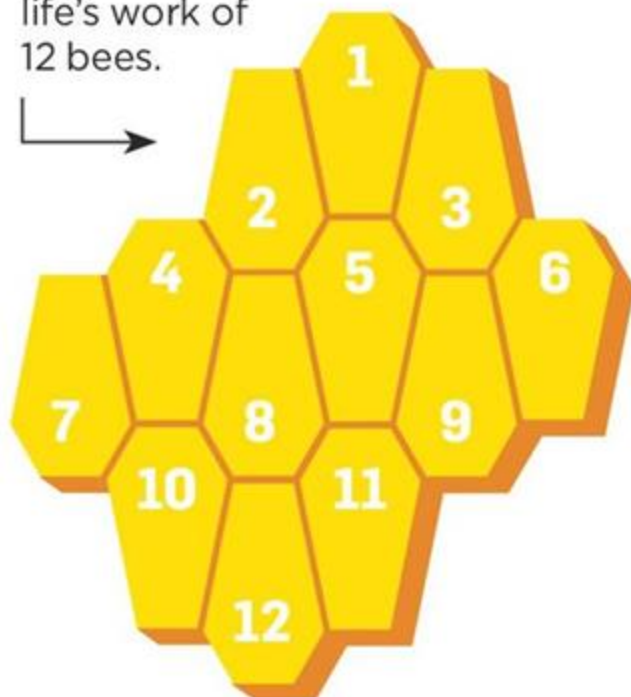




NOTHING'S SHOCKING

Americans viewed 12 times more stories about Miley Cyrus post-VMAs than stories about Syria, according to web marketing company Outbrain.

A teaspoon of honey represents the life's work of 12 bees.



That's a Record

Amount paid on eBay for a rare 78 rpm record:

\$37,100



The Record:

"Alcohol and Jake Blues" by Tommy Johnson, released in 1930. Copies believed to be in existence:

2



SOCIAL STUDIES

Researchers found that testosterone makes you more social, but only when there's no threat of competition. Call it frat science.



You've Been Served

In a study of behaviors that get you served first in a crowded bar, researchers found that people standing square to the bar were served within 35 seconds 95% of the time. Eye contact was essential 86% of the time.

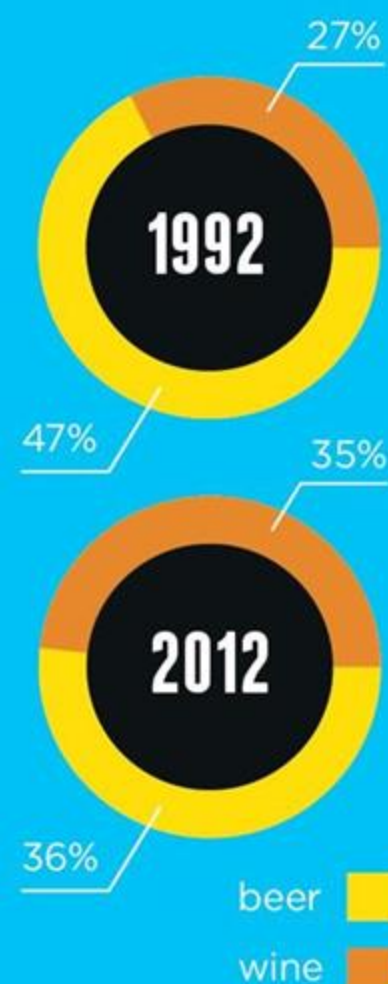
Football: Supersized



After a loss, fans of NFL teams were found to eat 16% more saturated fat and 10% more calories, compared with declines of 9% in fat and 5% in calories after a victory. **RELATED:** The average weight of an NFL linebacker in 1927 was 190 lbs.; today it's 300.

Bottoms Up

American alcohol consumption, then and now



Top three countries for beer consumption:

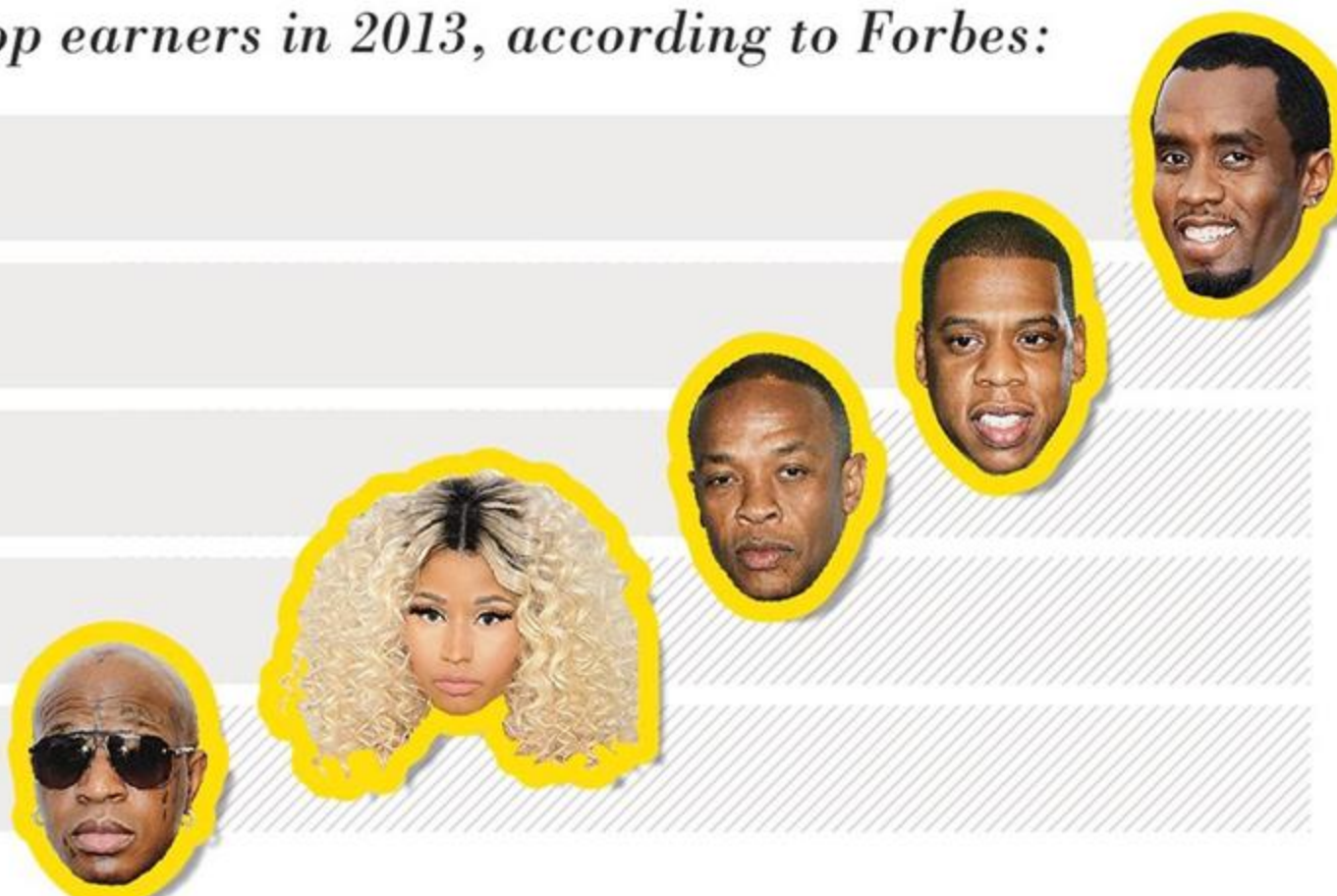
1. Czech Republic (346 bottles per person)
2. Austria (305 bottles per person)
3. Germany (303 bottles per person)
15. USA (216 bottles per person)

Top three countries for wine consumption:

1. Vatican City (370 glasses per person)
2. Norfolk Island (369 glasses per person)
3. Luxembourg (355 glasses per person)
53. USA (64 glasses per person)

BLING RING: Hip-hop's top earners in 2013, according to Forbes:

- 1 DIDDY (\$50 million)
- 2 JAY Z (\$43 million)
- 3 DR. DRE (\$40 million)
- 4 NICKI MINAJ (\$29 million)
- 5 BIRDMAN (\$21 million)



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Stats

A 1.5-liter turbo three cylinder plus an electric motor combine for 362 horsepower and a 155 mph top whack.

CRAZY EIGHT

SLIP INTO THE I8, THE MOST INNOVATIVE BMW EVER

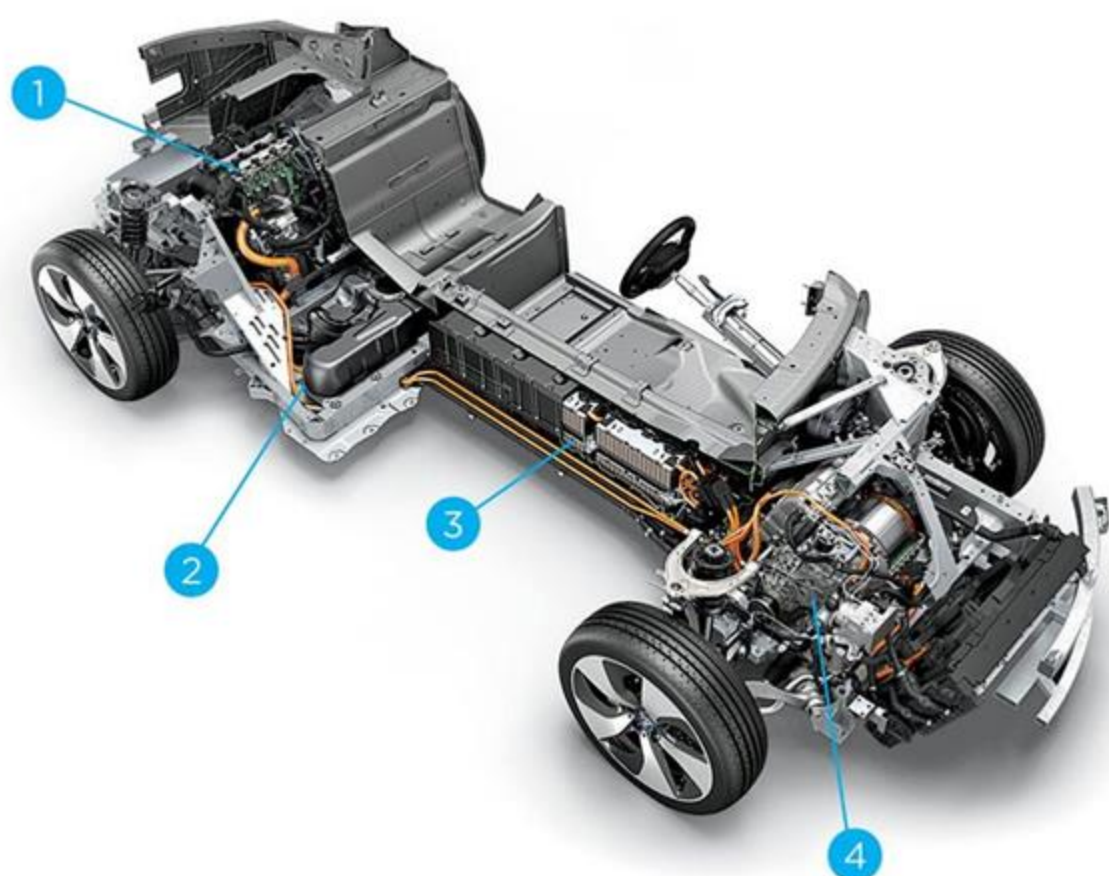
• These are heady days for gear-heads, with the world's most respected auto companies rolling out cars with wild innovation unprecedented in the 129-year history of motoring. There may be no better example than BMW's plug-in hybrid i8. The butterfly doors and

gorgeous roofline make it an instant classic. But it's the machinery beneath that turns us on (see diagram below). The i8 combines a 1.5-liter turbo I-3 and a battery-powered motor for 362 horsepower, 94 miles to the gallon, a total range of 310 miles, a 4.4-second sprint to 60 and a top speed of 155 mph. It's been called "the start of a new era for automobiles." Hyberbole, you ask? Time will tell. The i8 has a tiny backseat (golf-bag-ready) and a \$136K tag, and it arrives in the U.S. right about now.



Super Powered

A sports car that can get 94 mpg? Here's how the i8 works



1

Combustion Engine

→ The 1.5-liter turbo in-line three cylinder and six-speed tranny sit above the rear axle. The engine's 231 horsepower spins the back wheels, just as in a conventional car.

2

Fuel Tank

→ The i8's tank sits in front of the rear axle. How does the car achieve 94 mpg? It can run mostly on its electric motor, and for a beast with two engines and big batteries, it weighs in at a svelte 3,285 pounds.

3

Batteries

→ Hefty lithium-ion batteries live underneath the cockpit. With no help from the gas engine, the batteries can power the car up to 75 mph with a range of just over 20 miles. Charge comes via electric outlet, as with other plug-ins.

4

Electric Motor

→ The motor above the front axle sends 131 horsepower to the front wheels. Total torque is 420 foot-pounds, enough to rocket you to 60 in 4.4 seconds.



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NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION: LEARN TO DRIVE



IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO GO BACK TO SCHOOL. HERE ARE THE IVY LEAGUES OF SPEED

1

Rally

Team O'Neil Rally Racing School

→ On its road courses through rural New Hampshire, Team O'Neil turns Joe Schmoes into race-ready rally drivers. Build skills in Audi Quattros and Ford Fiestas, then hit the classroom to learn how to start a pro team. Two- to five-day classes start at \$1,897; teamoneil.com.



2

Stock Cars

Richard Petty Driving Experience

→ This traveling circus has a stock-car drive for everyone. On the world's most famed ovals (see complete schedule at drivepetty.com), ride along with a pro at 160 mph (\$99), take eight laps behind the wheel (\$449) or crank out 40 laps of greasy speed (\$3,499). Shake and bake!

Open Wheel

Bondurant Grand Prix

3

→ Nothing will get the engine in your rib cage thumping like open-wheel racing. Learn from the best in Formula Mazdas at the Bondurant School

of High Performance Driving's 1.6-mile road course in the Arizona desert. A three-day Grand Prix Road Racing class starts at \$4,399; bondurant.com.



Sports Cars

Porsche Sport Driving School

→ Fleets of Porsches, Le Mans-winning instructors and one of the coolest race tracks in America—Alabama's Barber Motorsports Park. Two-day classes start at \$3,200; porschedriving.com.

4



5

Hollywood

Rick Seaman Stunt Driving School

→ Ask pro stunt drivers where they did their training and most will tell you Rick Seaman's in Los Angeles. Three-day classes start at \$2,875; rickseamanstuntdrivingschool.com.

Get on the Bus

How to buy a sweet vintage VW van

→ After 64 years, VW's Microbus is ending its run. The iconic van has been in production in Brazil all these years—until now, that is. Which means the price for vintage buses is only going up. We asked Randy Carlson of Oldbug.com, a trading post for VW Bugs and buses, for tips on investing. "The more entry-level ones are the Bay Window buses," he says, "introduced in 1968 and built until 1979. For a runner in half-decent condition, expect to drop maybe five to seven grand." And for the ultimate? "The holy grail is the 23-window deluxe Microbus. Production ran from 1953 to 1963. They go for between \$100K to \$200K; the older ones are more valuable." And where to buy? "Buses are everywhere," says Carlson. "Look on all the usual sites. Keep in mind, the newer the bus, the more complicated the engine."



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NOW STREAMING

TAKE THE PLUNGE INTO KAYAKING
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• Careening down narrow creeks and hucking over 20-foot waterfalls is life-changing for an average joe, but for professional kayaker Jake Greenbaum, it's another day on the water. "I grew up on the Youghiogheny River, which has some of the best white water you could want for starting out," Greenbaum tells us from the road on his way to a race in South Carolina. "I grew up on the water, and it became my passion." Although not everyone has the advantage of an aquatic upbringing, the sport of kayaking is surprisingly accessible. Here are some pro tips to keep your head above water.—*Stan Horaczek*

“Flipping over for the first time in white water can make or break a person. It's good to be ready.”

1 Steer Clear

→ Pick the proper paddle. "I always paddle with a creek blade because it has the most surface area and I like the power," says Greenbaum. "A river-runner blade is a great place to start because it has a good mix of power and maneuverability."

2 Gear Up

→ You'll also need a helmet, life vest and spray skirt. "The spray skirt is a neoprene bib that fits over the opening in your kayak and keeps the water out. A good fit is crucial." The other accessories will help keep you safe, particularly a helmet to protect you from rocks. "You also need a kayaking-specific life jacket. One made for water-skiing isn't going to work."

3 Ship Shape

→ The length and shape of a kayak are crucial when determining fit. "A creek boat is a great starter boat. They're about eight and a half feet long, which makes them more stable than shorter playboats," says Greenbaum. "Make sure you're in the correct weight range too." The heavier you are, the more air you need inside the boat to stay afloat.

4 Let It Roll

→ It's not a matter of if you're going to flip over but when. Practice righting your boat before hitting the rapids. "Find a pool clinic in your area at a local college or shop," Greenbaum recommends. "Flipping over for the first time in white water can make or break a person. It's good to be ready."

5 Have Class

→ Rapids are categorized from tame Class 1 runs to the frothy mayhem of Class 5 and even Class 5+. Also check USGS.gov for water levels and flow speeds.



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→ A stage full of Marshall amplifiers signals that things are about to get loud. The same applies to your living room. The Marshall Stanmore speaker comes equipped to rock, with switches, dials and a front grille modeled after the iconic amp. Bluetooth wireless connectivity and jacks for 3.5-inch headphones, RCA cables and optical inputs handle all your tunes. Cue "Paradise City" and let your air guitar wail.

Marshall Stanmore,
\$400



2



Trailblazer

→ There's a reason the Jabra Solemate Max looks like a sneaker. The trail-ready speaker is dust- and splash-resistant thanks to a rubberized casing. The rugged housing packs in two woofers, two tweeters and a rechargeable battery that lasts up to 14 hours, enough to shake the trees until dawn.

Jabra Solemate Max, \$399

3



On the Road

→ The flight is canceled, but the meeting isn't. Wirelessly connect your phone to Harman Kardon's Esquire, and custom microphones with noise reduction will handle your conference call with the Akron office. An eight-hour battery and three USB ports for charging your gadgets make this a suitcase must.

Harman Kardon Esquire, \$250

4



Executive Privilege

→ Don Draper would use a Wren Sound Systems speaker. The real rosewood or bamboo cabinet and mesh grille give the speaker a vintage aesthetic, while wireless streaming technology (AirPlay, Bluetooth or Play-Fi) provides modern sound quality, perfect for morning cocktails at the office.

Wren Sound Systems, \$399

5



All Zipped Up

→ We'll admit that choosing pineapple yellow or raspberry red isn't a decision we're used to making when dealing with technology. Denmark-based Libratone designs its wireless speakers with removable wool covers to fit any room and crisp 360-degree sound to fill it.

Libratone Zipp, \$449



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CAR CASTRATION



BY JOEL STEIN

WILL SELF-DRIVING CARS DESTROY WHAT'S LEFT OF OUR MANHOOD?

Every new technology emasculates us more. Before fire, we ripped raw meat with our huge teeth, and before the wheel we carried women by their huge hair. Since then, robots have taken our factory jobs, gas grills have ruined outdoor cooking and fantasy football has nerdified watching NFL games. But no technology has ever threatened our masculinity as much as the self-driving car.

There are lots of terrific things about self-driving cars. For example, they won't kill us. And they'll drive really close to one another, reducing traffic and, therefore, pollution. They'll allow the blind and handicapped to get around. Parents won't have to lug teenagers to all their stupid activities. We'll be able to do other things while we drive, such as things we already do while we drive: eat, switch songs, shave, adjust the temperature, talk, read magazines, fix our hair, pick our noses, see how many miles are on the odometer, look up that word that guy on the radio just said, think about girls, look at girls, text girls—all without feeling guilty.

But here's one thing that's not so good about self-driving cars: They will steal our dicks.

Being a man is about freedom, danger, risk and speed. It's about peeling out,

doing doughnuts and challenging the guy at the red light to a race. But once we're all in self-driving cars that all go the same five miles over the speed limit, there are no more Steve McQueens. There are no more bank-robbery getaways. There are no more car chases to watch on the local news. And there's no more impressing a woman by taking a sharp turn at 60 miles an hour. What we are talking about when we talk about driverless cars is a future in which Hollywood finally has to stop making *The Fast and the Furious* movies. A future in which Sammy Hagar has to remake "I Can't Drive 55" into a song called "My Self-Driving Car Can't Drive Over 55 Due to Manufacturer's Liability Issues." It's a future in which the frisson has been completely removed from the car blow job.

There was no greater thrill my senior year of high school than sneaking out to the parking lot, getting into my Oldsmobile station wagon and taking it off-road through a hole in the baseball-field fence before the security guards caught me. Maybe a self-driving car could do that, but it would have made coming back from Burger King and bragging about my exploits to my nerd friends in AP Calculus a whole lot less fun.

My desire to drive was so strong that after my parents got a tractor mower when I was 13, I cut the grass without

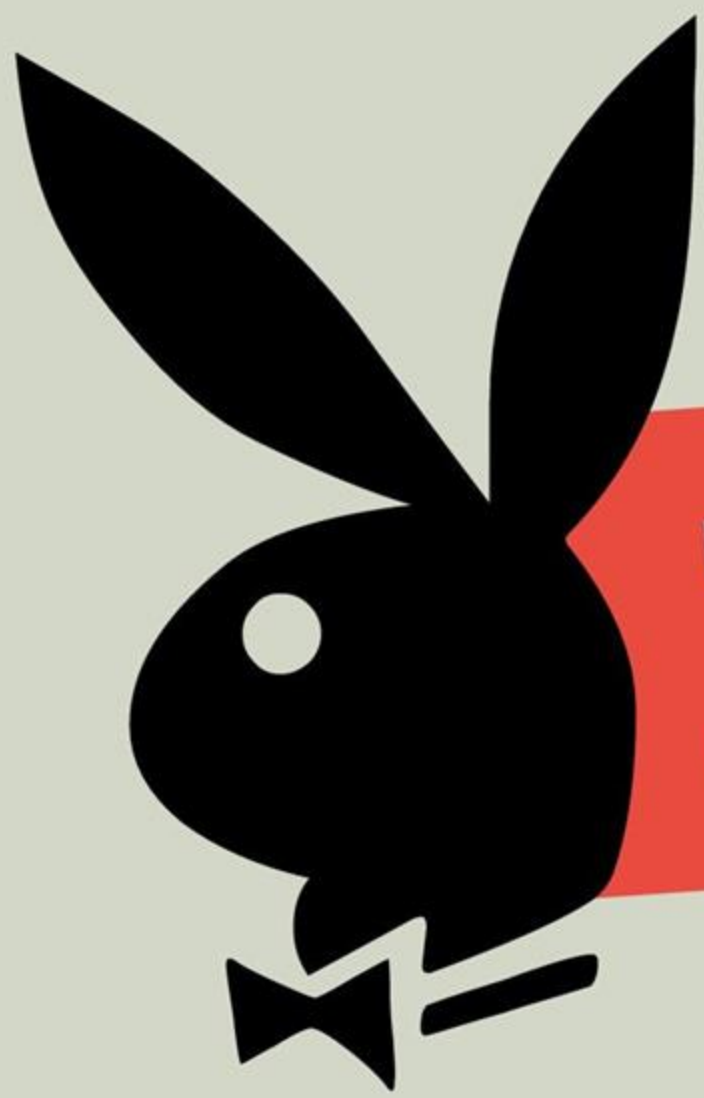
even being asked. Driving was so much fun that I offered to not drink at parties just so I could be the designated driver, and I drove so badly and so fast that my high school friends would have been better off without a designated driver.

Driving is how we show our personality, display our skills and vent anger. We cut people off, give them the finger, honk and complain about how every other driver sucks. We watch out for cops, since the highway is the only place most of us ever break the law. Behind the wheel, we are all outlaws, looking out only for ourselves. At home we might sit in front of the television or stare at Facebook for hours, but when we drive, we rush, desperately aware of just how little time we have left.

There will, of course, be no point to buying a nice car. Or knowing about cars. If you can't operate it, why own a Lamborghini? Or even a Mustang. Who would even build a consumer car with 400 horsepower when it's allowed to go only 60 mph? We'll all have Priuses. Or—even worse—we won't own cars. Whenever people at Google talk about their self-driving cars—the company has about a dozen on the road now, logging more than 500,000 miles without causing an accident—they talk about a future in which people summon different cars depending on their needs. Vehicles will drive themselves to the mechanic or the car wash. It's a dystopia in which we are even more passive, more dependent, more irresponsible and more distanced from the present. To put it simply: No matter how well-dressed or handsome a guy is, no one looks cool commuting on a train.

Already there's too little wrenching in our driveways, too much distance between us and our tools. The driverless car is another black box that only the specialist nerds understand. Fixing cars—even just checking the oil level or tire pressure—was our last chance to dirty our hands. Except for gardening, which is not manly.

You can drink alcohol in a driverless car, which sounds good, but that's not driving, that's riding in a party van. Or a Greyhound bus. Sure, there's a future with self-driving cars that are like Michael Keaton's Batmobile or *Knight Rider's* K.I.T.T. But there's a far more likely one with cars that are like Herbie the Love Bug, our highways transformed into a monorail of Disneyfied, testosterone-free riders who never look up to see the land they're driving through. And in that slow, careful, automaton future, a hero will one day emerge who rips the computer chip out of his car, rebuilds the engine and flies by us all in the emergency lane. He might crash, he might be arrested, but he will be alive. And I'm absolutely certain he'll get laid. ■



PLAYBOY'S

GREATEST COVERS



PLAYBOY'S

Greatest Covers

DAMON BROWN Foreword by PAMELA ANDERSON



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BEHIND THE PENIS STRAWS

What really goes on at a bachelorette party?
The answer might put you to sleep

I've heard a lot of bachelor-party stories. I work with mostly male television writers, and it's worse than being in a locker room, because they're great at detail. Like with just how much force the stripper shot the Ping-Pong ball out of her vagina. One of the worst stories, I don't even want to tell. It involves a prostitute and the groom. And the prostitute showing up at the wedding. It's the kind of story that makes a girl never want to get married—and if she does get married (this year), to never let her future husband (mine) have a bachelor party.

For all the bachelor-party stories we've heard, there are as many bachelorette-party stories, right? Nope. When we hear "bachelorette party" we think women in limos "woo"-ing out the sunroof while wearing penis hats. You don't hear about guys shooting Ping-Pong balls out of their assholes. Or naked guys doing stuff to each other on a blanket while girls stand around drinking scotch. I've also never heard of a mother-daughter team going down on strippers, but I have heard that about a father-son team. And these stories are from normal guys. That dad and son probably hit Chili's the next day with mom and fiancée. These are regular dudes, who go crazy. You know. I'm sure you've heard/done/seen worse. So why do men do this as preparation for marriage? How is doing a shot of tequila off a stripper's snootch a rite of passage? Hopefully my fiancé will tell me, because I lost the "let's have a coed party" fight. The coed party sounded like a good idea because it seemed unfair that men get this hedonistic send-off and ladies get tea parties. They're just not the same. But after losing the argument, I was determined to compete... and get a little bad myself.

My big night began with 13 special ladies. My bridesmaids and I got a hotel room in Santa Monica, and my other friends met us for dinner. One of my college friends

began a toast to my "finding true love," and I ended the toast by saying, "I went through a lot of dicks to get here." Pun intended, unless my fiancé is reading this. At the time, I meant it only one way. The food was served family style.

The bubbly flowed. Then, determined to show up whatever bachelor party my fiancé had in store, we got bad. We gossiped! We threw Weight Watchers points out the window! We overshared about our significant others!

And then we went to a club. In line, I saw young girls in dresses that didn't leave anything to the imagination but what the dress would look like *with* underwear. And then there were my ladies. In the VIP line. One eight months pregnant with twins. When one of the young girls in line was questioning the bouncer about why my friends and I got to go in first, I added, "We may be old, but we have money." Inside we danced and, I'm sure, killed the vibe for the "cool" kids who had waited for hours to get in. Then we got really bad.

The more liquor we had, the more we talked, "real" talked. About what drives us. What completes us. What we want for our marriages. We talked about getting pregnant. Having trouble getting pregnant. We talked about divorces. And how to avoid one. We talked about miscarriages. Postpartum. And whether Kanye and Kim really love each other. The same things you guys talk about at bachelor parties, right?

We took selfies. And groupies. And broke down our lives. No strippers—well, other than my friend from college who popped out of the hotel-room closet later that night. He sported a mustache, a cop costume and mirrored sunglasses and tossed out penis straws. He didn't have the body of a stripper, but he had the confidence of one. When I finally climbed into bed, I took a final sip of champagne from my penis straw and felt lucky. I felt less scared (yes, girls are afraid of marriage too). But I realized that the best part of my single life wasn't over. Only the part where I stand in line outside a bar without underwear was over. My friends will still buy me drinks and tell me he's an asshole. It was a perfect night. I didn't get "bad" in the way bachelor parties do, but it was perfect.

I guess I didn't really want a coed party after all. We would all have been on our best behavior. Guys wouldn't have gotten lap dances, and ladies wouldn't have confessed to reading *Fifty Shades of Grey* unironically. We'd have been tucking in different things,

but we'd still have been tucking. Maybe I couldn't compete with a bachelor party, because it's true—they aren't the same. But they also *are*. Men and women send each other into marriage in very different ways, but it's the same idea. My lady friends tell me they're there for me by "real" talking. And your guy friends tell you they're there for you by getting a lap dance with you or going down on a stripper next to your dad. It's about feeling supported. Maybe it doesn't matter how you get there. But if my fiancé watches a stripper shoot Ping-Pong balls out of her vagina, I don't want to know about it.

By Hilary Winston

COURAGE IS NOT THE ABSENCE OF FEAR, IT'S LEARNING TO OVERCOME IT.

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I recently had my bloodwork done and learned I have an overabundance of protein. My doctor prescribed medication to control it. However, I frequently perform oral sex on my boyfriend, and I'm concerned the protein in his semen could be harmful to me. Should I stop swallowing?—C.C., Columbia, New Jersey

To paraphrase Mick Jagger in the Rolling Stones song "Some Girls," your boyfriend just doesn't have that much jam. The recommended daily allowance of protein for a woman is 46 grams. The average ejaculation produces less than a gram of protein, about the same as half an egg white. So keep taking your medication. And if you're still worried, you could just cut back on the omelets.

My husband and I have always had a great sex life. I typically have at least five orgasms every time we have sex. Now I'm pregnant with our first child. I'd always heard that sex during pregnancy is amazing, but that hasn't been the case for me. While I'm extremely horny and masturbate several times a day, actual sex is completely uncomfortable. Of course deep penetration is not an option, but our timing is completely off as well. When my husband tries being gentle, it results in my having close to 10 orgasms in the first few minutes, before he's even had a chance to work up a rhythm. I've tried to give him blow jobs to satisfy him or at least get him "close" before he puts it in, but he's not interested. He prefers to fuck to get off, and honestly so do I. We're not having sex at all, and I'm about to start humping the furniture. Any suggestions?—A.M., San Francisco, California

So you can have 10 orgasms with your husband and you're masturbating multiple times a day? Clearly the issue isn't that you have problems getting off; it's that you and your husband are no longer together physically or, dare we say, emotionally. What kind of guy refuses a blow job? A guy who doesn't want to be intimate to such a degree that he goes to the extreme of actually refusing oral sex. We'll suggest the possibility that he is emotionally distancing himself from you in preparation for the arrival of your child, when you will have even less time and energy to satisfy him. Preserving physical and emotional intimacy in the early days of new parenthood is difficult, so we suggest you get ahead of it now. Tell your husband you miss being physical with him. Mutually commit to preserving some semblance of a sex life, even

PLAYBOY ADVISOR



Is it possible to infer from the way a woman walks what will make her have an orgasm? How would a slender, busty 30-year-old woman of average height with erect posture and a fluid walk most easily achieve orgasm?—J.G., Johnson City, Tennessee

Of course it's not possible. Nor can you infer her favorite color or whether she likes salted or unsalted margaritas. Taste in sex and the best method to achieve orgasm are influenced by one's imagination, personal history, psychology, physiology and a lot of other intangibles that don't have a damned thing to do with stride or gait. However, the woman you describe sounds relatively fit, which can influence arousal. One study shows that after exercise women respond more quickly to sexual arousal, while another study estimates that up to 15 percent of women can experience an orgasm while exercising. But please don't take that as permission to go lurking around the health club.

if it's not the old way. We're guessing he's masturbating too. Suggest mutual masturbation as a compromise until you can get back to the sex that satisfies you both.

After years of being unemployed I finally got a job at a good company. A co-worker of mine makes a lot of racist comments about African Americans. I've reported this to the human resources department, but I have seen no difference in his conduct. I've noticed him ogling my girlfriend, who is African

American, at parties and work functions. The last time was at a company picnic, where I caught him grabbing my girlfriend's arm. She was about to go for her knife to cut him in self-defense. Now she's afraid to have anything to do with company get-togethers, and my boss views her lack of attendance as a sign of unhappiness on my part. My nonwhite co-workers say I should let it go, but I can't. And I can't afford to move. What should I do?—N.L., Montgomery, Alabama

Given that things nearly turned violent, your girlfriend should absolutely avoid company functions in the future. If your boss penalizes or dismisses you because she doesn't come to company parties, you may have grounds for legal action. You can contact the U.S. Equal Employment Opportunity Commission (the website is eeoc.gov) to help determine whether your situation can be resolved through third-party mediation or a lawsuit. But this can be time-consuming and expensive. The fact that HR has so far proven ineffectual and that your boss doesn't appear sympathetic leads us to believe the situation won't get any better. You need to decide whether it's a battle worth fighting. Make a list of the pros and cons of staying at your job. Here's what we can see. Pros: money. Cons: a company culture and upper management that tolerate overt racism, a miserable girlfriend and the potential for injury, death and imprisonment. Should you decide to look for a new job, the good news is that because you are currently employed, other companies will view you more favorably.

Some ads in men's fashion magazines show the models in business suits and ties with no socks. No one is commenting on how inappropriate and silly this looks. What's your take on it?—J.K., San Luis Obispo, California

Going sockless in loafers on weekends is perfectly fine, but in a traditional business situation it's completely inappropriate. Men who wear business suits with no socks are generally not required to wear suits as part of a dress code. They tend to be fashion editors, clothing store clerks and guys who wear suits ironically. The whole sockless-with-a-suit thing is code for "I don't actually have to wear this suit, but I am anyway." Wearing dress shoes without socks tends to be painful and sweaty, so we're not convinced the men are truly sockless. There's a burgeoning category of super-low-rise socks on the market now. So these guys are probably only pretending

to be sockless, which is affected, sartorially dishonest and thoroughly silly.

I don't eat meat or dairy anymore because of the inhumane conditions in which they're produced. However, they were fixtures in my diet, and I doubt I will be able to remain a vegan for long. I would like to find meat and dairy products that are produced in conditions that are healthy and humane for the animals, but I have no idea where to look. Any ideas on how I can resolve this?—P.C., Jupiter, Florida

The most widely available supermarket brand of humanely raised meat is Niman Ranch, which gets its pork, beef and lamb from a network of 700 family farms. Heritage Foods USA (heritagefoodsusa.com) is the best one-stop online source. In addition to selling humanely raised meat, the company is active in the preservation of rare and endangered heirloom breeds of chicken, pig, turkey and cattle. The nonprofit organization Certified Humane is dedicated to improving the lives of farm animals from birth through slaughter and lists meat and dairy brands that meet its standards on its website (certifiedhumane.org).

Almost every time I try to hook up with a new woman, she'll ask me how many partners I've been with. I consider that personal information. When I refuse to answer it puts a damper on the mood. The women say they want to know because the number could make them change their minds. Would it be better if I didn't answer or lied about the number? I've been with a total of 72 partners. What's the cutoff point for most women?—K.C., Jonesport, Maine

You are definitely on the high side of the statistical range, with the average American man having seven sexual partners in his lifetime. Clearly, refusing to answer hasn't worked out for you. And lying is just plain sneaky and could come back to bite you should one of your many hookups turn into a long-term relationship. Can you blame them for asking? You're using personal information as an excuse for not telling them while expecting them to share their bodies with you in the most personal way possible. You might consider why "almost everyone" asks. Ask yourself what kind of vibe you're giving off for them to question your track record. Be honest about your sexual accomplishments and maybe it will work in your favor. And if it doesn't, then at least you'll know you're being rejected for who you are, not who you're pretending to be.

For six months I had an affair with a female co-worker who was everything my current and former wives were not. She was kind, sweet, well-spoken and could talk intelligently on any given subject. When I told her I was thinking of leaving my five-year marriage with my second wife, the woman, who is very much single, made up a story about being secretly married. Now she

doesn't respond to my texts or any of my attempts to talk to her. I'm miserable and am thinking of leaving my job. I can't bear to see her every day at work and not be able to talk to her. She's my first thought in the morning and my last thought at night. Should I seek counseling?—L.R., Portland, Oregon

You're not the first person to find himself at the end of an affair with the life you tried to escape still staring you in the face. Nor are you the first to learn the hard way why office affairs are such a bad idea. You enjoyed the fantasy of a parallel relationship, and now it's over and you're grieving the loss. Even if your former mistress were capable of being articulate and honest about why she ended the affair, it wouldn't change the fact that your marriage is where the real problem may lie. There's no question you should seek counseling. As Freud said, the point of therapy is to help people be successful in both love and work—neither of which is the case for you. A good therapist can help you work through your pain and discover what drove you to stray in the first place. After you've taken care of yourself, consider couples counseling to see if you can salvage your marriage.

My wife and I were at a party recently, and a friend of a friend whom we hadn't seen in a while was there. She'd had obvious augmentation done. In that situation, is a compliment necessary, or is it better to say nothing unless she brings it up?—S.V., Tampa, Florida

If you honestly think she looks great, of course you should compliment her, in the same manner you'd compliment someone who was wearing a nice dress, had a great new haircut or had lost weight. You should say something generally positive and flattering, such as "You look fantastic," and not "You look beautiful; your formerly underwhelming breasts are now twice as big as they used to be. Kudos to the surgeon." Whatever you do, make sure the point of your compliment is to make her feel good about herself, not simply to satisfy your curiosity.

Id always dreamed of one day posing for PLAYBOY, but now that I'm married I've given up that fantasy. I've kept my natural pubic hair, but now I'm considering looking like the girls in your magazine. Should I be happy with the way I am or get rid of my hair to look modern?—K.P., Santa Monica, California

The 1970s are back in fashion, and this has extended to pubic hair. More women are opting for a nicely trimmed bush instead of the completely bald look that rose to ascendance in the 1990s. Case in point: When legendary Playmate Jenny McCarthy posed for the magazine in 2012, she proudly grew out her bush—not to voluminous 1970s proportions but more than many models you see in our pages and elsewhere. Whatever you do, do it for yourself. Being confident with the way you look is far sexier than trimming to chase a trend.

The other night, at a restaurant with friends, I ordered a glass of rosé wine.

My friends called it a wussy drink, but I thought it was deliciously unwussy. What gives?—R.K., Bend, Oregon

You're right, they're wrong. The best rosé has solid backbone and acid and is decidedly bracing to drink. In France the badass cowboys of the Camargue chug rosé, the best of which is drier than supposedly manly cabernet sauvignon. (Crappy, pink-hued white zinfandel is sweet, though.) In fact, rapper Rick Ross loves drinking rosé so much he sometimes calls himself Rick Rozay. Continue to drink pink as long as it's the good stuff. And you can't go wrong if it's from Provence.

Is there any reason to distrust drugs from Tijuana pharmacies? When you cross the border into Mexico, Viagra is practically shoved into your hands, but is it legal and safe to bring that stuff into the States?—D.S., Des Moines, Iowa

It's only legal if you have both Mexican and U.S. prescriptions, but that doesn't seem to stop anybody. Whether you're getting the real deal is another thing altogether. Beware of deeply discounted Viagra. The FDA uncovered a counterfeit Viagra ring that was producing bogus versions of the drug sold at half price and labeled in English to appeal to the target market of American tourists. Real Mexican Viagra will be labeled in Spanish and sold at full price. Anytime you wade into an unregulated gray market there are no guarantees.

How can I stop myself from ejaculating prematurely? Don't get me wrong; I'm not a minute man, but I'm not a 15-minute man either. I've tried cock rings, delay sprays, masturbating before sex—you name it. Nothing seems to work. I have no problem getting an erection and can orgasm up to three times.—B.W., Kingsley, Michigan

You could talk to your doctor about prescribing an SSRI antidepressant such as paroxetine, which has been proven to help delay ejaculation. But keep in mind that for most men the average time from the beginning of intercourse to ejaculation is anywhere from four to eight minutes. Many men who suffer from premature ejaculation climax even before penetration or within seconds of entering the vagina. Consider yourself lucky that you can reboot so quickly and stay in the game. You don't mention how the women you've been with feel about this. If you're concerned about satisfying your partner—and you should be—pleasure her orally first. That might remove some of the pressure. Once you've gotten her off, you can move on to your satisfaction, three times over, you lucky bastard.

For answers to reasonable questions relating to food and drink, fashion and taste, sex and dating, write the Playboy Advisor, 9346 Civic Center Drive, Beverly Hills, California 90210, or e-mail advisor@playboy.com. The most interesting and pertinent questions will be presented in these pages each month.





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SPECIAL PRODUCT DESIGN

In celebration of Playboy's 60th Anniversary, Special Product Design created a suite of apparel and accessory items reflective of brand iconography. The products will appear at pop-up stores all over the world beginning January 2014, starting from Colette in Paris, Isetan in Tokyo, ZOZO Villa, Lane Crawford in Hong Kong, Shanghai and Beijing.

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in collaboration
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\$40.00

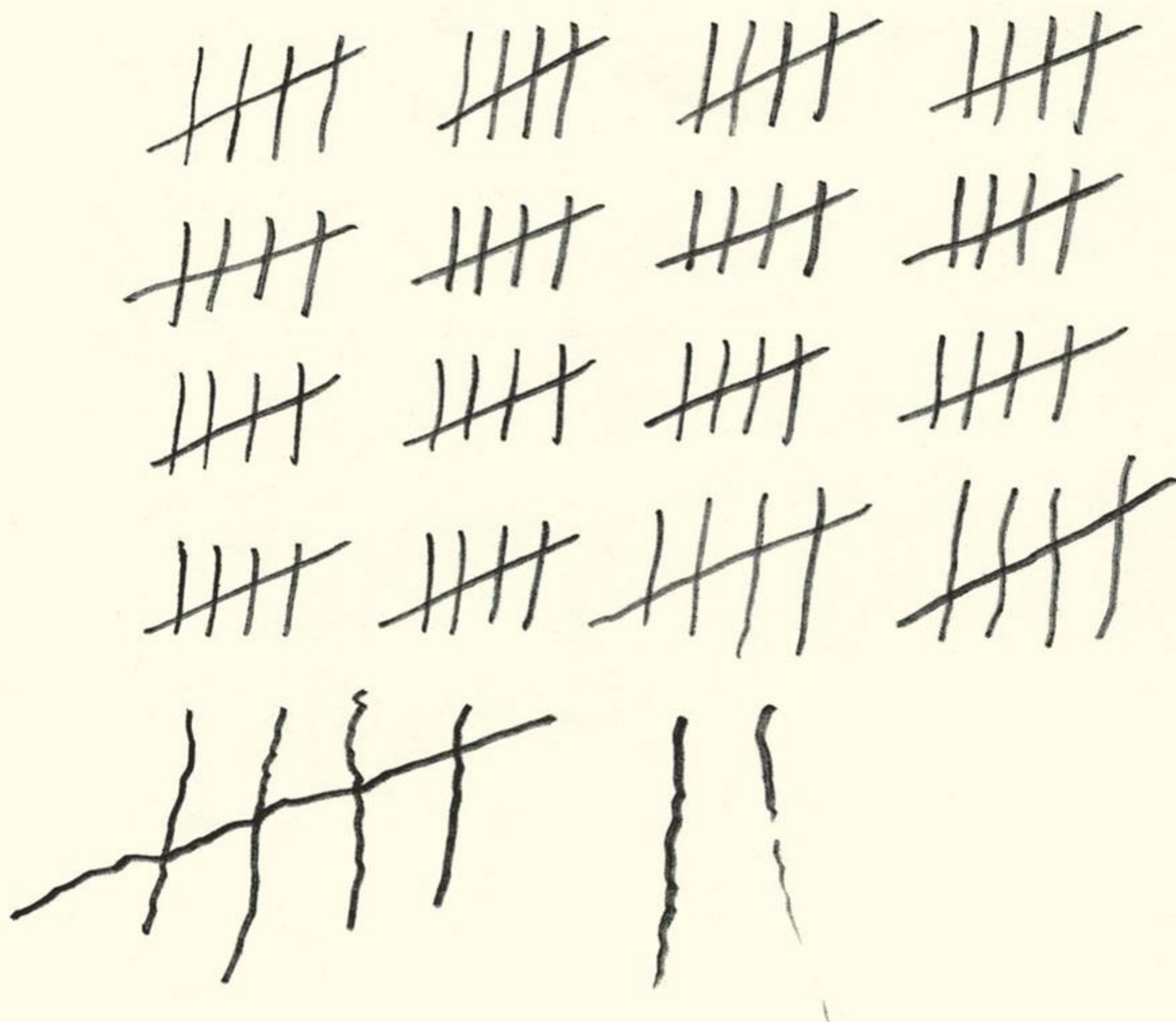
9. T-SHIRT
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The American way of dying



BUYING THE FARM

In which the poet contemplates the grim reaper

BY DONALD HALL

Now I am 85, sensibly aware that I will die one of these days. I will not *pass away*. Every day millions of people *pass away*—in obituaries, death notices, cards of consolation, e-mails to the corpse's friends—but people don't *die*. Sometimes they *rest in peace*, *quit this world*, *go the way of all flesh*, *depart*, *give up the ghost*, *breathe a last breath*, *join their dear ones in heaven*, *meet their maker*, *ascend to a better place*, *succumb surrounded by family*, *return to the Lord*, *go home*, *cross over*, *leave this world*. Whatever the fatuous phrase, death usually happens *peacefully* (asleep)

or *after a courageous struggle* (cancer). Sometimes women *lose* their husbands. (Where the hell did I put him?) Some expressions are less common in print:

push up the daisies, *kick the bucket*, *croak*, *buy the farm*, *cash out*. All euphemisms conceal how we gasp and choke turning blue.

Cremation hides the cadaver; ashes preclude rot. Neanderthals and Homo sapiens stuck their dead underground or in mounds. Pyramids sealed up pharaohs. Romans shifted by the century

between incineration and burial. Commonly Hindus burned dead bodies by the Ganges, in the old days performing suttee by adding a live widow to the

**Every day
millions
pass away,
but people
don't die.**

READER RESPONSE

THE HEAT IS ON

Melba Newsome's snarky article ("Chill Out, Al," October) asserts that man-made global warming is a scientific fact conservatives are suppressing. My response? Bull!

Burr Passenheim
San Diego, California

Gore *lost*? He's become a multi-millionaire promoting a scam. On the first Earth Day, the great bugaboo was the coming of a new ice age. Only later did the cause morph into global warming, and



after 15 years of no warming the cause became climate change. Follow the money. The constant fearmongering promotes more taxes, more government regulations, more funding for academic research and more subsidies to politically savvy businesses that are "saving the planet." Here's a novel idea: Solar activity, not carbon dioxide, is the major influence on our weather.

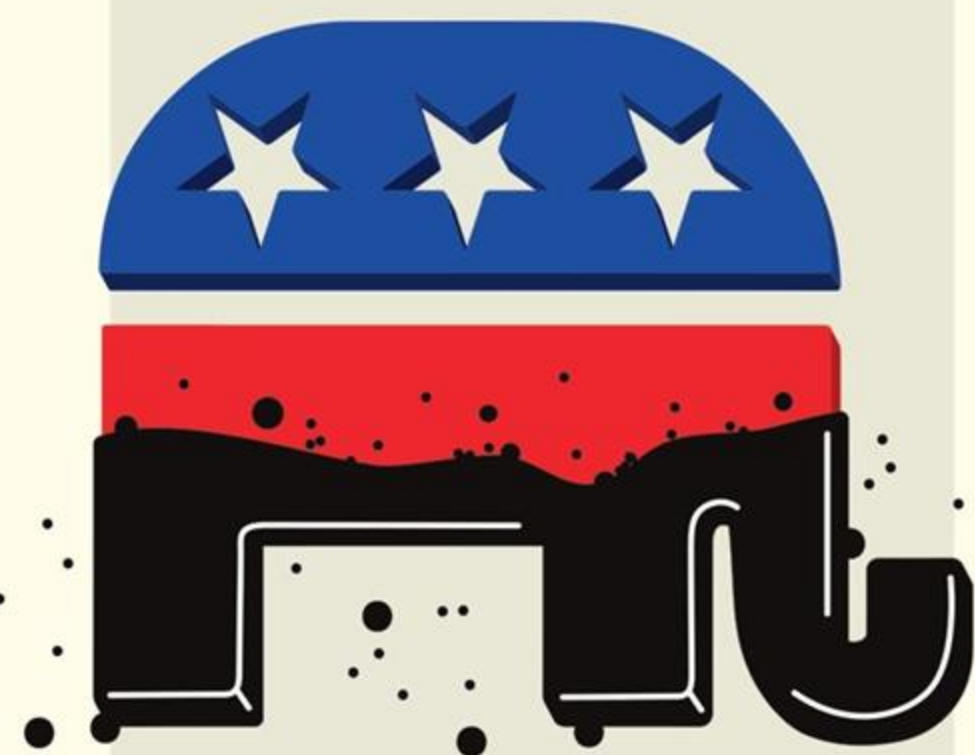
Joseph Kutch
Pineville, Louisiana

Goodness, I thought the winner of your fiction contest was Stu Dearnley, not Melba Newsome.



READER RESPONSE

She should get a prize for her misinformed article on Al Gore and global warming. Her real argument is not about global warming but an attack on Republicans. What she fails to point out is that if the Republicans have been bought out by the fossil-fuel industry, then the Democrats have been bought out by the environmentalists. Conservatives did not convince Americans that



man-made global warming is a lie; mother nature and real science did. As Gore said, this is a "moral and spiritual challenge," and that is how most of his supporters look at it: as a religion, not as a science. Other Americans don't buy that any more than they buy the arguments of Newsome and her alarmist friends.

Tom Hawksworth
Roseburg, Oregon

The idea that Al Gore played a big role in boosting climate change deniers is interesting, but I'm not sure the author leaves room for a better alternative. Yes, Gore made a name for himself not just as the "inventor of the internet" and a failed presidential candidate but also as a knight in shining armor for the dying species of the world. The same argument of "giving the enemy a villain" could be used in almost any other context, and to little effect. Of course it's easier to demonize a person (particularly an already famous one) than an idea or a movement, but it is also easier to enact change when a movement has a figurehead. Gore is a fairly mainstream

pyre. Cinders clogged the river, along with dead babies of families too poor to buy wood. Zoroastrians, Parsis and Tibetans tended to raise corpses onto platforms for vultures to eat. My favorite anecdote of ash disposal is recent. After I finished a poetry reading, a generous admirer presented me a jar of her late husband's remains.

Myself, I'll be a molderer, like my late wife Jane.

At some point in my 70s, death stopped being interesting. I no longer checked out ages in obituaries. Earlier, if I was 51 and the cadaver was 53, for a moment I felt anxious. If the dead man was 51 and I was 53, I felt relief. If a person lives into old age, there's a moment when he or she becomes eldest in the family, perched on top of a hill as night rises. My mother died at 90, leaving me the survivor. Soon I will provide that honor to my son. When he was born, I was 25, and wrote a poem called "My Son My Executioner."

A decade ago I bumped my head and went to the emergency room to get stitches. It had happened before, and it was no big deal. The resident doctor dropped by and we chatted. When I asked about blood pressure numbers, he said I had nothing to worry about. "How many years do you want to live anyway?" Without thinking I grabbed a number out of the air. "Oh, until 83," I told him. At my 83rd birthday I was quietly relieved.

In my 80s, the days have narrowed. Why not? I stopped driving. I live on one floor, eating Stouffer's. The postwoman brings letters to my porch, opens the door and tosses the mail on a chair. I get around—bedroom, bathroom, kitchen, blue chair by the window, lounge for *Hardball With Chris Matthews*—by spasming from one place to another pushing a rollator. I try not to break my neck. My trainer comes Tuesdays and Thursdays to delay the wheelchair. I write letters, I take naps, I write essays. When I am old enough to be the last among my friends, doubtless in some hidden place I will feel triumph.

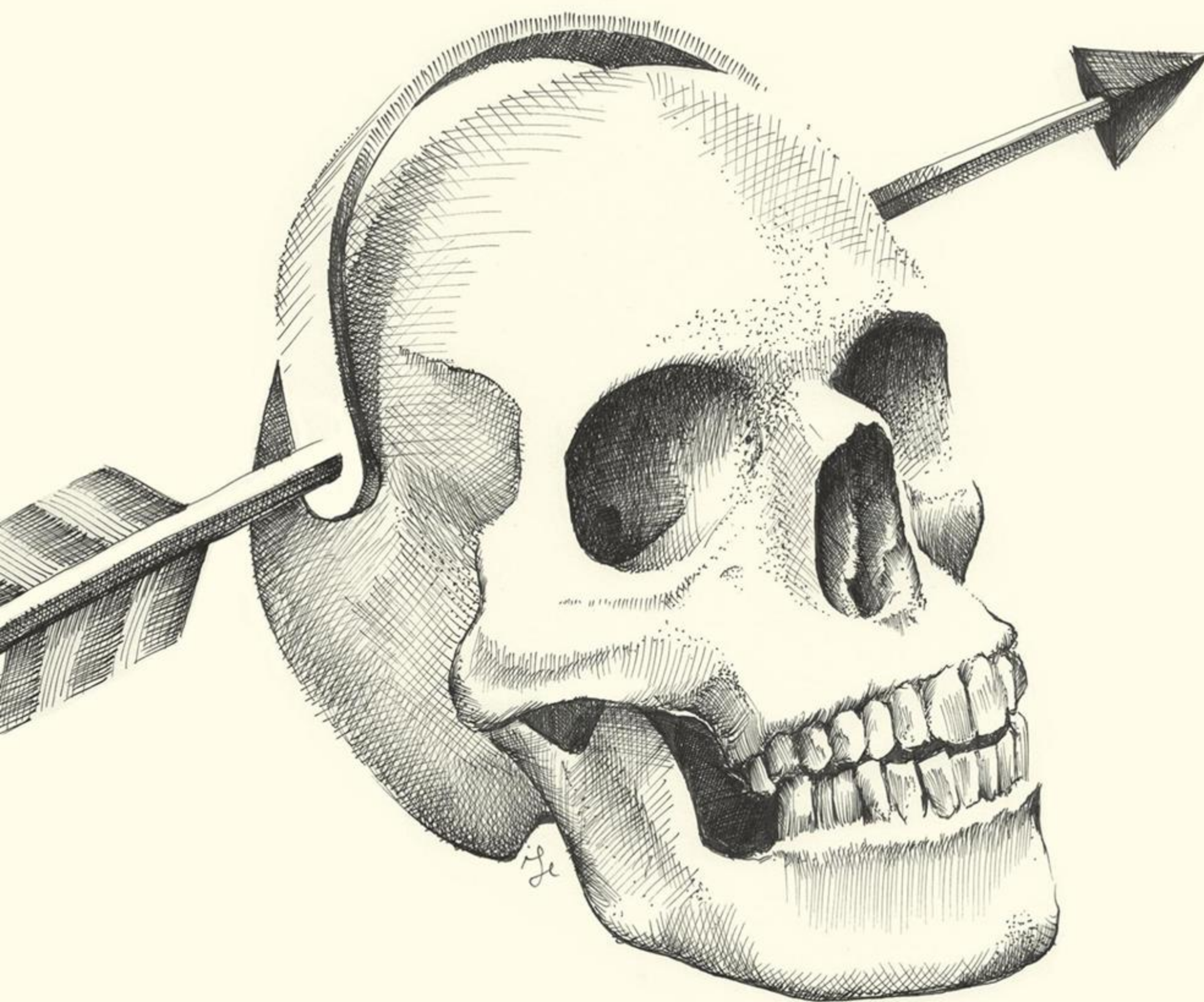
The people I love will mourn me, but I won't be around to commiserate. I become gloomy thinking of insensate things I will leave behind. My survivors will cram into Dumpsters the tchotchkes

I have lived with, expanding a landfill. I needn't worry about my Matisse. I fret over the striped stone that my daughter picked up at the pond, or my father's desk lamp from college, or a miniature wooden milk wagon from the family dairy. My mother approaching 90 feared that we would junk the Hummel figurines that decorated her mantelpiece, kitsch porcelain dolls popular from the 1940s to the 1960s. Thus, a box of them rests in my daughter's attic. More important to me is this house, which my great-grandfather moved to in 1865—the family place for 149 years. In an attic the generations stored everything broken or useless, because no one knew when they might come in handy. A chest holds my great-grandfather's underwear. My kids and grandkids don't want to live in rural isolation—why should they?—but it's melancholy to think of the house emptied out. Better it should burn down. Staying in the old place, I let things go. I shingle the roof, I empty the cesspool, but if a light fixture fails, I do without it. Maybe the next tenant will not want it. I let the old wallpaper flap loose. Somebody will remove 400 feet of bookshelves.

There are also bits of land I cherish. When Jane and I moved here, we found my great-grandfather's stationery, labeled "Eagle Pond Farm," and borrowed the name for our address. Last November a friend took me driving past Eagle Pond, obscured by the growth of tall trees, a hundred

At some point in my 70s, death stopped being interesting. I no longer checked out ages in obituaries.





yards west of the house. Twenty acres of water spread under a hill called Eagle's Mount, where the solitary bird roosted when it wasn't fishing. My land includes half the pond's shore. I titled books of essays *Seasons at Eagle Pond*, *Here at Eagle Pond* and *Christmas at Eagle Pond*. Back in the day, Jane and I used a tiny, hidden beach, among oak and birch, to lie in the sun on summer afternoons and grill supper on a hibachi. We watched for mink and beavers, we watched the first acorns fall. In the years after she died I visited it rarely, and by this time it's long since I've even passed it by. When my friend drove me on its dirt road—an afternoon of bright autumn sunlight, the pond intensely blue with its waters choppy—I glimpsed the birches of our old beach, and wept self-pitying tears.

Of course we start dying when the sperm fucks the egg. (Pro-lifers dwell on this insight.) At my age I feel complacent about death, if sometimes somber, but we all agree that *dying* sucks. I've never been around when somebody, in the middle of a sentence or a sandwich, has the luck

to pitch over dead. I've only sat beside two deaths, my grandmother Kate's and my wife Jane's. In both cases the corpse-in-waiting was out of it. Hours earlier each had slipped into Cheyne-Stokes breathing, when the brain stem is stubborn about retaining oxygen although the big brain has departed. Cheyne-Stokes is one long breath followed by three quick ones, then a pause. The brain stem holds on, in my experience, for as long as 12 hours. Because my grandmother's mouth drooped open and looked sore, a nurse spooned water on her red tongue. She choked as if she had swallowed the wrong way. I held her hand. I rubbed Jane's head until the long breath ceased. Least enviable are folks who die while alive, panicked as

they rush still conscious from pink to blue. My father and my mother—at 52 and 90—both died alive.

Beginning as a schoolboy, death turned me on, and for decades I practiced an enthusiastic morbidity. At home a whole bunch of great-aunts and great-uncles took their turns at dying. At 10 I enjoyed banquets of precocious morbidity, telling myself that death had become a reality.

As a school-boy, death turned me on, and for decades I practiced an enthusiastic morbidity.

READER RESPONSE

guy, and he's not nearly as polarizing as filmmaker Michael Moore or regulation blowhard Ralph Nader. Would another figure—an extremist liberal hippie type, for example—have fared better? Could climate change have found a conservative to stand by its side and fight the fossil-fuel industry? Would it be better for anyone who might cause controversy to sit on the sidelines, not fight, not make documentaries and not win Nobel Prizes?

Mary Dooe
Los Angeles, California

CAVEAT EMPTOR

Laura Gottesdiener's "American Dreams Foreclosed" (November) brought home the ongoing plight of millions of Americans who are being forced from their homes as a result of the recession. Although reported on by many other out-



lets, foreclosures have fallen out of the 24-hour news cycle. Gottesdiener's report that Wall Street has returned to the very practice that precipitated the housing collapse should be a warning and a call to action to all Americans.

Daniel O'Donnell
Loveland, Colorado

Gottesdiener's article puts the blame for the housing crisis on big business and the government. Yes, they are to blame, but not completely. Mortgage companies furnished the rope, but



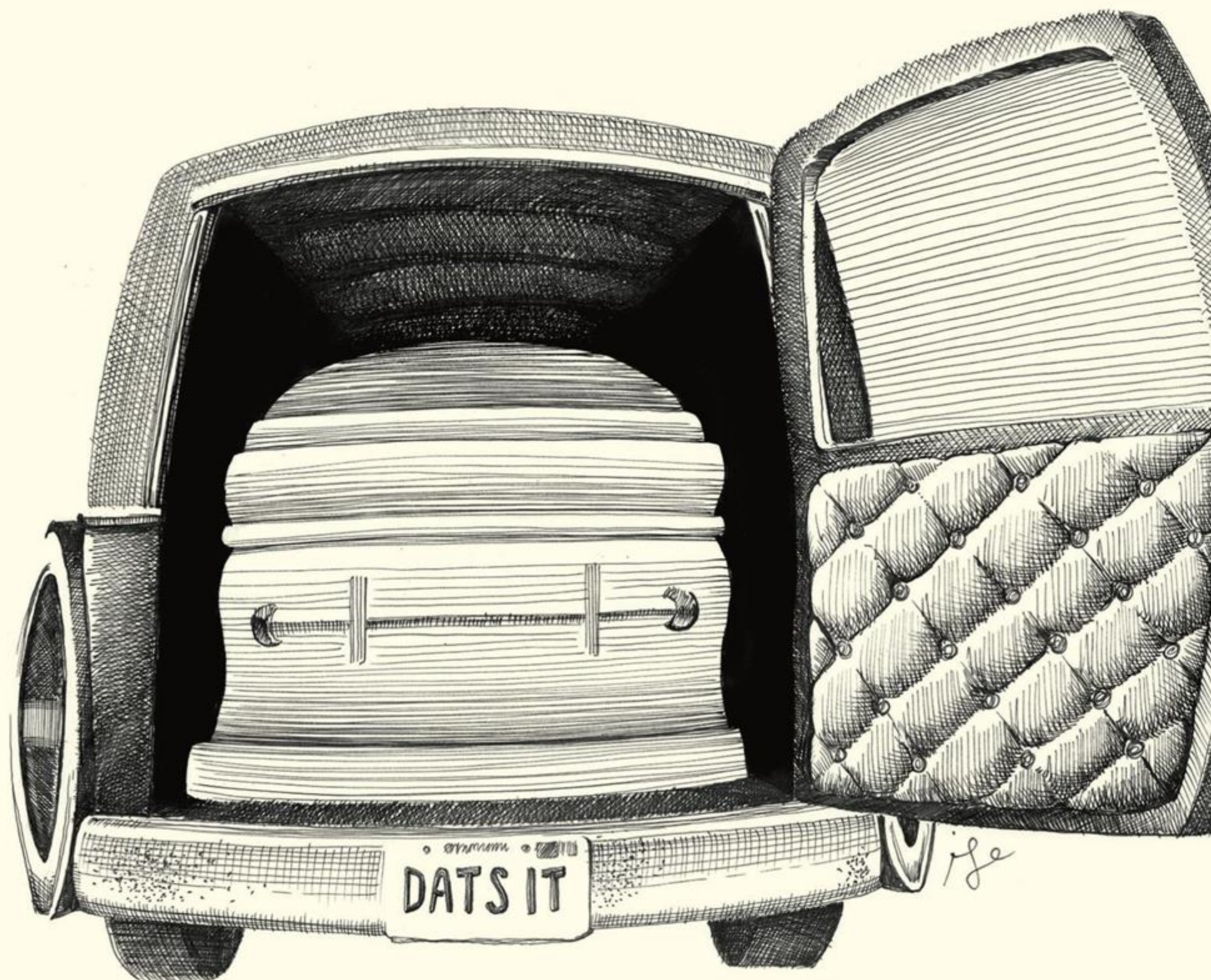
READER RESPONSE

the buyers hanged themselves. No one forced them to purchase houses they could not afford with the hope of selling and making a profit in just a couple of years. I know many people who kept refinancing and were turned upside down during the collapse. Greed was responsible for their actions, and greed came back to bite them in the ass. I have made some bad investments in my life, but I blame only myself for the loss of money. Luckily, I learned from my mistakes and have made more good investments than bad ones.

Chuck Hall
via e-mail

UNDERSTANDING SCIENCE

Taffy Brodesser-Akner asks, "What Happened to Science?" (July/August). People's distrust of science is largely a result of the "science" they were taught being contradicted. For example, we hear many mixed messages concerning our food. Liver is good for you, but too much can cause



In seventh grade I wrote my first poem, which explained that Death hunted you down, screeching through the night, until Death called your name. When I was 15, more and more practicing the poet, I decided that if I announced I would die young it would appeal to cheerleaders. I let it be known that I would die between pages 17 and 18, not noticing that 17 and 18 are two sides of the same page. When I started writing real poems I kept to the subject, though death dropped its capital letter. I wrote cheerful poems—about farm horses or a family dog—and pointed out that eventually they all died. Who would have guessed? I wrote a poem, "Praise for Death," which tried to stave it off.

Except in print, I no longer dwell on it. It's almost relaxing to know I'll die fairly soon, as it's a comfort not to obsess about my next orgasm. I've been ambitious, and ambition no longer has plans for the future. My goal in life is making it to the bathroom. In the past I was often advised to live in the moment. Now what else can I do? Days are the same, generic and speedy—I seem to remove my teeth shortly after I glue them in—and weeks are no more tedious than lunch. They elapse and I scarcely notice. The only

boring measure is the seasons. Year after year they follow the same order. Why don't we shake things up a bit? Start with summer, followed by spring, winter, then maybe Thanksgiving?

I've only wanted to kill myself three times, each on account of a woman. Two of them dumped me and the other died.

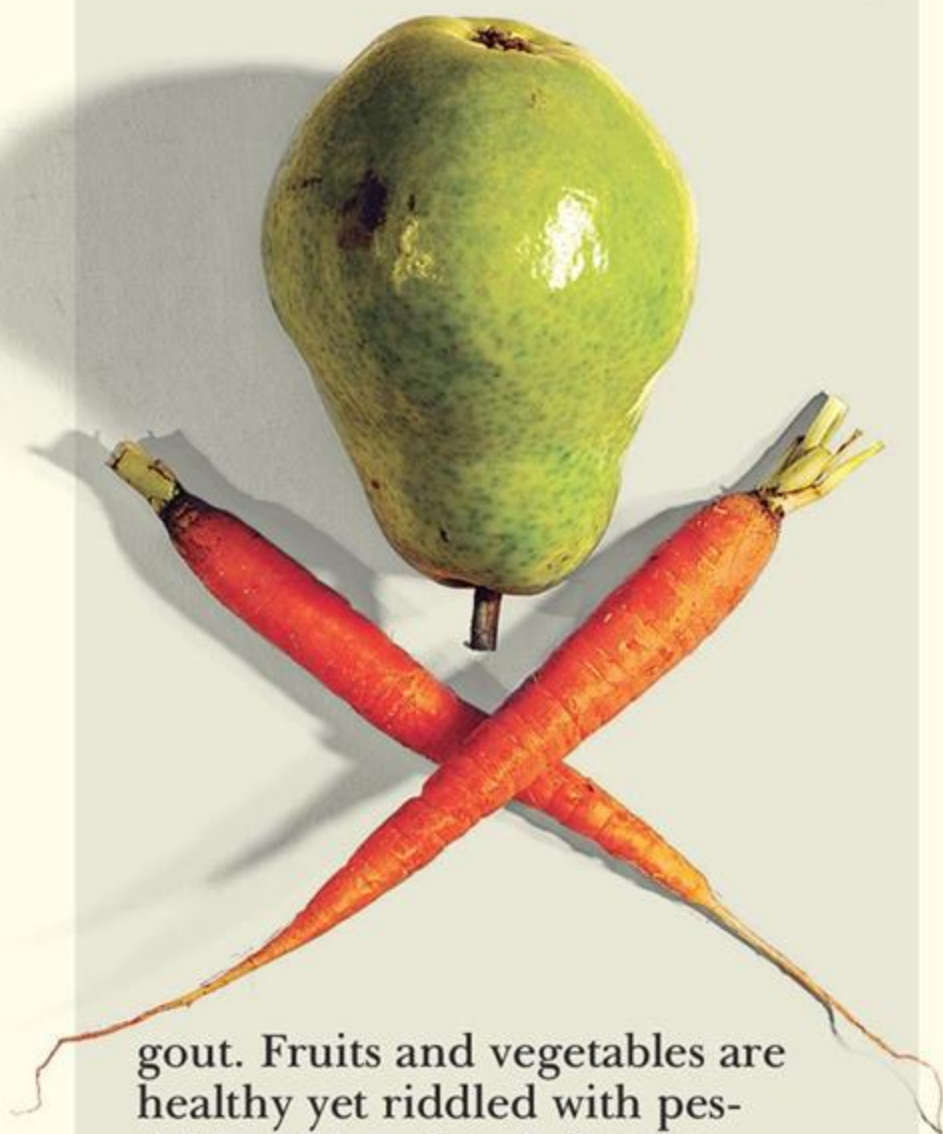
Each time, daydreams of suicide gave me comfort. My father presented me with a .22 back when I was 12, but self-assassination by .22 is chancy. If I didn't aim it like a surgeon, I could spend the rest of my life on a breathing machine. My friend Bruno suggested an infallible method—to carry my gun into Eagle Pond, wading up to my knees, then plonk a long-rifle bullet into my head. I would drown if the shot didn't finish me off. Bruno gave suicide a lot of thought, and he took no chance

with himself. In his Beverly Hills condo he pulled the pin on a hand grenade clutched to his chest.

By this time, even if I wanted to, I'm too frail and wobbly to walk into Eagle Pond.

In middle life, I came close to dying of natural causes. When I was 61, I had colon cancer, deftly removed, but two years later it metastasized to my liver. A surgeon removed

*It's almost
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know I'll die
fairly soon,
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orgasm.*



gout. Fruits and vegetables are healthy yet riddled with pesticides. Chocolate is fattening, but dark chocolate is beneficial. This disillusionment with science goes beyond our diet. Our world is often exposed as an illusion or outright fraud. The sheer number of wrongly convicted death-row inmates attests to this. DNA evidence is mishandled, or eyewitness and expert testimony helps to wrongly convict people. Lab technicians and

half of that organ, and told me I had a 30 percent chance of living five years. Both Jane and I assumed I would die soon, and she massaged me every day, trying to rub the cancer out. I went through the motions of chemo and finished writing what I was able to finish. Aware of my own approaching death, I was astonished and appalled when Jane came down with leukemia. Her death at 47—I was 66—was not trivial. Six years later, my potential death felt matter-of-fact when I had a small stroke, a carotid artery 85 percent occluded. Dr. Harbaugh removed a pencil-wide, inch-long piece of plaque during a two-hour operation under local anesthetic. I enjoyed hearing the chitchat of the white-coated gang. Now and then somebody asked me to squeeze a dog's ball, which tinkled to affirm my consciousness. I was disappointed when Dr. Harbaugh wouldn't let me take the obstruction back home.

My dearest old friend just died at 89. What else should he do? At least he died at home. I'm old enough to remember when everybody died in their houses, tended by family, as Jane was. I was nine when I spent a summer at the farm while my grandmother's older sister lay dying in the parlor. Parlors in those days were reserved for special events—entertaining the local pastor, funerals, weddings and dying. (My parlor has become the television room.) Great-Aunt Nannie lay

on a cot, blind, unable to turn over in bed, her back in continuous pain. She told my grandparents, Kate and Wesley, that the people of this house (Kate and Wesley) tortured her by making her sleep on the woodpile. She told Kate she wanted to see her family, and Kate told her she could arrange a visit from Kate and Wesley. When Kate and Wesley dropped by, Aunt Nannie was overjoyed. She died soon after I left for school, in September 1938, just before the New England hurricane. My mother got stuck coming back from the funeral.

Some fortunate people die in a hospice, which is tender but brief. I visited an old friend, James Wright, as he lay dying in a Bronx hospice, under warm and intelligent care—but the hospice found a bed only four days before he died. My first wife died in a New Hampshire hospice—admitted with only two days to live. Some hospitals perform palliative care for the terminally ill. Others of us still die at home, like my father, Jane's father and two aunts of mine. Jane could have died in a shiny hospital bed, but chose home, as I will do if I can manage. These days most old people die in special expiration units. Their loving sons and daughters are busy

and would have to forgo and sacrifice their ordinary lives. One told me he did not want to diaper his parents. I watched, as he handed them over to women who diapered them at the minimum wage. My best friend spent two of her college summers working at a place called Eternal Peace on the three-to-11 shift. After she fed the patients, she pulled out their teeth and put them in a jar. One night she could not get a woman's teeth out. She pulled and pulled and pulled. One tooth came out, dripping blood.

Old-folk storage bins bear encouraging names. I've heard of an Alzheimer's unit called Memory Lane. There are also Pleasant View, Happy Valley, Pastures of Paradise, Paradise Pastures, Heaven's Gate, Peaceful Meadow, Summerglenn, Paradise Village Estates, Autumn Wind, Fountain of Youth, Elder Gardens, Harbor Isle, Enchanted Spring, Golden Heirloom, Golden Dawn, Live Forever, Pastures of Plenty, Thistlerock Farm, Village Green, Green Village, Ever Rest and Everest.

At such addresses our elders *pass away*, or *rest in peace*, or *kick the bucket*. ■

Others of us still die at home. Jane could have died in a shiny hospital bed, but chose home, as I will do if I can manage.



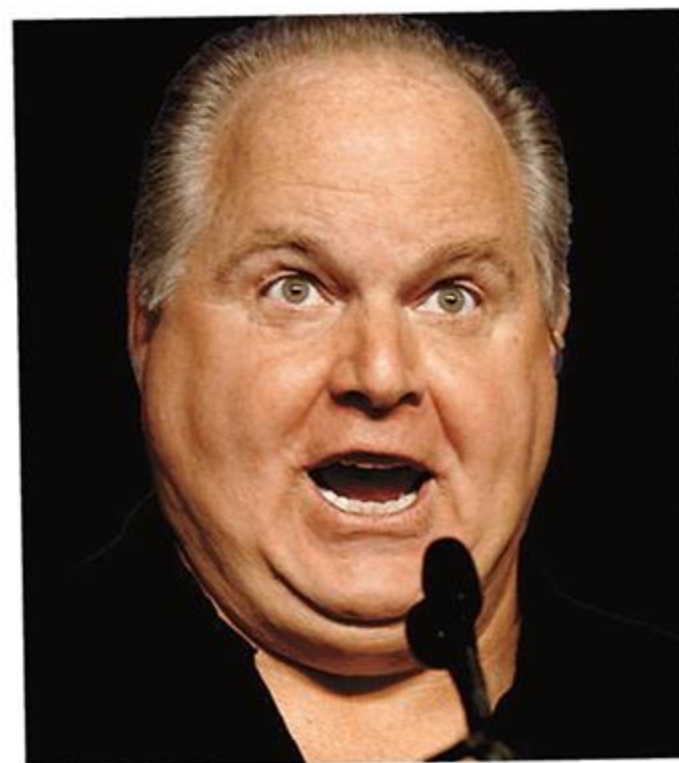
READER RESPONSE

forensic experts, agents of science, have been responsible for such ignorant mistakes. However, we must remember that this is human error and not the shortcomings of science per se. In life, all things are eventually suspect. Does our government have our best interests in mind? Will I die or reincarnate? Does my partner really love me? If every other aspect of our lives is questioned, why would the scientific community be exempt? Besides, the majority of Americans still believe Darwin asserted that humans came from apes, when in fact he merely proposed that we have a common ancestor. Trust is not the real issue. It is our inability to want to understand.

Travis J. Wolfkill
Fort Madison, Iowa

TAX THE RICH, PART III

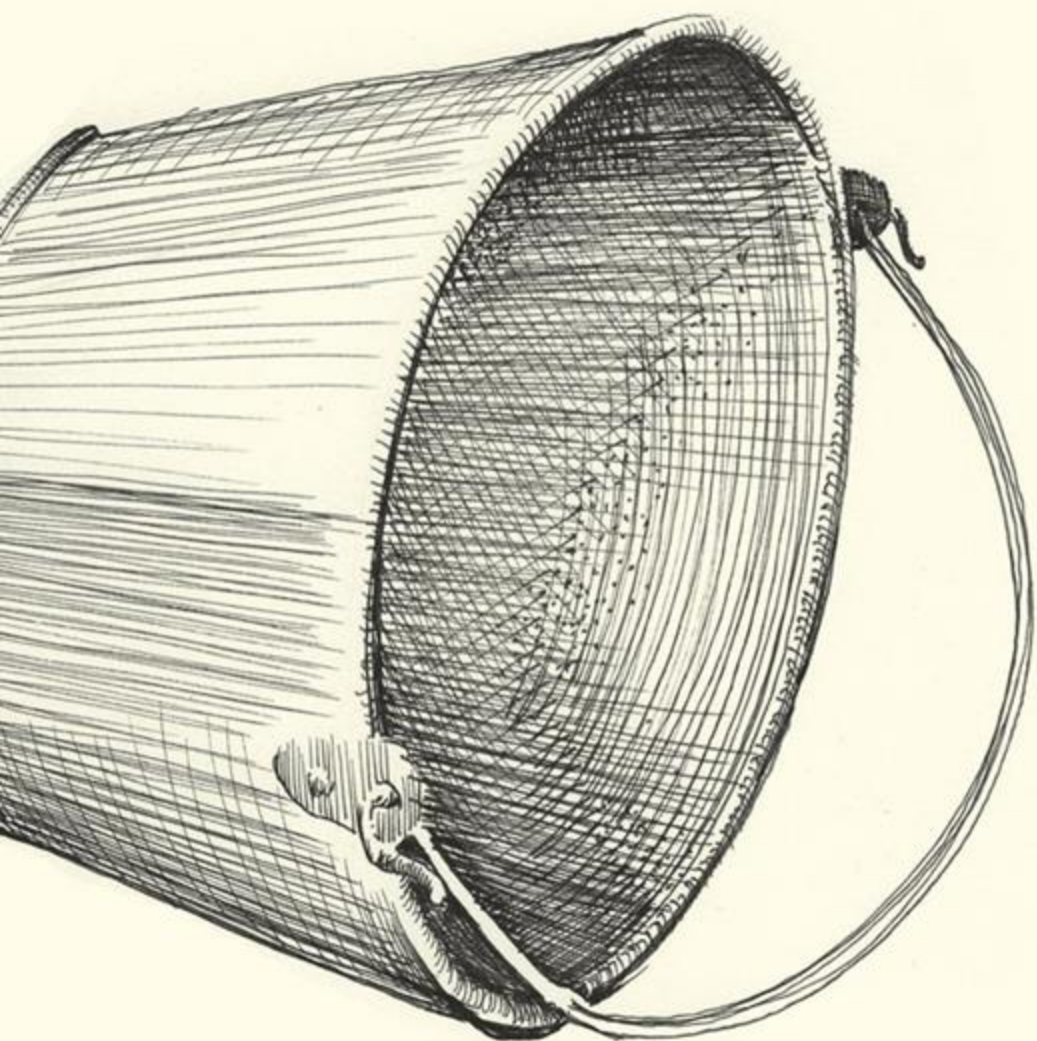
In October's *Reader Response*, Mark Lazar uses Rush Limbaugh-style rhetoric to defend the rich against taxation, saying capital formation builds roads, schools,



hospitals and airports. Not true. Fuel taxes maintain our highways, and schools, hospitals and airports are mostly funded by property taxes. I agree with Warren Buffett: The superrich should at minimum pay a tax rate equal to what their employees pay.

Stephen Anderson
Alma, Kansas

E-mail letters@playboy.com.
Or write 9346 Civic Center Drive,
Beverly Hills, California 90210.



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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: BEN AFFLECK

*A candid conversation with Hollywood's ultimate comeback kid about the success of *Argo*, his newfound distaste for politics and the Batman backlash*

Ben Affleck arrives for his *Playboy* Interview beaming after dropping off his kids for their first day of school. For Affleck and wife Jennifer Garner, it is the familiar ordeal of dodging the cameras of 20 paparazzi who have followed every step taken by son Samuel and daughters Violet and Seraphina.

Affleck accepts this as the price of fame and a two-star household. He had it worse when he fell in love with Jennifer Lopez, became half of the tabloid couple Bennifer and watched his career get damaged by the backlash and the ill-timed flop *Gigli*. A nice guy caught in a media maelstrom, Affleck was left to wonder how things had turned in a career launched after he and writing partner Matt Damon won Oscars for their *Good Will Hunting* script and the two Boston kids quickly became forces to be reckoned with. Affleck, whose star continued to rise with *Armageddon*, *Shakespeare in Love* and *Pearl Harbor*, never denied playing a part in his undoing by, among other things, appearing in Lopez's music video to rub suntan lotion on her iconic bottom on a yacht. After they split, and with his career faltering, Affleck became determined to rebuild and prove his *Good Will Hunting* Oscar wasn't a fluke.

He scripted his second act himself, first by co-writing and directing the dark mystery *Gone Baby Gone*, based on the Dennis Lehane

novel. A smaller film, it was an auspicious debut and won favor with critics. The next project on his road to redemption was *The Town*, another gritty Boston drama, which he directed, co-wrote and starred in. It too impressed critics. But everything came full circle with *Argo*. With Affleck as producer, director and star, the film won the Oscar for best picture last February. The tabloid follies and the failed movies faded into memory. David Fincher, who directed *The Social Network*, cast him to play the murder-suspect husband in the upcoming *Gone Girl*. His comeback was complete.

But then Affleck put himself in the maelstrom again. Surprising everyone, he signed on to play the caped crusader in *Batman vs. Superman*. It is a role that nearly killed George Clooney's career, and the reaction in the press and on the internet was intense and unfavorable, with many asking if Affleck had just undermined all the career gains he'd carefully made.

Born to a schoolteacher mom and a father whose theater aspirations were undone by the bottle and who tended bar, took bets as a bookie and mopped up as a janitor at Harvard, Affleck caught the acting bug early. Just eight when he met the 10-year-old Damon, the two scored bit parts as kids before Affleck found his footing in indies such as *Dazed and Confused*

and *Chasing Amy*. Then *Good Will Hunting* changed everything.

PLAYBOY sent Michael Fleming, who last interviewed Quentin Tarantino, to catch up with Affleck. Reports Fleming: "We met right after his *Batman* announcement elicited hostility he hadn't seen since the Bennifer days. A more mature Affleck doesn't care. After his career overhaul, who's to doubt him when he says, 'Trust me, I know what I'm doing'?"

PLAYBOY: When Warner Bros. named you *Batman*, the internet exploded with hostility. After climbing back from career adversity to win the best picture Oscar for *Argo*, was your initial reaction more "Not again" or "Screw you"?

AFFLECK: It wasn't either, really. I expected that reaction. Warner Bros. told me, "You should know what you're getting into." They showed me the reactions to other folks who had been cast in these roles. They said this is how it tends to play out initially.

PLAYBOY: What convinced you?

AFFLECK: When they asked if I would be *Batman*, I told them I didn't see myself in the role and I was going to have to beg off. They said I'd fit well into how they were going to approach the character



"The only movie I actually regret is *Daredevil*. It just kills me. I love that story, that character, and the fact that it got fucked up the way it did stays with me. Maybe that's part of the motivation to do *Batman*."



"Some of it is luck. Everybody has movies that don't work; I just had a run of them. But I also looked at it and said, 'I didn't work hard enough. I wasn't diligent enough. I wasn't dedicated enough.'"



"I campaigned for Gore and Kerry, and then Obama in 2008. Over time I became disillusioned, mostly with the pernicious effect of money in politics. It starts to feel gross, being used as a prop to milk the teat of the donor for money."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LORENZO AGIUS

and asked me to look at what the writer-director, Zack Snyder, was doing. The stuff was incredible.

PLAYBOY: Why?

AFFLECK: It was a unique take on Batman that was still consistent with the mythology. It made me excited. All of a sudden I had a reading of the character. When people see it, it will make more sense than it does now or even than it did to me initially.

PLAYBOY: How will your Batman differ from the others, particularly the one played by Christian Bale?

AFFLECK: I don't want to give away too much, but the idea for the new Batman is to redefine him in a way that doesn't compete with the Bale and Chris Nolan Batman but still exists within the Batman canon. It will be an older and wiser version, particularly as he relates to Henry Cavill's Superman character.

PLAYBOY: How much did the hostile fan reaction bother you?

AFFLECK: I understand I'm at a disadvantage with the internet. If I thought the result would be another *Daredevil*, I'd be out there picketing myself. [laughs] Why would I make the movie if I didn't think it was going to be good and that I could be good in it?

PLAYBOY: How would you have handled this a decade ago, when things weren't going so well?

AFFLECK: I probably would have been more sensitive. I had less perspective than I do now. I've learned it doesn't matter what people think before a movie comes out; what matters is what people think when they see the movie. There's a lot of noise in the world, and the internet magnifies that energy. My focus is on the actual execution of the movie. Would I have had that perspective 10 years ago? I don't know. The world was different then. It seems odd to me to criticize casting if you haven't read the script and don't know the tone or the take. But the casting of high-profile projects seems to generate negative attention; it's fun to give your thumbs-up or thumbs-down. I've had the luxury recently of doing *Argo*, *The Town* and *The Company Men*, films that didn't have a high profile. You have the luxury of waiting until the movie is released before being judged. I've learned to think, I may succeed or fail, but I'm going to do so on the merit of my own instincts. It's a great business in that way. You do a movie that's successful, you get a little victory lap, and then you start at the beginning; you have to prove yourself all over again. I like that because it motivates you to work harder. I was thrilled with the reception *Argo* got. It was one of the great professional experiences of my life. I'm thrilled I'm working with David Fincher in *Gone Girl* and that I'll direct *Live by Night*, this big, sweeping gangster-epic morality story.

PLAYBOY: You turned around a cold streak playing George Reeves in *Hollywoodland*,

a film about how his acting career was destroyed after he was typecast as Superman. Did you learn any lessons to prepare you to play another caped icon?

AFFLECK: When George Reeves was Superman you had three TV channels, and that show was iconic. Now there are so many more options. You see actors doing everything from YouTube shorts to big-budget movies. Also, television shows hold you hostage for long periods. My wife was on a show for five years. It's the same with Jon Hamm and *Mad Men*. It's conceivable you could become hostage to one role. In movies? Look at Robert Downey Jr. He's able to be brilliant in *Iron Man* and *The Avengers*, but he can also go do *Sherlock Holmes*.

PLAYBOY: George Clooney kept a photo of himself as Batman on his office wall as a reminder of what can happen when you take a role for money and fame. If you had such a photo in your office, which movie would you go with?

AFFLECK: I'd probably have two or three. [laughs] It'd be tough to choose. The only movie I actually regret is *Daredevil*. It just kills me. I love that story, that character,

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and the fact that it got fucked up the way it did stays with me. Maybe that's part of the motivation to do *Batman*.

PLAYBOY: Describe what holding that Oscar statue meant to you when *Argo* won for best picture.

AFFLECK: There had been plenty of moments when I didn't know where I was going to end up. I had been kicked around some and maybe left for dead. I'm not a great believer in awards and the idea that some movie is best, because it's subjective. But standing there at the Academy Awards eased some of the pain and frustration I'd been carrying. I loved movies and felt I knew how to make good ones and had something to offer, but there was a time when I wasn't sure I would be invited to try anymore.

PLAYBOY: Contrast that with the night you and your best friend, Matt Damon, won Oscars for best original screenplay for *Good Will Hunting*.

AFFLECK: The girlfriend I was with at the time was working out of town.

PLAYBOY: Gwyneth Paltrow?

AFFLECK: Yeah, Gwyneth. Matt and I just thought, Let's take our moms. We knew

they'd want to go. We go down the red carpet and see all these journalists from TV. We're starstruck. Holy shit, is that Roger Ebert? I see Dustin Hoffman and he says, "You know, I did theater with your father." My father is a great guy, but he drank a lot during my childhood, and when he said he knew Dustin Hoffman, I thought he was bullshitting. And there I am at the Oscars and Hoffman brings it up. "I knew your father." So now I'm reevaluating my whole relationship with my father as we're walking inside. Every star you could ever imagine—there's Jack Nicholson. It was *Titanic*'s year, and there's James Cameron. We sat down, close to the front of the stage. Billy Crystal comes out, starts this song, and it's "Matt and Ben, Ben and Matt." It was like walking through the fourth wall of your television into a weird dream, one where I'm at the Oscars and Billy Crystal is singing to me and...never mind. Then Robin Williams wins and that's exciting. The screenplay award isn't until halfway through the ceremony, so we've got time. I remember turning to James Cameron. I had never seen him before and don't think I've spoken to him since, but I'm overly relaxed and caught up. I go, "Hey, how's it going, Jim?" I remember he kind of looked at me. I say, "Don't you think it would be cool if you knew how many votes each movie got?" He looks at me like, What the fuck is this kid talking about? Why is this kid talking to me?

PLAYBOY: Like he was going to call for security?

AFFLECK: And why is he talking about the vote? I sat down. I'm thinking, Shit, I just made an idiot out of myself with James Cameron. I'll never be in one of his movies. Our category came up, and Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau presented it. Maybe the producer figured they're a famous screen duo and if these guys win that will be nice symmetry. But we'd lost the Writers Guild award to Jim Brooks for *As Good As It Gets*, and people think if you lose that you'll lose the Oscar. And then they read off our names. I'll never forget the first thought I had—that I hadn't given one second of thought to what I might say. You are an idiot. You come to the Academy Awards and didn't prepare anything, not even secretly in your mind.

PLAYBOY: You spoke first?

AFFLECK: Matt said, "Go ahead, talk first." Only later did I realize his show of graciousness was designed to give him a minute to prepare what he was going to say. I mumbled a bunch of stupid things. I thanked Boston twice. Probably once would have been enough. We'd won the Golden Globe, but I think the only other thing I'd ever won was some Little League trophies when I was 12. I look back on the whole thing ruefully. I had no perspective. I thanked Cuba Gooding Jr.—by now I was just saying stuff. We high-fived everybody. I hugged

Denzel Washington as we were coming offstage and he was going on. Why did I hug Denzel Washington? Maybe he didn't want to be hugged by me, a stranger. I felt like such an idiot afterward, but I have to say, we had a lot of fun that night.

PLAYBOY: *Argo*, *Zero Dark Thirty* and *Lincoln* were fact-based Oscar nominees that weathered controversies over their historical accuracy. *Zero Dark Thirty* was sunk when three U.S. senators challenged scenes that indicated waterboarding had yielded info that led to Bin Laden. *Argo* got heat for giving too much credit to the CIA's Tony Mendez and not enough to the Canadian ambassador Ken Taylor, who hid the Americans. Jimmy Carter said it wasn't an accurate depiction, and Taylor said some negative stuff. Reportedly your film was censored by the New Zealand parliament over its role in the movie, or lack of one.

AFFLECK: [Laughs] I didn't know. Does that mean I'll be arrested if I go to New Zealand? I can't be in any of the *Lord of the Rings* movies?

PLAYBOY: How were you able to navigate those potential land mines better than those other films did?

AFFLECK: I don't think we did any better than anybody else. Fact-based stuff leaves you exposed to criticism, and it's difficult in a world where campaigning has metastasized into taking shots at the other movies. People definitely took shots at *Zero Dark Thirty*, *Lincoln* and particularly at us. Ken Taylor felt he played a greater role in the rescue of the six than we portrayed in the film. He wanted a bigger part, but we explained the movie wasn't about him; it was about Tony. They'd already made a movie about Ken. We liked all the stuff about Tony that wasn't known until it was declassified. The issue over historical fidelity is like the Batman thing, where people are able to vent criticism instantaneously, and small issues can catch fire and become contagious. Even with *Good Will Hunting* there was a rumor that Ted Tally really wrote the script and then that William Goldman had written it. It's the same as negative campaigning in politics. There are people who want to celebrate their movies, and others, whose faces you never see and names you never read, who push this other stuff. Competition brings out the best and worst in us.

PLAYBOY: You're a decade removed from *Gigli*, when focus on your romantic relationship with Jennifer Lopez hurt your career. Back then, who helped you figure out how to climb out of the hole?

AFFLECK: That hole was a series of movies that didn't work and one in particular that was widely mocked because it had a funny name and overlapped with the tabloid situation. It became a perfect storm. Then *Paycheck* was mediocre, *Surviving Christmas* was bad, and I sunk into a morass. I thought, Okay, I want to get out of this. My wife was definitely around

then. Getting to know her, falling in love with her and being connected with her gave me a foundation to reach out and say, Okay, I'm going to do *Hollywoodland*; I'm going to direct *Gone Baby Gone*. Those were the steps forward I needed to put positive stuff on the board. She is by leaps and bounds the most important person to me in that respect. Over the past 10 years she has allowed me to have a stable home life while accomplishing my professional goals.

PLAYBOY: She bolstered your confidence?

AFFLECK: I was frustrated. A lot of smart people out there made choices they thought would work on some of these movies. Some of it is luck. Everybody has movies that don't work; I just had a run of them. But I also looked at it and said, "I didn't work hard enough. I wasn't diligent enough. I wasn't dedicated enough." I made that realization. But once I'd made it, the most critical thing was that she said, "If you're going to work 24 hours a day, that's cool. I'm going to be here." That allowed me to think, Okay, that's what I'm going to do. I'm going to kill myself over this next period of time.

*You can say what you want
about me. You can yell at
me with a video camera and
be TMZ. I don't care. But
it's wrong and disgusting to
follow children around.*

PLAYBOY: Your relationship with Jennifer Garner came after a very public engagement to Jennifer Lopez. Both your relationships were tabloid fodder.

AFFLECK: The crucible by flashbulb. It was magazines then, and those days are more or less gone. Now it's online, but it's the same thing. At the nadir of that I felt I was being treated worse than Scott Peterson, who at least got the benefit of the word *alleged* when they talked about him.

PLAYBOY: He's the guy who—

AFFLECK: Murdered his wife and tossed her over the side of a boat. The point is I felt like I was at the bottom. I became the guy people could kick around, even if they hadn't seen the movie, because they saw other people taking shots. I thought it was unfair. But some of those people later wrote nice things about my work. I've learned not to take it personally.

PLAYBOY: But often it is personal.

AFFLECK: Once I saw my way out of it, I said, You know what? I don't even care anymore. I'm going to focus on my job. I don't give a shit. Take my picture. Write what you want to write. At the end of the day, what you write in a gossip column

doesn't matter. What matters is how the movie works. I found out it doesn't kill you. But once I thought I had that figured out, I started having kids. And that is when I drew the line.

PLAYBOY: What is the line?

AFFLECK: You can say what you want about me. You can yell at me with a video camera and be TMZ. You can follow me around and take pictures all you want. I don't care. There are a couple of guys outside right now. Terrific. That's part of the deal. But it's wrong and disgusting to follow children around and take their picture and sell it for money. It makes the kids less safe. They used to take pictures of our children coming out of preschool, and so this stalker who had threatened to kill me, my wife and our kids showed up at the school and got arrested. I mean, there are real practical dangers to this.

PLAYBOY: How close did he get?

AFFLECK: He was in the pack of paparazzi. They didn't know he was a guy who was threatening to murder our family. That makes me angry. It's a safety thing, and there's also a sanity thing. My kids aren't celebrities. They never made that bargain. We were offered a lot of money to sell pictures of our kids when they were born. You'll notice there aren't any. I make no judgment about people who decide differently; a lot of them give the money to charity. For me it was a matter of principle. I didn't want someone to be able to come back and say I was complicit, that it wasn't a question of principle as much as price.

PLAYBOY: You didn't want to be a hypocrite.

AFFLECK: As their father it's my job to protect them from that stuff. I try my very best, and sometimes I'm successful. The tragic thing is, people who see those pictures naturally think it's sweet. They don't see the gigantic former gang member with a huge lens standing over a four-year-old and screaming to get the kid's attention. The kids are always looking down because they're freaked out and scared of these people. And so they yell. Which is fine if you're Lindsay Lohan coming out of a club, or me or any adult. With kids it's tasteless at best. A lot of these photographs are being bought by legitimate magazines. In the U.K. they have a good system: If you take a kid's picture, you have to blur out the face. It protects the privacy of children, any child. I wish we would do that here, though I don't expect it. When my wife met with California lawmakers to get legislation passed to establish a certain distance between paparazzi and children and also to prevent the stalking behavior on the part of the paparazzi, she was opposed by the association of magazine and newspaper folks. They said it would have a chilling effect on the way the news was covered. You couldn't chill the internet coverage of celebrities if you tried.

PLAYBOY: But do you understand why the 111

press would worry about infringements on the First Amendment?

AFFLECK: I think the First Amendment and the public's right to know are adequately served by photographers who are at least 100 feet away. They all have 300-millimeter lenses. I'm a photographer myself, and I can tell you with complete confidence that you can get a fine picture. I understand we won't be able to prevent them from taking photos of children or get them to blur the faces, even though I think that would be preferable. But at the very least there should be a bubble of safety. We do that at football games: You can't just come on the field. We do that with politicians: You can't photograph the president from any distance you want.

PLAYBOY: You took a lot of heat for making movies with Jennifer Lopez when you were a couple. Is that why you and your wife don't work together?

AFFLECK: Yes. Well, my wife and I made *Pearl Harbor* and *Daredevil*. With our track record, I don't know if anyone's looking for a three-quel.

PLAYBOY: You're not Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn?

AFFLECK: Exactly. I think it doesn't work. It's already hard to get people to suspend disbelief, and then you have married couples in the same movie. People know about the marriage, and they're not willing to acknowledge the couple as anything else. And marriage is boring to people. They say, "I'm married 20 years. I love my wife, but I have that at home." People want to see the kindling of new romance in movies. It's exciting, but not when it's a couple they know has been together for 10 years.

PLAYBOY: You developed a political profile campaigning for presidential candidates Al Gore, John Kerry and Barack Obama. How did that come about?

AFFLECK: I grew up in a house with a mother who was a teacher and a Freedom Rider—very left-wing Democrats living in a heterogeneous working-class neighborhood. I picked up a lot of those values there, and I brought them with me when I showed up in Hollywood. In 2000 the Gore campaign said, "Hey, would you come do this with us?" And I did. I thought I had a responsibility, so I campaigned for Gore. Kerry was a Boston guy, and I felt an organic connection. And then Obama in 2008. Over time I became disillusioned, mostly with the pernicious effect of money in politics. I realized it was about raising \$56,000 through a couple of dinners and those bundlers who bring in \$1 million or \$2 million. Those people are dedicated, and they believe in what they're doing. I believe in why many of them are doing it. What I don't believe in is that we now have the need to do it. And for me personally, it started to feel gross.

PLAYBOY: What part?

AFFLECK: Being used as a prop to schmooze people and try to milk the

teat of the donor for money. We'd do it sparingly. Matt and I did a thing for Elizabeth Warren, whom we like and who won. We did a fund-raiser for Cory Booker, whom we also like. People now know me as a Democrat, and that will always be the case to some extent.

PLAYBOY: Does that polarize viewers?

AFFLECK: It does, and you can bifurcate your audience. When I watch a guy I know is a big Republican, part of me thinks, I probably wouldn't like this person if I met him, or we would have different opinions. That shit fogs the mind when you should be paying attention and be swept into the illusion.

PLAYBOY: Still, won't that happen whether you take positions on candidates or causes?

AFFLECK: I have misgivings about it, counterbalanced with the larger things I care about. I don't blindly do this stuff when it makes it harder to do my own job. And there's an awful lot of gross money-raising going on that has made me want to pull back a bit from pure electoral politics. So I started an organization called the Eastern Congo Initiative after I found what I thought was the worst

*Well, my wife and I made
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With our track record, I
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ing for a three-quel. I think
it doesn't work.*

place in the world. Five million people have died in 15 years. One in six kids doesn't live to see the age of five. The Democratic Republic of the Congo has almost no functioning state security apparatus. There are regions in this country where two out of three women have been raped. It's an incredibly broken, needy part of the world, and nobody was working there. I thought, Okay, I'll take that on. If I'm going to raise money, that's what I'll raise money for. That feels like a good way to spend my time.

PLAYBOY: Will you campaign for Hillary Clinton in 2016?

AFFLECK: I haven't abandoned it, but I look at working in politics again with a more jaundiced eye. Hillary does excite me, in the same way the potent symbolism of the first African American president was what thrilled people about Obama. It's similar with Hillary and gender equality. The idea that 100 years after women got the right to vote, to have a woman president would be exciting.

PLAYBOY: You've been approached to run for office and told you could win. How seriously did you consider it?

AFFLECK: I don't give it serious thought, because it would take me away from what I consider to be the prime of my storytelling career. I feel more in touch with that and what I want to do than I ever have. I wouldn't step away from that for anything. I also know people are probably bullshitting when they tell you that you can win. It turns you into a professional fund-raiser. I don't know what the future holds when I'm 55, 65 or 75. Right now it's about making movies I believe in, that I think will thrill and entertain and be meaningful to audiences.

PLAYBOY: When you played a congressman in *State of Play*, one of the politicians you patterned your character after was Anthony Weiner.

AFFLECK: Which goes to show you how sharp my dramatic instincts were. I was tuned in.

PLAYBOY: How surprised were you when he was undone the first time, came back and had his Gotham mayoral aspirations dashed when it was exposed he was still sexting, under the moniker Carlos Danger? Are politics more of a shark tank than Hollywood?

AFFLECK: Yeah, D.C. is a little more of a shark tank than Hollywood because I think there's a zero-sum game at play. You have to be out for me to get in, and the harder I hit you, the better it is for me. In Hollywood I'm a great believer in the idea that there is room for many people to succeed. There are a lot of long lives in this business.

PLAYBOY: Let's reminisce about a few of your movies. Tell me what pops into your mind. *Dazed and Confused*?

AFFLECK: That's where I learned that an actor could contribute to a movie beyond reading lines. Richard Linklater sent a note to all the actors that said, "If this movie is produced as written, it'll be a massive underachievement." We were all 19 and 20 and down in Austin, and all the actors started to write their own ideas and their own little scenes. It demystified the process for me in an important way. And I was in Austin with all those young people that summer, and I was the only person who didn't have sex.

PLAYBOY: Why?

AFFLECK: You tell me. Maybe it was the hairdo.

PLAYBOY: Your character was so loathsome you didn't get laid?

AFFLECK: You know, I can't explain these things.

PLAYBOY: Next: *I Killed My Lesbian Wife, Hung Her on a Meat Hook, and Now I Have a Three Picture Deal at Disney*.

AFFLECK: That was the first thing I directed. I was into directing student-film shorts. My friend Jay Lacopo had written this untitled 12-page screenplay. I gave him a title and he said, "You direct it." I thought, Well, I don't understand screen direction, but sure, I'll direct it. We shot that for a couple of days and—

PLAYBOY: And (continued on page 239)

FOLLOW

THE BUNNY

WHO'S BEEN

PUSHING

(AND REMOVING)

BUTTONS

SINCE 1953



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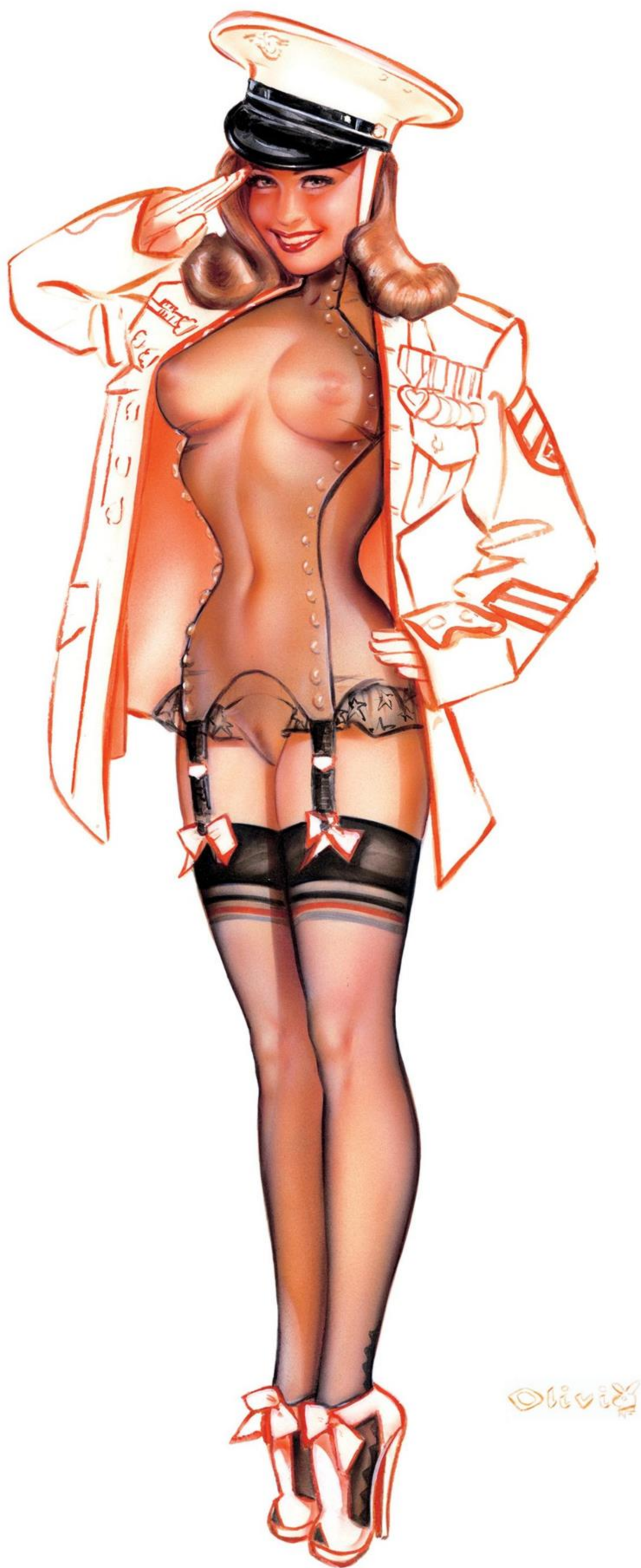
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60 Years OF PLAYBOY

In this, our 60th anniversary issue, we look where we came from and celebrate where the next 60 years will take us. In the following nine essays we consider how rapid evolution in everything from information technology to pop culture has irrevocably changed the way we live.

Si Non Oscillas Noli Tintinnare*

It was Hef's warning about the world on the other side of that door. A new world where you could be yourself. And if you didn't like yourself, you could be someone else. A challenge. Either you got it or you didn't: If you don't swing, don't ring.

This magazine was—and still is—another doorway to a new world. It is a portal to a place that probes our beliefs about sex and politics and philosophy. It challenges what we know about men and, more important, women. An experience so bold that you never forget where you were the first time you saw it. Hef created the first issue on a card table in his Chicago apartment after hocking his furniture

to pay for the printing. He fought the feds for the right to send his magazine through the U.S. mail. Later, when he stepped out from behind his desk, he reinvented himself as the public personification of the magazine: Mr. Playboy.

Decades of reinvention followed. Postwar to the pill. From the repression of Levittown to the free expression of Esalen. The *Big Bunny* nonstop from Chicago to Los Angeles. The swinging 1970s all the way to the present day. PLAYBOY was there, at the forefront of a changing world, showing the way to anyone who cared to pursue it.

We live in a time of hyper-evolution, a world still transforming itself, now faster than ever. The rule still stands: If you don't swing, don't ring. Now come on in. ♣

*“If you don't swing, don't ring” (phrase on a plaque outside the Playboy Mansion in Chicago).



Entropy

Decoding the DNA of this American moment

The second law of thermodynamics asserts that things move from a state of high energy to a state of low. The universe, which began as a ball the size of a marble, exploded with such energy that it is still expanding X years later.

Rain falling from the skies dissipates the energy imparted to it by gravity. This rain, falling over millennia, seeks the lowest possible level, the level, that is, where the energy could no longer be dissipated. In its descent the water has carved rivers, valleys, streams and paths.

When Boston was a village, cows and cowherds followed these riven paths, and the paths became the growing city's streets. The city planners and residents laying out the streets allowed not only the energy of the water but the energy of decision to move freely, letting it take the easiest path "downhill." They built along the cow paths, called the cow paths streets and later paved them.

Imagine now the nation's first immigrants, flowing from a state of high order (Europe) into a state of low (the New World). Europe, in this case, could be said to be shedding its energy, as any engine must do, and this new source of energy—the immigrants—transformed the land.

The Native Americans lived here for millennia in more or less the same way. Nothing much changed their culture, as there was no new energy source to do so. Then the Spanish introduced the horse, which was—and is—a machine harnessing cheap energy (the sun) and turning it to use. The use to which Native Americans turned this new device was marauding, theft and conquest: in short, war, which is, finally, the dissipation of excess energy in the quest for cheap energy. (There is, proverbially, nothing more difficult to get than "easy money." And otherwise incomprehensible wars may, perhaps, be explained as the thermodynamic effect of "throwing good money after bad.")

The First World War was fought between the two most advanced and most closely aligned civilizations in Europe. Germany and England, in the heat of the Industrial Age, had energy to expend (look at their military uniforms), and this excess energy was spent in braggadocio and the incessant prosecutions of various

claims of territory and allegiance. These claims were as real to those rulers, and perhaps to their peoples, as is first love to a 17-year-old. The force of their claims was not delusion but truth, driven by the intolerable goad, in the youth, of hormones and, in the state, of wealth.

America, at the height of our power, more powerful than any nation in history, blundered into that war that announced and accelerated our imperial decline. Was it "a good idea" to spend 10 years in Vietnam at the cost of 60,000 American dead and, quite literally, inestimable treasure?

How did it happen? May we not indict the second law of thermodynamics? For the roots of this war, as that of the First World War, may be found in pretension born of excess. Germany had pretensions to stewardship of various Balkan states. And we to be stewards of Indochina—why? What poor man has these delusions? They are an outgrowth of surplus.

Greater power demands more effective outlets for its use, which is to say for its dissipation and waste—either directly (the internal combustion engine) or through inefficiency (fashion). Here, the emperor is like the billionaire, who has the power not necessarily to accomplish his sup-

posed goals (a bigger yacht, a cliffside home) but to expend energy in their pursuit. The richest man, with his pick of mates, may marry a shrew. He must make decisions, and whichever decisions he makes will involve the expenditure of energy and the risk of total—and the certainty of potential—waste.

The billionaire may also invest his money. Here, in addition to risking his investment, he is diluting his power over it. Here he has, like a sovereign nation, made an alliance with other forces of control: advisors, accountants, lawyers, consultants. These treaties are made to promote not only the stated goal, mutual security, but the unstated pursuit, individual self-estimation. Both are at risk. He may give money to a hospital; the hospital bearing his name may prove inefficient or corrupt. Britain may have had treaties with Czechoslovakia and France against Hitler, but Chamberlain broke the British treaty of military support with Czechoslovakia. The Czechoslovak army, the most efficient on the continent, (continued on page 266)

By **DAVID MAMET**

Illustration by **CHRIS BUZELLI**



The Future of Evil

**Second thoughts from a digerati pioneer
on the future of social media**

The future comes at us like a fractal zoom. Tiny patches of pattern explode in a flash to surround us and become our new habitat, only to be subsumed by fresh unfoldings and forgotten before we can blink.

After a rare desert rain in my New Mexico childhood, the air would fill with bugs. We'd drive fast on dirt roads, windows wide open to the moist night air, watching a deep universe of suspended life zoom up into us. A vicious, frenetic tapping counted the bugs mashed into the paisley cloisonné on the windshield. Some of the creatures would find themselves caught in a vortex within the alien interior of a 1960s Chevy, and still others would somehow safely swirl past it all, receding into a speckle in the rearview window.

Oh, how I hate to say so, but this fading image captures how it feels to see humanity from the perspective of Silicon Valley. All those people were there already, in their tiny hordes in the dark, and then we rushed them.

We rush ahead because of the thrill, the billions of dollars to be made and a sense of self-significance and destiny: our manifest destiny. It happens so fast. When I was a child, the world was said to have changed within a few short years because of the sexual revolution and recreational drugs. And yet, when I grew a little older, I discovered that promiscuity and intoxication, along with periodic prohibitions and rebound bacchanalia, had characterized human societies for all time. It wasn't clear that anything had changed. The 1960s might have had more style than invention.

Yet the global change in how people share information through social networks does seem to be new and it did happen just now. It took only a few years for people to embrace a world in which they connect to others through remote organizations that build secret behavioral models of them that will be used to influence what they do for their whole lives.

There are attractive aspects of this new world. It is marvelous that so many people have found a medium of expression, or can at least keep in touch, and that everyone has a great big library in their pocket. I still love these advances as much as ever, and yet we can't be so foolish as to imagine we're not playing with fire.

Right at the start of it all, in the archaic era of pre-web meeting places such as Usenet, there was something obviously odd going on. Normal people would somehow be

drawn into abysmal behavior from time to time. It happened to everyone at least once in a while. You'd become nasty or crazily defensive, pick a fight, pile on a victim or stand by while others did. At first there was no name for the pop-up monsters we became, but soon they were christened "trolls." I have no memory of picking fights in any way in my life before digital networking became accessible. If I were growing up now, I might not have a memory of that particular innocence at all.

A violent criminal serving a life sentence once told me that only about one in 20 people is really a bastard. "The rest are okay if you leave them alone," he said. This is not an easy number to verify, as criminal convictions and criminal behavior are not

(continued on page 258)

By JARON LANIER

Illustration by David Plunkert



What Is a Brand?

Marketing redefines our lives in strange new ways

Here is an old Polish anticommunist joke: “Socialism is the synthesis of the highest achievements of all previous historical epochs. From tribal society, it took barbarism. From antiquity, it took slavery. From feudalism, it took relations of domination. From capitalism, it took exploitation. And from socialism, it took the name.”

Is it not similar with brand names? Imagine a totally outsourced company—a company like, say, Nike that outsources its material production to Asian or Central American contractors, the distribution of its products to retailers, its financial dealings to a consultant, its marketing strategy and publicity to an ad agency, the design of its products to a designer. And on top of that, it borrows money from a bank to finance its activity. Nike would be nothing “in itself”—nothing other than the pure brand mark “Nike,” an empty sign that connotes experiences pertaining to a certain lifestyle, something like “the Nike touch.” What unites a multitude of properties into a single object is ultimately its brand name—the brand name indicates the mysterious *je ne sais quoi* that makes Nike sneakers (or Starbucks coffee) into something special.

A couple of decades ago two new labels established themselves in the fruit juice (and also ice cream) market: “forest fruit” and “multivitamin.” Both are associated with clearly identified flavors, but the connection

between the label and what it designates is contingent. Any other combination of forest fruits would produce a different flavor, and it would be possible to generate the same flavor artificially (with the same, of course, being true for multivitamin juice). One can imagine a child who, after getting authentic homemade “forest fruit” juice, complains to his mother, “That’s not what I want! I want *true* forest fruit juice!” Such examples distinguish the gap between what a word really means (in our case, the flavor recognized as multivitamin) and what would

have been its meaning if it were to function literally (any juice that has a lot of vitamins). The autonomous “symbolic efficiency” is so strong it can occasionally generate effects that are almost uncannily mysterious.

Can we get rid of this excessive dimension and use only names that directly designate objects and processes? In 1986, Austrian writer Peter Handke wrote *Repetition*, a novel describing Slovenia in the drab 1960s. Handke compares an Austrian supermarket, with many brands of milk and yogurt, with a modest Slovene grocery store that has only one kind of milk, with no brand name and just the simple inscription MILK. But the moment Handke mentions this brand-less packaging, its innocence is lost. Today such packaging doesn’t just designate milk; it brings along a complex nostalgia for the old times when life was poor but (allegedly) more authentic, less alienated. The absence of a logo thus functions as a brand name for a lost way of life. *(continued on page 256)*

By SLAVOJ ŽIŽEK

Illustration by Tim O'Brien



The Noize on the Bus

A sad and terrible tale of celebrity roadkill, herpes zoster and a rare case of male lactation

"To write orotund critical phrases about TMZ for a magazine is easy and contemptible."—VICTOR HUGO

Thank you for reading this terrible piece about TMZ's New York City bus tour and my father's shingles. It is an unforgivable insult to your intelligence (and to TMZ and the varicella-zoster virus, which is sometimes called VZV). It begins with a pretentious reference to the German Romantic poet Friedrich Hölderlin and ends with a disgusting scene in the men's room at the Port Authority. (There are actually two scenes in the Port Authority men's room, both gratuitous, the second of which adds the insult of being completely redundant.) It's really just a hodgepodge of disconnected fragments clumsily strung together. The whole thing is awful, and if you find any of it the least bit edifying or entertaining, I'd be shocked. Pick any smug, effete novelist in pricey eyewear from Park Slope or Los Feliz and he would have done a substantially better job on this essay than I have. Trust me on that. Among unassuming men of genuine accomplishment, I stand out as a preening failure. For writing this piece of tripe that I lay before you, I should be dismembered and my body parts dissolved in the caustic posole that Mexican cartels use to dispose of their enemies. Yet, instead, I ask you to read this. Forgive me.

(Based on the patently disingenuous apologies—"backward bragging"—that Inuit etiquette requires hosts to make before serving their guests traditional

delicacies such as narwhal blubber and fermented eider duck, as described by the Danish polar explorer and anthropologist Peter Freuchen.)

PART ONE

I'm in the middle of Times Square on a summer's day, engulfed in a slow-motion stampede of tourists in M&M hats and Hard Rock Cafe shirts, and I think of Hölderlin, who frequently wrote about a world that the gods had abandoned ("Why is the sacred, holy dance no longer celebrated?/Why, as never before, is the brow of man unmarked by a god?"). Across the street, the bright red TMZ tour bus idles impatiently, and I have to piss, so I duck into Ellen's Stardust Diner ("Home of the World Famous Singing Wait Staff"). Almost immediately, I'm confronted by a waitress, who tilts her head and clasps her hands together. It makes me extremely uncomfortable to be sung to, and I'm paralyzed with embarrassment. My worst nightmare

is about to come true. She looks into my eyes and starts singing "If I Loved You" from *Carousel*—"If I loved you/ Words wouldn't come in an easy way/ Round in circles I'd go." Then I realize that if I close my eyes and split into multiple personalities, I can survive this.

Before I get on the bus, I dash off a tweet: "Reading Jeff Guinn's new Charles Manson bio. Will always love Ed Sanders's *The Family*. But in Guinn, Manson has surely found his Kitty Kelley."

A psychotically cheerful blond guy with a clipboard says, "You must be Mark," and I have a sort of PTSD flashback that I'm getting on a bus to a summer camp in the Adirondacks.

The TMZ tour bus is half full (continued on page 251)

By MARK LEYNER

Illustration by B. McGEE



In Search of the Lost Rock & Roll Icon

From the Beatles to Bieber—what the hell happened to music?

Recently, Alice Cooper—celebrity golfer, disc jockey, born-again Christian and onetime shock rocker—had this to say about some of the popular music on his radar: “I just feel like this whole generation maybe need to all eat a steak. Maybe they just need to quit eating, you know, vegetarian food and get out there and get some blood pumping in their system.”

Cooper went on specifically to attack Mumford & Sons and the Lumineers, two successful and earnest folk-inflected bands of the moment, opining that they are “not rock.” (Marcus Mumford of the aforementioned Mumford & Sons responded almost instantly: “I didn’t know that rock and roll had rules.”)

Full-fledged generational divide or something more? Do you want another example? Consider what Billie Joe Armstrong, lead singer of Green Day, said recently about South Korean pop-music phenomenon Psy: “This dude is the herpes of music.” Is he speaking of the music itself? The absence of melody, the lack of traditional instruments, the monotonous beat, the awful rapping? The gruesome slapstick of the video? Or is Armstrong just carping about the *billion* views on YouTube?

It is not so unusual these days—especially in the media and especially among music writers of a

certain age—to observe that we don’t have *icons* like we did of old, we don’t have titans of popular music, we don’t have entertainers astride the stage like we once did, there’s no *rock and roll*, they just don’t make it like they used to, something terrible has happened to our art form and so on. In fact, I remember this kind of thing as far back as my undergraduate days (in the early 1980s), when I was sitting backstage during a play with another cast member (his name happens to have been John F. Kennedy Jr.) as

he flipped idly through *Rolling Stone*. In due course, this cast member launched into an impromptu cultural criticism about how none of the bands of the early 1980s had *any character*, not like before. As evidence: Night

Ranger, Journey, Scorpions, Whitesnake.

Is there any merit to the argument that we no longer have icons of music? Or is this now just middle-aged dads carping about what they don’t really understand?

In order to speak to the question of icons and to assess the situation with respect to the music of the present, it might be useful to talk a little bit about what an icon might be.

For example, here are a few icons from the 1960s, a period in which the popular song changed rather dramatically. (In many cases, musicians started writing their own songs more voluminously instead of relying on the likes of Gerry *(continued on page 249)*

By RICK MOODY

Illustration by JODY HEWGILL



From Butkus to Buttercup

**The decline of smashmouth football
and the end of an American ideal**

What happened to the days when a receiver traveled into the middle and vainly prayed for mercy? Or a quarterback knew he was going to be flung head-deep into the mud by a blitzing linebacker? Or a player's

best legal weapon was his polycarbonate helmet?

Football isn't merely violent. It *is* violence.

If we want cricket, we can move to England and still not understand the rules.

But ours is the age of gentility, of tree hugging instead of toughness, going green instead of getting mean, hand-wringing instead of head slaps, concussions instead of concussive force. Change the name Butkus to Buttercup, Nitschke to Nietzsche, Nagurski to Nureyev. Replace touchdown dances with the downward-facing dog.

Those who lament the passing of smashmouth have every right to cry. The last mano a mano game was the Pittsburgh Steelers' 31-24 win over the Baltimore Ravens in the 2011 playoffs. But with the rules the National Football League instituted since then, we won't be seeing games like that anymore. Three yards and a cloud of dust? It was over-romanticized and dull. But try 30 yards on first down out of the shotgun in an indoor dome and another 15 yards tacked on for unnecessary roughness because the defender accidentally touched, with the crown of his helmet, the receiver on his now-mandated thigh pad. Maybe they should just

show up with chocolate mints and turndown service. Or at least a paid escort to the sidelines. They even delay games now not simply for bad weather but for the *possibility* of it.

Football is still America's game and will always be America's game. It will not be civil-suited into extinction. Elementary schoolers and high schoolers will continue to play. Some parents may pull their kids, but they wear Birkenstocks and drink mucus-colored shakes made of kale, and their progeny aren't very good anyway. Football participation is down in Seattle and Minnesota. It is up in south Texas. Case dismissed.

Enrollment at the Pop Warner level has held constant at roughly 250,000. The number playing high school football in 2012-2013 was 1.088 million, down only 9,439 from the year before. Athletes at the college

and pro levels will continue to compete as well.

Meanwhile, the landscape is different; the product is diminishing, watered down by too many new rules on top of too many existing rules. But it's the branding that counts anyway.

America's game?

Next to Apple in the Steve Jobs era, no one has marketed its product better than the NFL. Football on Sunday is a Broadway showstopper that begins Sunday morning and ends 12 hours later, not to mention Monday nights and Thursday nights, and it's only a matter of time before it replaces the weekday soap opera.

The league's image has no doubt suffered because of concussions. But the NFL (continued on page 261)

By BUZZ BISSINGER

Illustration by BRIAN STAUFFER

EXTRA!

SOCIAL



2318



Media

Extra!

593,000,000

HMMM...

Taxali

Tweet Victory?

How Twitter and Facebook will save journalism (mostly)

On November 4, 2008 I woke up slightly hungover at six A.M. in a Hyatt hotel overlooking the Chicago River. It was the morning of Election Day, and even at that small hour e-mails jammed my inbox. As a blogger for Politico I occupied a niche at the center of the information storm on that historic day for our nation. Democratic operatives were texting surreptitiously on their BlackBerrys from Obama campaign headquarters down the street; GOP poll watchers checked in from obscure outposts in Georgia. Tips, chatter, electoral-vote predictions and readers demanding to know what I had just heard. *Where are you? Are you dead?* I didn't put on pants until noon.

Voters from Harlem to Lubbock, Texas sent me words and pictures: people standing in long lines, weeping or shaking their heads as they cast their ballots. A friend wrote that he'd overheard Charlie Rangel in Harlem: "Those Europeans never thought the slaves would be in charge." I felt wired in to history, a staticky digital connection I could see in the software that tracked visitors to my blog.

Journalism had already been disrupted by the internet—its business model murdered by Craigslist, its immediacy stolen by websites. In 2008 blogs were at the peak of their influence. Simple web pages arrayed in reverse chronological order, blogs had emerged four years earlier as ideological vehicles for rallying Howard Dean supporters or organizing a defense of President George W. Bush against the hated mainstream media. I watched with envy as openly ideological bloggers such as Josh Marshall and Andrew Sullivan commandeered

the national conversation with the speed, immediacy and humor that were hallmarks of blogs in the hands of smart, obsessive writers.

Twitter, which launched in 2006, was then merely a diversion for people whose overlapping obsessions included technology and politics. On Twitter, 140-character conversations were made public—instantly. The most popular man on Twitter, @barackobama, tweeted just once that day, a simple reminder to vote. I tweeted zero times that day and once the next: the single word *ver-tigo*. If only I had known how prescient that tweet was.

Twitter's simplicity meant it would beat the blogs.

Friends and enemies knew the @ symbol solved the problem of conversations between unwieldy websites. As the haze of the election faded and the next fights (health care in particular) started up, many of the key writers—policy blogger

Ezra Klein and his Washington crowd, Capitol Hill reporters who could pass on the best tidbits—were using Twitter to organize the conversation. And by the time President Obama was at drawn daggers with Republicans over health care the next fall, Twitter had totally sucked the life out of the blogosphere. Blogs were history. If you wanted to be part of the national conversation, you wrote your blog post, then tweeted the link and hoped it would go viral.

Political reporters and politicians who could sense the change—and many could, because political reporting is a kind of politics, and politics is the media business—dove in with little hesitation. Political writers weren't alone. Other tribes—tech writers, music critics—were also early adopters. The shift from an old, website-based internet to a new social platform was happening all around me, though I for one *(continued on page 247)*

By BEN SMITH

Illustration by GARY TAXALI



H O I / A N D

Time to Adapt

Climate change is here to stay.

We have no choice but to get used to it

Los Angeles is not one of those gracious cities that are kind to visitors. Its urban surprises, rather than expanding one's horizons, often involve unpleasantness. Last summer I had a visitor from New York. A few days into his stay the mercury hit 95 degrees, and he had the understandable impulse to visit the Santa Monica beach. We fought heavy traffic all the way there. What should have taken 15 minutes took more than an hour. We tried to entertain each other with conversation. He's a committed environmentalist, and the traffic was a perfect excuse to talk about L.A.'s famous orientation toward the automobile. Surveying the 10-lane freeway, he said, "Seeing L.A. reminds me how difficult it is to stop burning fossil fuels. How do you change habits and even begin to address climate change when so many lives have been built around the car?" It was a tough question, and as we sat silently contemplating it, I knew his opinion of the city was sinking. He gazed at the idling cars emitting tons of heat-trapping carbon dioxide. I made a lame attempt to emphasize the positive. "Did you know that in 2008, L.A. County voters passed a ballot measure raising the sales tax to pay for public transit projects? Right now they're using the funds to build a light-rail line from downtown to Santa Monica." "Really?" he replied. "When's it going to be done?" There was a moment of silence. "I think 2016," was my feeble answer. I knew it was a setup for his snarky response: "Really? How many years before you even have the option of a low-carbon trip to the beach? At that rate, we might as well just build seawalls and forget about climate change." I laughed politely.

My houseguest had a point. Even if the entire world were to imitate California and Europe, it would still require a long time to slow increases in greenhouse-gas emissions, let alone reverse them. Renewable energy could become cheap enough to be competitive with fossil fuels without market intervention. But even if there were breakthroughs tomorrow, they would still take years to evolve from concept to marketable products. The most rapid shift possible from fossil fuels to renewables would probably take at least a decade or two. So we'll be emitting greenhouse gases for some time no matter what choices we make now about energy. Couple that with the fact we're already committed to some change from our previous greenhouse-gas increases, and it seems clear: *Significant climate change is impossible to avoid.*

By ALEX HALL

Illustration by BRAD HOLLAND

When we finally arrived at the beach, my friend tore off his shoes and raced to the water. He got out far enough to submerge his calves before running back, yelling, "That water is freezing. It's so hot

out. Why is the water so cold?" In front of most people, those words would have been a rhetorical shake of a fist at the sky. But as he realized he had uttered them in front of a climate scientist, I could see the weary amusement sweep across his face. "Oh no, you're actually going to answer that question." "Of course," I said, smiling. "When the sunshine hitting the northern hemisphere undergoes its annual increase from winter to summer, the temperature of the ocean increases a lot more slowly than the land. This is because so much more heat is needed to raise the ocean temperature one degree. So the temperature of the ocean ends up peaking at a lower value than the land. That's the most important reason you're so (continued on page 264)



“I Want a Guy With a Sense of Humor”

That’s what all women say, right? According to our expert, it doesn’t mean what you hope it does

I was talking to this girl once, and she was going on and on about how much she loves Jerry Seinfeld. “He’s the funniest guy on the planet,” she told me. “Every joke he does just makes me scream with laughter.” Being a curious person, I asked her if, given the chance, she’d fuck Jerry Seinfeld. “Oh God no,” she said without thinking about it. “Just because I think he’s funny doesn’t mean I want to have sex with him.” Well, I inquired, what does make you want to have sex with a guy? And I swear to you, the first thing out of her mouth was “A sense of humor.”

It’s like a Pavlovian thing with women. Ask them what they’re looking for in a man, and more often than not they’ll tell you, “Somebody who makes me laugh.” But I’m here to tell you, as a man who

has made his living in comedy for more than three decades, that women are full of shit.

Being funny (and I have occasionally been funny) has never gotten me laid in my life. I’m sure you find that shocking. “You mean Gilbert Gottfried isn’t constantly beating off women with a stick?” you’re no

doubt wondering. Well, I’m definitely beating. I’m beating every night. In fact, I want to stop writing this article right now so I can return to the beating. The fact that I spend so much time beating should tell you everything

you need to know. If women were really attracted to a sense of humor, they’d be trampling over Johnny Depp to get to Jay Leno. They’d be pushing Ryan Gosling out of the way to grope the ample buttocks of Larry the Cable Guy. It’s not like women everywhere are waking up in the middle of the night, sweaty

By GILBERT GOTTFRIED

Illustration by PHILIP BURKE



from another erotic dream, and shouting out, "Shemp!"

But the myth endures. I remember reading an interview with the model Rachel Hunter, and she was explaining why she married Rod Stewart, a guy 24 years her senior. She said (and I'm paraphrasing), "Rod Stewart is living proof that a man can laugh a woman into bed." Well, yes, of course, I'm sure his one-liners were all it took. That and being one of the richest, most famous rock stars in the world. But no, it was totally his ease with a clever limerick that made her drop her panties for an old geezer with liver spots.

Guys are constantly being told that a good personality is the only thing that matters to women. "If you can make her smile, it doesn't matter what you look like." I know this girl who prides herself on being attracted to nerdy guys. But still she has slept only with a veritable who's who of handsome rock stars. She's a model (of course), and she worked for a day on some movie with George Clooney. She told me, "I wasn't impressed with his stardom, and I didn't think his looks were all that great. But he was genuinely funny." Horseshit! If he wasn't good-looking or famous, nobody would notice his sense of humor. It's like those women who claim they have crushes on Woody Allen or Larry David. If you're looking for a Larry David type, they're everywhere. You want a bald Jew with glasses and an acerbic sense of humor, I could fix you up no problem. But they're making \$7.25 an hour bagging groceries at Whole Foods.

I can only talk from personal experience. For all I know, other comedians are getting more pussy than a veterinarian. But not me. I don't have groupies. I've never had a girl come up to me after a show and say, "That was the funniest act I've ever seen. I want to fuck and suck you all night." That doesn't happen. I've had a few close calls. By which I mean complete misunderstandings on my part. There have been several times when a girl has approached me after a show to tell me how funny I am and then said, "What are you doing tonight?" And I say, "Nothing." And she says, "You want to come out and

Being funny (and I have occasionally been funny) has never gotten me laid in my life.

do something?" And I say yes because I'm almost positive by "something" she means me. I mean, seriously, who invites a stranger to "do something" after two A.M. if it doesn't involve one (or both) of us visiting a free clinic the next morning? But then invariably she says, "That's great. I'll tell my boyfriend. He's coming with us."

Maybe you don't believe me. Maybe you think there's still hope. "If I can just be more Gottfried-esque," you're thinking, "I'll get more tail than a Secret Service agent in Colombia." First of all, thanks for the compliment. And second of all, you're a delusional fool. You might as well be taking dieting tips from Kirstie Alley. But if you really want my advice, here it is.

If a woman is laughing at everything you say, she already plans to fuck you.

That's all there is to it. Your jokes don't have to be any good, because she's not really listening. If she's planning to fuck you, she'll laugh. And if she's not, she won't. End of story.

So if you want to use comedy to get a woman into bed, here's what you need

to do. Find a girl desperate enough to fuck you. Then everything you say will be comedy gold. She'll be falling out of her chair in hysterics like you're one of the Marx Brothers. And isn't that what every woman today is looking for, a guy who reminds her of a vaudeville act from 100 years ago? Every 18-year-old girl out there, the first thing she says about a guy she finds attractive is "He's as funny as the Marx Brothers. I mean when they were at Paramount, not when they switched over to MGM and were listening to Irving Thalberg." I think it's pretty obvious I have my finger on the pulse of modern womanhood.

You want the cold hard truth? A sense of humor means nothing. There's only one secret to being attractive to the opposite sex, and I'm going to share it with you today. My limited success with the opposite sex isn't due to my lovable personality or my skill at delivering perfectly timed punch lines. The only reason I've ever convinced a woman to sleep with me is because of my enormous cock.

Sorry.



*"All I remember about last night was blowing on a noisemaker at midnight.
At least I think it was a noisemaker."*

LOVE ON T



SPEND A SURREAL AFTERNOON WITH ALEJANDRA GUILMANT

There's an inherent beauty to a well-composed photograph. When all the elements of the composition are superb, you capture indelible art in a snapshot. Take for instance David Bellemere's session with Mexican model Alejandra Guilmant. The photographer juxtaposed the soft body of his subject against the old rough stonework of Cadaqués, Spain. You can almost smell the salty Mediterranean mist running down Alejandra's body. No big production, just an enthralling feminine figure standing nude while the exquisite Iberian sun lights her curves and warms the old seawall that Salvador Dalí may have walked when he called Cadaqués his home. Dalí, another true artist, once remarked, "There are some days when I think I'm going to die from an overdose of satisfaction." We now understand what he meant.

THE ROCKS



Photography by DAVID BELLEMERE









Playboy Miscellany

A collection of uncommon knowledge about the most (in)famous magazine in history,
obsessively compiled, curated and presented by trivia mastermind BEN SCHOTT

STOCKS AND HAIRS



more than six times the norm for companies of equivalent size. This enthusiasm for owning “novelty” shares was reported to cost Playboy some \$100,000 a year in investor relations and postage.

WHEN Playboy Enterprises, Inc. went public in 1971, its share certificate featured a nude image of a reclining Willy Rey, that year’s Miss February. The Playmate was to have appeared bare breasted until concerns from financiers resulted in the strategic placement of her long auburn locks. ♫ By the time Playboy redesigned its certificate in 1990, an estimated 14,000 people held just a single share—apparently

—PL*YB*Y & PLAYBORE—

LIKE many global brands, PLAYBOY has enjoyed its share of parody. In 1966 *The Harvard Lampoon* published a spoof entitled *Pl*yb*y*. Printed with assistance from Hugh Hefner, the magazine featured a “J*m*s B*nd” satire, the parodic comic strip “Little Orphan Bosom” and a Centerfold whose tan was inverted, giving her milky white skin and dark, bronzed breasts. According to the college paper *The Harvard Crimson*, 545,000 copies of *Pl*yb*y* (priced at \$1.25 each) sold out within two weeks.



Seventeen years later, the American Parody and Travesty Corporation published *Playbore*, hoping to sell a million copies at \$2.95 a pop. *Playbore* featured an exclusive interview with Jesus Christ, a John Updike spoof (“Rabbit Is Dead”) and a girls of the PLO pictorial.

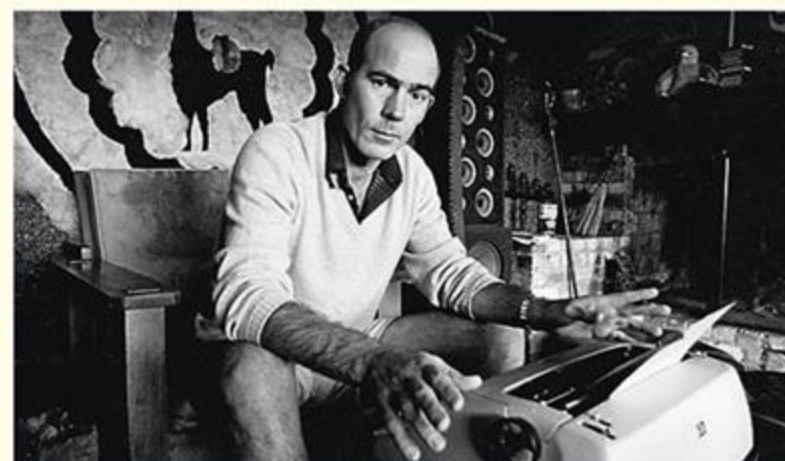
BRAILLE

PLAYBOY has been published in braille, at the American taxpayers’ expense, since 1970. In December 1985, the Library of Congress removed the title from its roster of 36 braille magazines after Congress voted to cut \$103,000 from the library’s annual budget. (It is no coincidence that this sum was precisely what it cost to produce 1,000 braille copies of an annual PLAYBOY subscription.) In August 1986, U.S. District Judge Thomas F. Hogan ruled this decision violated the First Amendment and ordered braille production to resume. The Library of Congress still publishes braille versions of PLAYBOY—albeit just the text.

OED

THE *Oxford English Dictionary* quotes PLAYBOY to define some 150 terms, including: *beer goggles*, *cockmanship*, *come shot*, *gazillionaire*, *needledick*, *orgasm*, *pointy head*, *postmodernism*, *schwag*, *skeezy* and *zing*. Moreover, the dictionary credits PLAYBOY with first publishing *backassward* (1971), *base* (free-basing cocaine, 1984), *disco* (1964), *mono-brow* (1987), *pimpmobile* (1971), *promo* (1966) and *snarfle* (1985).

GONZO



HUNTER S. Thompson noted the power of even a forged PLAYBOY photographer press card: “I bought it from a pimp in Vail, Colorado, and he told me how to use it. ‘Never mention PLAYBOY until you’re sure they’ve seen this thing first,’ he said. ‘Then, when you see them notice it, that’s the time to strike. They’ll go belly-up every time. This thing is magic, I tell you. Pure magic.’”

PIERCED NAVELS

“I didn’t believe in reincarnation until I read PLAYBOY. Now I want to come back as a staple.”—ANONYMOUS

FROM PLAYBOY’s first edition, the staples puncturing its Centerfolds were almost as notorious as the girls. Thus the decision in October 1985 to replace stapling with “perfect” glue-binding made headlines:

“Staple-Free Playboy Bound to Be Better”
“Playboy Plans No More Punctured Navels”
“Cheer for the End of Playboy Staples”

SEMINARY BOOST

IN January 1972, the Reverend Joseph Lupo sought new recruits for the Roman Catholic Order of the Most Holy Trinity by advertising in the East Coast edition of PLAYBOY. Despite criticism damning this decision as “one of the most disgraceful acts of any member of the church in this century,” the order accepted 28 young men for “testing and processing.” As Father Lupo told *The New York Times*, “I do not feel that Christ’s message is out of place anywhere.”

PLAY-BOY



IN its earliest incarnation, *play-boy* was a theater term for boy actors who took female roles before women were accepted onstage. (Above, Gwyneth Paltrow as a play-boy in *Shakespeare in Love*, 1998.) In 1612, Ben Jonson wrote, “The rogue play-boy that acts Cupid, is got so hoarse, your majesty cannot hear him.” 🐰 Our modern use of “playboy”—a wealthy, hedonistic bachelor—derives from Irish English. The word was made famous by the Irish playwright J.M. Synge, whose tragicomedy *The Playboy of the Western World* caused outrage when it premiered in Dublin in 1907 (and in New York in 1911). The play itself is far from glamorous. The “playboy” is a poor farmer who, claiming to have killed his father, charms the women of a small town. And the “western world” refers simply to the western counties of Ireland. Yet a gilded concept of the playboy endures to this day, and the title has been bestowed on a range of men, including Porfirio Rubirosa, Lapo Elkann, Warren Beatty, Stavros Niarchos III, Silvio Berlusconi, Jack Nicholson, Prince Azim, Albert von Thurn und Taxis, Paris Latsis, Al-Saadi Gaddafi, Kim Dotcom and Sean Parker.

(Marilyn Sheppard called her husband, Dr. Sam Sheppard, “the playboy of the western world” before her murder in 1954. Dr. Sheppard’s controversial conviction for this crime may have in part inspired the TV series and movie *The Fugitive*.)

OPINION POLLS

Some gems from past PLAYBOY surveys

1970 • HAVE NEVER HAD PREMARITAL SEX BEFORE THE AGE OF 21 (college students)



1974 • HAVE HAD A HUMAN-ANIMAL SEXUAL EXPERIENCE (post-adolescents)



1983 • MASTURBATE SOMETIMES



1983 • THINK BREAST SIZE IS IMPORTANT TO A WOMAN’S SEXINESS



1995 • CONSIDER THEMSELVES POLITICALLY CORRECT (college students)



1998 • NEVER REACH ORGASM DURING INTERCOURSE (college students)



2005 • VIEW INFIDELITY AS A SIN



2005 • HAVE NEVER CHEATED SEXUALLY



2011 • MASTURBATE TO ONLINE PORN



NOTABLE QUOTES



“Show me any guy, of any age, anywhere in the world, at any time in history, today or tomorrow, that wouldn’t give his left nut to be Hugh Hefner.”

—GENE SIMMONS

“As soon as I pop this thing out, I want to do PLAYBOY.”

—KIM KARDASHIAN, while pregnant

“Beyond the incalculable public service PLAYBOY performed by printing pictures of attractive naked women was the way it offered a whole attendant lifestyle. It was like a monthly manual telling you how to live, how to play the stock market and buy a hi-fi and mix sophisticated cocktails and intoxicate women with your wit and sense of style.” —BILL BRYSON, *The Lost Continent*

“To tell the truth, I never read anything in PLAYBOY. I just look at the naked women.”

—RED SMITH, sportswriter

“One of the best interviews ever done of me was published in PLAYBOY.... Really, you *can* read PLAYBOY for the articles.”

—KATHLEEN TURNER, *Send Yourself Roses*

“PLAYBOY Centerfolds are an American trophy. The nation’s hood ornament, from the limo of state. Every boy has passed under the shadow of those perfect breasts on the way to adulthood.”

—A.A. GILL, *To America With Love*

“PLAYBOY legitimized looking at naked women.” —BRUCE FEIRSTEIN, writer

“I have not only been reading it but suggesting it to my clients.”

—DR. RUTH WESTHEIMER

“There are no old men anymore. PLAYBOY and *Penthouse* have between them made an ideal of eternal adolescence, sunburnt and saunaed, with the gray dorianed out of it.” —PETER USTINOV

“Some men read PLAYBOY. I read annual reports.” —WARREN BUFFETT

GANG BANGERS

The government’s 2011 *National Gang Threat Assessment* listed seven gangs that use “Playboy” in their name: **Southside Playboys** (California), **Playboys** (Colorado), **Playboy Crew** (Florida), **Playboy** and **Playboy Gangsters** (Missouri), **Playboy Gangster** and **Playboys 13** (Washington). Over the years, a host of other gangs have appropriated PLAYBOY’s name and branding, including:

Las Vegas..... **PLAYBOY BLOODS** wear red and black colors and the Rabbit Head logo
 Chicago..... **PEOPLE NATION** wear the Rabbit Head logo with both ears erect
 Chicago..... **FOLK NATION** wear the Rabbit Head logo with left ear cocked
 Chicago..... **ALMIGHTY VICE LORD NATION** have worn the Rabbit Head logo since the early 1960s
 Florida..... **DIXIE PLAYBOYS** a 1980s home-robbery gang that wore the Rabbit Head logo
 Los Angeles... **PLAYBOY GANGSTER CRIPS*** a crack-dealing gang that used the Rabbit Head logo

* In 1987 the L.A. city attorney made history by filing a civil injunction against this “unincorporated association.”

COVER MODEL HAIR COLOR, BY MONTH (see key)

CONTENT OF NOTE: [🍷] COVER MODELS · [ρ] SUBJECTS · [★] CONTRIBUTORS

	J	F	M	A	M	J	J	A	S	O	N	D		
1953	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	●	[🍷] Marilyn Monroe · [ρ] the Dorsey Brothers · [★] Norman Holland; Bob Norman; George Jennings; Margaret S. Miller	1953
1954	★	■	■	🍷	🍷	🍷	🍷	●	●	■	🍷	●	[🍷] Yvonne Ménard; Joanne Arnold · [ρ] Orson Welles; Frank Lloyd Wright · [★] Ray Bradbury; Erskine Caldwell; Shepherd Mead	1954
1955	★	★	×	▼	●	■	●	▼	●	■	▲	●	[🍷] Leigh Lewin; Janet Pilgrim; Barbara Cameron · [ρ] Louis Armstrong; Jonathan Winters · [★] Dave Brubeck; John Collier	1955
1956	●	★	●	🍷	▲	■	★	🍷	■	★	🍷	●	[🍷] Jean Moorehead; Lisa Winters · [ρ] Jayne Mansfield; Ernest Hemingway · [★] Roald Dahl; Benny Goodman; Alice Denham	1956
1957	★	●	■	●	●	●	■	●	●	●	■	★	[🍷] Jayne Mansfield; Sandra Edwards · [ρ] Ella Fitzgerald; Duke Ellington · [★] Fred Astaire; Jimmy Durante; Phil Silvers	1957
1958	★	★	★	★	●	■	■	★	●	★	●	●	[🍷] Brigitte Bardot; Michiko Hamamura; Joyce Nizzari; Teri Hope · [ρ] Harry Kurnitz; Frank Sinatra · [★] Steve Allen; William Safire	1958
1959	★	★	▼	●	●	■	🍷	★	●	●	🍷	●	[🍷] Clayre Peters; Eleanor Bradley · [ρ] Oscar Levant · [★] Jack Kerouac; Ben Hecht; Jules Feiffer; Ken Purdy; Shel Silverstein	1959
1960	★	🍷	▲	●	●	■	●	●	●	▼	🍷	●	[🍷] Marli Renfro; Teddi Smith · [ρ] Billy Wilder · [★] Ian Fleming; Arthur C. Clarke; Dalton Trumbo; Art Buchwald	1960
1961	★	■	●	●	●	■	■	🍷	■	●	■	■	[🍷] Barbara Ann Lawford · [ρ] Patrick Dennis [★] Leicester Hemingway; Bernard Wolfe; Ludwig Bemelmans; J. Paul Getty	1961
1962	★	★	■	■	■	🍷	●	■	🍷	■	🍷	■	[🍷] Cynthia Maddox; Sheralee Connors · [ρ] Miles Davis; Peter Sellers; Jackie Gleason · [★] James Thurber; Paul Gallico	1962
1963	★	■	■	●	■	●	▲	▲	■	▲	■	🍷	[🍷] Kelly Collins; Sharon Rogers · [ρ] Bertrand Russell; Helen Gurley Brown; Jawaharlal Nehru · [★] Graham Greene; Lenny Bruce	1963
1964	★	★	●	●	■	●	●	◆	●	●	●	●	[🍷] Olga Schoberová; Donna Michelle · [ρ] Ayn Rand; Salvador Dalí; Cassius Clay · [★] Vance Packard; Bertrand Russell	1964
1965	★	★	●	●	■	■	■	▲	●	●	●	▲	[🍷] Allison Parks; Teddi Smith · [ρ] the Beatles; Jean-Paul Sartre; Sean Connery; Al Capp · [★] Vladimir Nabokov; Woody Allen	1965
1966	■	■	■	●	●	●	●	■	■	●	●	■	[🍷] Sissy; Mary Warren; Nancy Gould · [ρ] Federico Fellini; Bob Dylan; Mel Brooks · [★] Len Deighton; Kingsley Amis	1966
1967	★	■	■	●	●	●	●	■	●	●	■	●	[🍷] Helen Kirk; Nancy Chamberlain; Lynn Winchell · [ρ] Fidel Castro; Michael Caine; Johnny Carson · [★] Norman Mailer	1967
1968	★	▲	■	■	■	●	■	●	●	■	■	■	[🍷] Dolly Read; Erika Toth · [ρ] Truman Capote; Paul Newman; Stanley Kubrick · [★] John Cheever; Kurt Vonnegut	1968
1969	🍷	●	●	■	●	●	■	●	●	●	●	●	[🍷] Jorja Beck; Paulette Lindberg · [ρ] Bill Cosby; Lee Marvin · [★] John Updike; Desmond Morris; Timothy Leary	1969
1970	★	★	■	●	●	●	■	●	●	★	■	●	[🍷] Mary and Madeleine Collinson · [ρ] Janis Joplin; Ray Charles; Johnny Cash · [★] Joyce Carol Oates; George McGovern	1970
1971	★	★	●	●	●	●	■	●	■	■	▲	🍷	[🍷] Darine Stern; Simone Hammerstrand · [ρ] Albert Speer; Roman Polanski · [★] Doris Lessing; Alex Comfort; Bruno Bettelheim	1971
1972	★	■	●	●	■	●	●	●	■	■	●	●	[🍷] Barbi Benton; Sandra Jozefski · [ρ] Germaine Greer; Jack Nicholson; R. Buckminster Fuller · [★] Calvin Trillin; Bernard Malamud	1972
1973	★	■	■	●	●	■	●	●	●	■	■	■	[🍷] Bonita Lou Rossi; Mercy Rooney · [ρ] Milton Friedman; Bobby Fischer; Bob Hope · [★] Paul Theroux; Gore Vidal	1973
1974	🍷	●	▼	●	▼	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	[🍷] Robyn Douglass; Cyndi Wood · [ρ] Groucho Marx; Robert Redford · [★] Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein; Susan Sontag	1974
1975	🍷	■	●	●	●	■	■	●	●	★	●	●	[🍷] Lillian Müller; Amy Arnold · [ρ] Billie Jean King; Erica Jong; Muhammad Ali · [★] Benjamin C. Bradlee; George Plimpton	1975
1976	★	●	■	●	●	■	■	●	●	🍷	■	★	[🍷] Kristine De Bell; Parti McGuire · [ρ] David Bowie; O.J. Simpson; Abbie Hoffman · [★] John Irving; Helmut Newton	1976
1977	●	▼	●	■	●	■	■	●	●	◆	●	●	[🍷] Barbra Streisand; Susan Kiger · [ρ] Henry Winkler; Ilie Năstase; Dick Clark · [★] John le Carré; Jorge Luis Borges	1977
1978	●	●	●	●	■	■	■	●	●	●	●	●	[🍷] Dolly Parton; Farrah Fawcett · [ρ] Anita Bryant; David Frost; John Travolta · [★] Carl Sagan; Günter Grass	1978
1979	🍷	■	●	●	●	●	■	■	★	●	●	■	[🍷] Raquel Welch; Rita Lee · [ρ] Marlon Brando; Al Pacino; Neil Simon; Richard Pryor · [★] Steve Martin; Robert Morley	1979
1980	★	●	■	■	●	●	●	■	●	●	●	🍷	[🍷] Bo Derek; Mardi Jacquet · [ρ] Gay Talese; Roy Scheider; Larry Hagman; Michael Douglas · [★] Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini	1980
1981	●	★	★	■	●	●	■	●	●	●	●	●	[🍷] Gabriella Brum; Barbara Bach; Bernadette Peters · [ρ] John Lennon and Yoko Ono; Elisabeth Kübler-Ross · [★] Stephen King	1981
1982	●	▲	■	■	■	●	●	■	●	▲	■	●	[🍷] Marcy Hanson; Shannon Tweed · [ρ] Cheech and Chong; Lech Wałęsa; Stevie Nicks · [★] Jerzy Kosinski; Arthur Schlesinger Jr.	1982
1983	●	●	★	■	■	●	●	●	●	▲	■	■	[🍷] Kim Basinger; Nastassia Kinski; Joan Collins · [ρ] Gabriel García Márquez; Ansel Adams; Mr. T. · [★] Hunter S. Thompson	1983
1984	🍷	●	●	●	●	■	■	●	●	●	●	●	[🍷] Christie Brinkley; Terry Moore · [ρ] Shirley MacLaine; Dan Rather; Fran Lebowitz; Paul and Linda McCartney · [★] Mario Puzo	1984

COVER MODEL HAIR COLOR, BY MONTH (see key)

CONTENT OF NOTE: [👉] COVER MODELS · [ρ] SUBJECTS · [★] CONTRIBUTORS

	J	F	M	A	M	J	J	A	S	O	N	D	
1985	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	[👉] Madonna; Roxanne Pulitzer · [ρ] Steve Jobs; Boy George; Goldie Hawn; Huey Lewis; Ron Howard · [★] Terry O'Neill 1985
1986	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	[👉] Kathleen Turner; Brooke Shields; Devin DeVasquez · [ρ] Jay Leno; Kareem Abdul-Jabbar; Tom Cruise · [★] P.J. O'Rourke 1986
1987	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	[👉] Brigitte Nielsen; Maryam d'Abo · [ρ] Max Headroom; Imelda and Ferdinand Marcos; David Lee Roth · [★] Bret Easton Ellis 1987
1988	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	[👉] Cindy Crawford; Kimberly Conrad · [ρ] Don King; Teri Garr; Paul Hogan; Yasir Arafat; Cher · [★] David Foster Wallace 1988
1989	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	[👉] La Toya Jackson; Pamela Anderson; Candice Bergen · [ρ] Susan Sarandon; Barry Diller; John Candy · [★] David Mamet 1989
1990	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	[👉] Sharon Stone; Rosanna Arquette; Sherilyn Fenn · [ρ] Michael Milken; Stephen Hawking; Matt Groening · [★] T.C. Boyle 1990
1991	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	[👉] Stephanie Seymour; the Barbi twins; Dian Parkinson · [ρ] Spike Lee; Robert Downey Jr.; Julia Roberts · [★] Margaret Atwood 1991
1992	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	[👉] Swedish Bikini Team; Sandra Bernhard; Rachel Williams · [ρ] Woody Harrelson; Nicole Kidman · [★] Nicholson Baker 1992
1993	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	[👉] Anna Nicole Smith · [ρ] Tom and Roseanne Arnold; Rebecca De Mornay; Jerry Seinfeld · [★] Jay McInerney; Carl Hiaasen 1993
1994	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	[👉] Carol Shaya; Elle Macpherson · [ρ] Shaquille O'Neal; Hillary Clinton; David Geffen; Bill Gates; Quentin Tarantino · [★] Ice-T 1994
1995	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	[👉] Drew Barrymore; Nancy Sinatra · [ρ] Richard Branson; Camille Paglia; Ted Turner; Courteney Cox · [★] Betty Friedan 1995
1996	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	[👉] Jenny McCarthy; Uma Thurman · [ρ] Courtney Love; Salman Rushdie; Heidi Fleiss; Julia Louis-Dreyfus · [★] Harold Robbins 1996
1997	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	[👉] Danielle House; Nikki Ziering · [ρ] Julianna Margulies; Tommy Hilfiger; Lucy Lawless · [★] Michael Chabon; Deepak Chopra 1997
1998	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	[👉] Ginger Spice; Katarina Witt; Julie Brown · [ρ] Bettie Page; Jerry Springer; Matt Drudge; Tori Spelling · [★] Arianna Huffington 1998
1999	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	[👉] Charliz Theron; Naomi Campbell · [ρ] Kirstie Alley; David Schwimmer; Lucy Liu; Kevin Spacey · [★] Tom Clancy 1999
2000	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	[👉] Carmen Electra; Chyna · [ρ] Jeff Bezos; Jon Stewart; George Clooney; John Malkovich; Jennifer Lopez · [★] Matt Taibbi 2000
2001	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	[👉] Gena Lee Nolin; Gabrielle Reece · [ρ] Charlie Sheen; Johnny Knoxville; the <i>West Wing</i> team; Tim Burton · [★] Brian Aldiss 2001
2002	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	[👉] Jordan; Dita Von Teese · [ρ] Sarah Silverman; Larry Ellison; Jamie Oliver; Bill O'Reilly; Milla Jovovich · [★] Gene Simmons 2002
2003	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	[👉] Daryl Hannah; Tia Carrere; Alison Eastwood · [ρ] George W. Bush; Jay Z; Rachel Weisz; Halle Berry · [★] Ethan Coen 2003
2004	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	[👉] Jaime Pressly; Eva Herzigová; Denise Richards · [ρ] 50 Cent; Jude Law; Sergey Brin and Larry Page · [★] Jonathan Safran Foer 2004
2005	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	[👉] Teri Polo; Paris Hilton; Christy Hemme · [ρ] The Rock; Kid Rock; Lance Armstrong; Thomas L. Friedman · [★] Joel Stein 2005
2006	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	[👉] Jessica Alba; Cindy Margolis · [ρ] Kate Beckinsale; Hugh Laurie; Kanye West; Eva Longoria · [★] Sloane Crosley; Junot Díaz 2006
2007	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	[👉] Mariah Carey; Kristine Lefebvre; Kim Kardashian · [ρ] Simon Cowell; Fergie; Clive Owen; Mariah Carey · [★] Tobias Wolff 2007
2008	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	[👉] Anna Faris; Kelly Carrington · [ρ] Tina Fey; Helena Bonham Carter; Fareed Zakaria · [★] Frank Luntz; Bill Maher 2008
2009	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	[👉] Olivia Munn; Heidi Montag · [ρ] Marge Simpson; Seth Rogen; Alec Baldwin; Judd Apatow · [★] Christopher Hitchens 2009
2010	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	[👉] Ashley Dupré; Sasha Grey; Kelly Brook · [ρ] Russell Brand; Conan O'Brien; Olivia Wilde · [★] Will Self; André Balazs 2010
2011	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	[👉] Lizzy Jagger; Bree Olson · [ρ] Frank Gehry; Chloë Sevigny; Steve Buscemi · [★] Demetri Martin; John Hodgman; Julian Barnes 2011
2012	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	[👉] Lindsay Lohan; Katrina Darling · [ρ] Jon Hamm; Andy Samberg; Padma Lakshmi · [★] Jack Abramoff; Jonathan Ames 2012
2013	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	[👉] Paz de la Huerta; Tamara Ecclestone · [ρ] Lena Dunham; J.J. Abrams; Peter Dinklage; Ai Weiwei · [★] Irvine Welsh; James Franco 2013
2014	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	👉	[👉] Kate Moss · [ρ] Ben Affleck; Patton Oswalt · [★] Rick Moody; Mark Leyner; Gilbert Gottfried; David Mamet; Slavoj Žižek 2014

KEY TO HAIR COLOR: 👉 = Blonde · 👉 = Dark Red · 👉 = Brunette · 👉 = Brunette/Black · 👉 = Black · 👉 = Multiple cover models · 👉 = Cover primarily features Rabbit Head
👉 = Other (e.g., an illustration) · 👉 = A double issue · 👉 = There was no March 1955 issue. · A number of hair colors are open to debate. The hair color of men appearing on covers has not been included.

—THE PLAYBOY LOGO · HISTORY AND HIDE & SEEK—

ALONGSIDE Nike's swoosh, Coke's dynamic curve and Apple's bitten apple, PLAYBOY's bow-tied Rabbit Head is one of the most recognized logos in the world. (Even in 1959, the USPS delivered to the Playboy offices an envelope bearing no address other than the Rabbit Head silhouette.) The logo was designed in 1953 by PLAYBOY's legendary art director Art Paul; it took him less than an hour. Since then the Rabbit has adorned a diverse panoply of items—from perfume and alarm clocks to lingerie and bottle openers. ♣ The Rabbit has also appeared in some form on the cover of every issue of PLAYBOY magazine, apart from the first. In the early years he was often featured as a character in his own right—watching a show, popping champagne, lounging poolside. But as the cover girls gained confidence and prominence, the Rabbit receded into the shadows. Soon, a splendidly curious game developed between the magazine's designers, who secreted the Rabbit Head logo somewhere on the cover, and the readers, who were challenged to find it. Below are some of the more ingenious places the Rabbit has hidden on PLAYBOY covers through the decades:



August 1969
The young and the freckles



September 1973
Strap it on



July 1974
Bendy straw



May 1979
Lips incorporated



July 1983
Wood you knot?



August 1989
Hare-raising prices



April 2006
Buckle up



March 2011
Thigh spy

—HEFFBI—

THE FBI was tasked with investigating PLAYBOY and Hugh Hefner, according to records published in 2000. Bureau director J. Edgar Hoover first became concerned about the magazine in 1955 when it ran a science-fiction love story featuring space-exploring G-men. Then Hoover's ire was roused in February 1963 when Hef declared in an editorial that "J. Edgar has always been something of a nut on the subject of sex" and questioned why the FBI was more interested in censorship than "the nation's thriving crime syndicate." Hoover demanded, "What do we know of H.M. Hefner?"—a question that led to more than 200 pages of FBI reports during the 1960s.

—HARE FORCE ONE—



Hef took delivery of his jet in 1969 and sold it in 1975; below are some specs:

Type McDonnell Douglas DC-9-32
Registration.....N950PB
Nicknames*Big Bunny*, *Hare Force One*
Dimensions.....119.3' (length), 93.4' (span)
Capacity.....six crew, 38 passengers

Hef's quarters were accessed by a private staircase and featured a king-size elliptical water bed finished in silk and Tasmanian possum fur. ♣ The three fully trained stewardess-models were known as "Jet Bunnies."

—STAG PARTY—

THE publication you are currently reading was to have been called *Stag Party*, until lawyers representing a men's adventure magazine called *Stag* threatened to sue. A range of other titles were considered (including *Bachelor*, *Gentleman*, *Pan*, *Satyrs*, *Sir* and *Top Hat*) before PLAYBOY was born.

BEN SCHOTT is the author, most recently, of *Schottenfreude: German Words for the Human Condition* (Blue Rider Press); his website is benschott.com.



"Tell me, Andy—what made you want to be a masseur?"



Julie & the Warlord

JULIE SOMETIMES MET THE MOST INTERESTING MEN ON DATES

Okay," she laughed after three complicated cocktails. "Now you, sir...."

"Yes."

"You, sir.... Now...I am.... Okay. I feel like we've only talked about me. But I don't know anything about you. Other than that you're very, um, charming and, well, very cute, of course. Ha, don't let that go to your head! Shouldn't have said that."

"Thank you."

"But I feel—okay, if this is my—well. Okay. What do you do?"

"What do I do? You mean what is my job?"

"Sorry, I hate that question too. It's like, is this a date or an interview, right?"

He finished his bite of sauce-soaked broccolini and answered, but she didn't hear him clearly.

"HMMMMMMMMMMMM? All I heard was 'lord.'"

"Yes."

"Ooh! Okay, this is fun. Are you a...landlord? Because I do not have the best history getting along with landlords. My first apartment—"

"I'm not a landlord."

"Are you...a...drug lord?" Julie said, stroking the side of his face with her finger. "'Cause that could be a problem."

"No."

"You're not...the Lord, are you? Because I haven't gone to temple since my bat mitzvah. Ha, don't tell my grandma!"

He laughed politely. She could tell he was laughing just to be nice—and she liked that more than if he had laughed from finding her funny. A nice guy: Now that would be a real change of pace for her.

"Then what kind of lord are you anyways, eh?" she asked with an old-timey what's-the-big-idea accent. God, she was a bit tipsy, wasn't she?

"I'm a warlord."

"In-ter-est-ing! Now, I don't know exactly what this is. But I want to learn. So what exactly...is...a warlord?" Julie asked, her chin now resting playfully on a V of two upturned palms. "Educate meeee."

"Okay. Can you picture where the Congo is on a map?"

"Kinda," she exaggerated.

"This is Africa," he said, pointing to an imaginary map in the air between them. "This is the Indian Ocean. This is the Democratic Republic of the Congo. This is just regular Congo."

"What? Hold up—"

"I know—that's just how it is. I didn't name them," the warlord laughed. "Anyway. This? All this here? This is what I control."

"So you're, like...the governor of it?"

"No. There are areas of the world where it will show up on your map as a certain country. But in reality, no government is in control of that region, in any real way. They cannot

FICTION BY B.J. NOVAK

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CRAIG CUTLER

collect taxes. They cannot enforce laws. Do you follow?"

Yes, nodded Julie.

"The people who are in charge are the warlords. They—we—bribe, kidnap, indoctrinate, torture and...what am I forgetting? What's the fifth one? Oh, kill—ha, that's weird that I forgot that one—the population of any region that falls above a certain threshold of natural resources but below a certain threshold of government protection. It's not exactly that simple, Julie, but basically that determines where I'm based. Once those conditions reach that level, me and my team, we show up and terrorize that area until everyone in the entire population is either dead, subdued or, ideally, one of our soldiers. *Ideally* ideally, dream scenario? A child soldier."

"That does not sound legal," said Julie, trying to stall for time so she could object properly and intelligently, which was going to take a second because she had had a few drinks already and had not anticipated having to debate a hot-button topic like this at the top of her intelligence—especially not with someone who did it for a living.

"No, it isn't legal at all—have you been listening?" Julie blushed and rotated her fork on her napkin in a four-point turn so she would have something to focus on besides her embarrassment. "This is a show of force outside the ability of any government to enforce its laws."

He went on and on. The words *rape* and *limbs* came up more than on any other date she could remember.

"What about, like, the international community?" asked

the waitress, dropping off two stiff sheets of artisanal paper in front of Julie and the warlord.

"Remember when they used to ask first if you wanted to see a dessert menu?" asked the warlord. "Now everyone just ambushes you with a dessert menu without asking. When did that start?"

"I know!" said Julie. "Everyone started doing that at the same time too! How does stuff like that happen? Everywhere, just"—she snapped her fingers—"changing their policy at the exact same time?"

"Get Malcolm Gladwell on that," said the warlord.

"I know, right?"

They both scanned the menu, each pair of eyes starting in the unhelpful middle of the dessert list for some no-reason, then tipsily circling around and around until most of the important words had been absorbed.

"I have never understood 'flourless chocolate cake,'" stated the warlord finally. "Is flour such a bad thing? I mean, compared to the other things in chocolate cake?"

"You want to split that?" said Julie.

"Flour is probably the least unhealthy thing I can think of in chocolate cake," the warlord continued. "Is that supposed to be the point? That the whole cake is just all eggs and sugar and butter? And anyway, who cares? It's chocolate cake. We know it's not a health food. Use whatever ingredients you want. All it has to do is taste good. We don't need to know how you did it—just make it."

"You want to maybe split that?" said Julie again.

"I HAVE NEVER UNDERSTOOD 'FLOURLESS CHOCOLATE CAKE.' IS FLOUR SUCH A BAD THING?"

Julie, hoping this was a smart question. Usually this was something she was good at on dates, but tonight she was having more trouble. "Don't they ever pressure you to stop? Or," she added, thinking there might be something else there, "or something?"

"Yes," said the warlord. "Sure! For example, there was this thing about me on Twitter a while ago—are you on Twitter?" She said she was but didn't check it often. "Same here!" he laughed. "I have an account, but I can never figure out if it's a thing I do or not. Anyway. I was 'trending.' You know what that is?" She did. "I'll be honest, it weirded me out. I got into this pattern where I was checking my name every two seconds, and there were like 45 new mentions of me. All negative!"

"You can't let yourself fall into that," said Julie.

"Exactly. Anyway, it passed," said the warlord. "You know Twitter—before long everyone's onto the next thing."

"What about," asked Julie, downing the last sip of her cocktail as she felt a premature ripple of seriousness returning, "the ethics of it? How do you feel about that? Doesn't that trouble you?"

The warlord gestured to Julie with his fork. "That top you're wearing. Anthropologie?"

"H&M," said Julie, "but thank you."

"Even better," said the warlord. "Do you know the conditions in the factories that made that top that you're wearing? Do you ever think about that?"

"Yeah, okay, no. That's not—nice try. Just because.... No. And yes, I know, this phone, right here, that I use every day—but no. No! You can't.... It doesn't help anything to equate.... Look," said Julie. "There's no excuse. But that also does not mean—"

"Just in case you're thinking about dessert," whispered

"We will split the flourless chocolate cake," declared the warlord.

"Great!" said the waitress, disappearing again.

"So, do you get to travel a lot?" asked Julie.

"Not as much as I'd like. Now and then we'll reach some cease-fire, after some especially big massacre, and things get quiet for a bit. That's what allowed me to take some time off, travel, meet you, stuff like that. Oh, I meant to say—you look even better in person than in your profile picture."

"Oh.... Thank you."

"Yeah, I've been meaning to tell you that. Nice surprise. Rare it goes in that direction."

"Ha. Well, thanks. Um, same. Don't let that go to your head."

"Thanks. So.... Lost my train of thought."

"Cease-fires?"

"Right! So, you know, cease-fires—they never stick."

"Yes, I think I saw something about that on Jon Stewart. That must be frustrating."

"It is! Thank you, Julie. That's exactly the right word," said the warlord. "It's very frustrating!"

"Flourless chocolate cake," said the waitress.

"Thank you," said Julie and the warlord at the same time.

"Can I get you anything else? Another drink?"

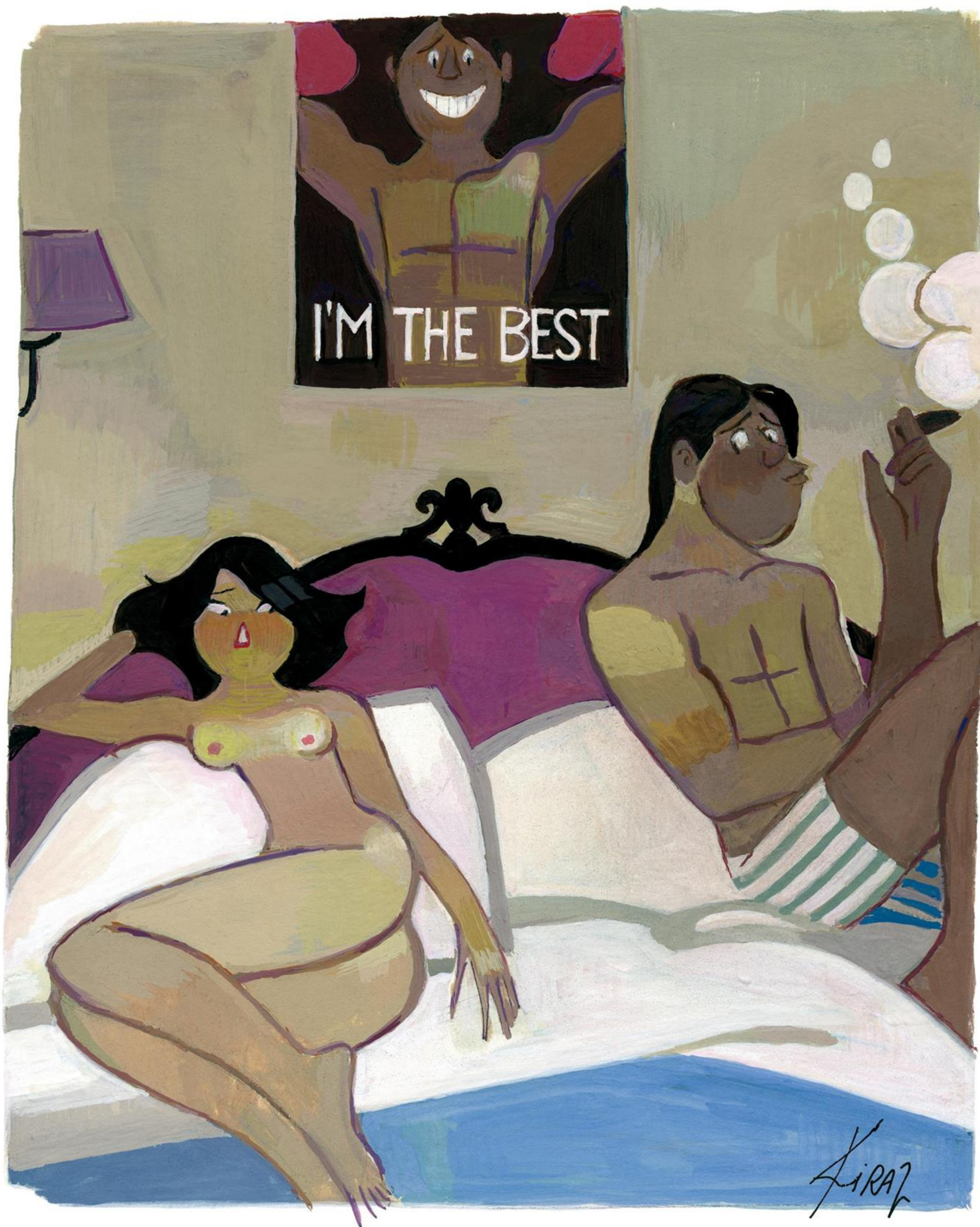
"I really shouldn't," said Julie. "Are you okay to drive, by the way?"

"I have a driver," said the warlord.

Julie ordered a fourth and final cocktail.

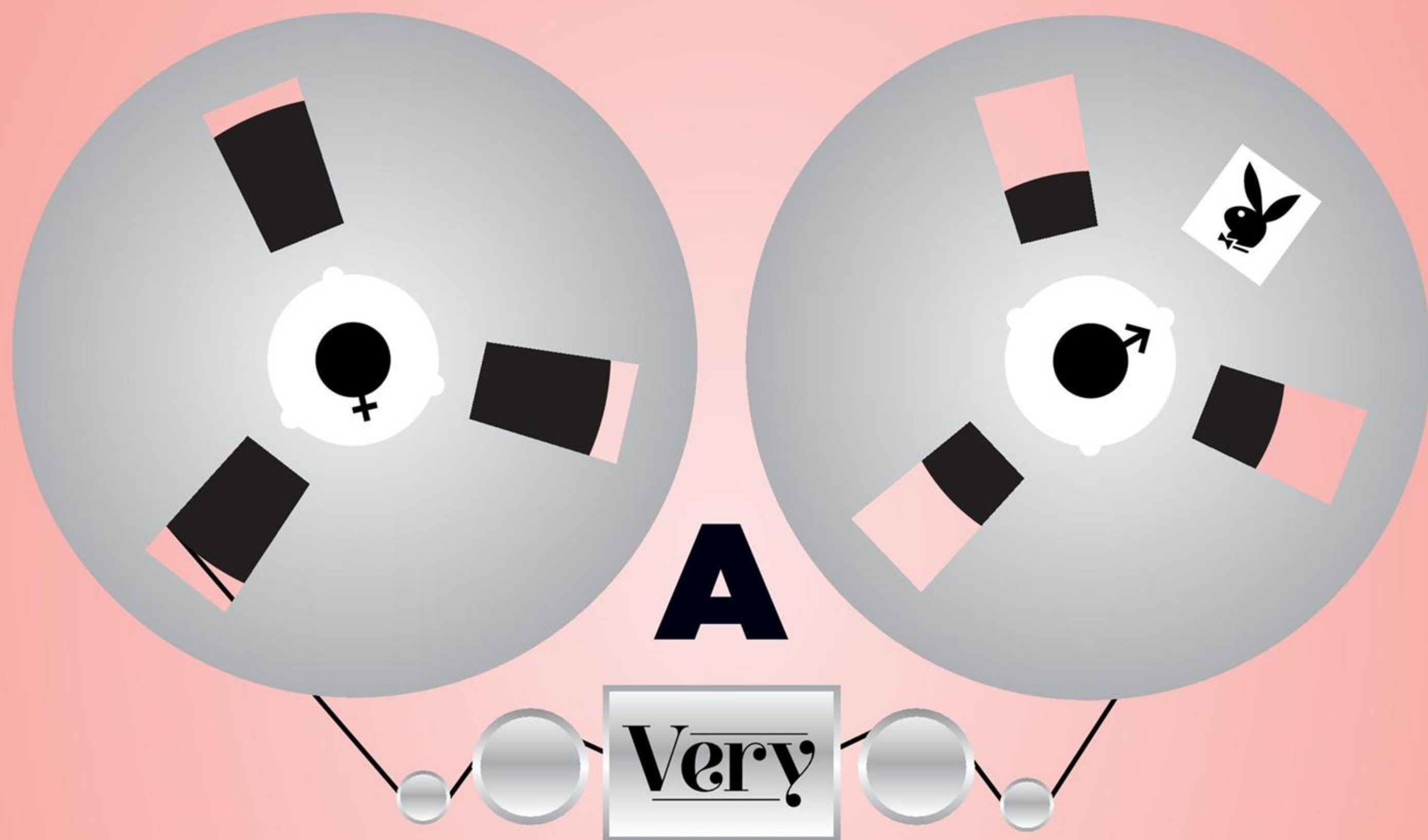
●
Discussion question:

Do you think Julie should fuck the warlord? Why or why not? ■



"You're not always the best."

SEX:



ORAL REPORT

A sexual State of the Union
for the modern woman from
our favorite female minds

INTERVIEWS BY MOLLY OSWAKS





From the bedroom to the boardroom, the past 60 years have seen many a win for women. The pill gave us control over our own reproduction in 1960, and in 1973 *Roe v. Wade* did more of the same. Women have broken ground in politics, business, literature and art, giving new voice to female desires. There have also been back steps and sidesteps, missteps and mistakes. For a closer look at the modern female, we tracked down a dozen influential women, from artists to intellectuals, to discuss what we've gained and lost. Some spoke in their homes over glasses of petite sirah and boxes of Chinese takeout; others in Manhattan cafés over bowls of oatmeal. All helped provide a frank and honest look at the current state of our sexual lives. ■



Cindy Gallop

Writer, advertising consultant, founder of MakeLoveNotPorn.com

The older I get, the hornier I get. People ask me why I date younger men, and it's very straightforward: I

like having sex. I like having a lot of sex. I'm all about lots of stamina and short recovery periods, which men my own age, sadly, are not going to deliver. And in a context in which I'm focused on my work and my ventures, I'm not looking for a relationship. I don't feel I'm necessarily a relationship person, to be perfectly frank. I don't think I'm a monogamous person.

Every time I say publicly that I date younger men, I feel I'm striking a blow for all womankind. But I'm also public about it not because I'm saying I think everyone should do what I do, but because to me it's a matter of a much bigger point, which is that I believe everyone should be free to decide the relationship model that works for them. Which may, by the way, be different at different points in your life.

I'm very open about the fact that I date younger men casually and recreationally. I date a lot of them; I keep the pipeline refreshed constantly. But I have one key criterion: They have to be very nice people. I have a good radar for very nice people. As a result, I date only utterly lovely young men, and I date them in an atmosphere of mutual trust, respect, affection and liking. Some of my so-called casual relationships go on longer than most people's committed ones.

THERE IS ALMOST NO POSITIVE PLACE FOR A WOMAN TO STAND AND BE SEXUAL, ON A SEXUAL JOURNEY, IN OUR CULTURE.

—NAOMI WOLF

The great thing about older woman-younger man is that I can have all the chiseled cheekbones, bulging biceps and six-pack abs I want. And I enjoy all that, obviously. But at the same time, I'm just looking for what I find attractive about this person. They don't have to be conventionally good-looking; they may be quirky, they may be interesting. I might really love their forearms. It drives a completely different assessment, which is much truer, to just see a person for who they are and see how you respond to that. In 11 or 12 years of online dating, I have never had a bad first date; my filtering sensors are very, very good. I've met men I did not feel attracted to and ended it. But I've never had a bad first date. One of the most paralyzing dynamics, in life and in business, is fear of what other people will think. And we absolutely apply that in a dating context as well. There is an external-facing dimension to how we assess our dates—and I don't have any of that. I would love people to think differently about how they look at whom they date, in a similar way.



Natasha Leggero

Stand-up comic, actress

One guy I work with, I won't say his name, he's on television and he makes a lot of money. He was making fun of me for having an assistant. I said, "Well, I just want someone to go to Rite Aid and the post office. Who picks up your dry cleaning and buys the dog food?" He was like, "I have a wife." And I was like, "Yeah, I'd like a wife too." And he said, "Well, she doesn't work. She's in charge of running the household and raising the family." And then he goes, "Sometimes I'll walk down the hallway and throw something on the floor, just so she knows the division of labor."

Men are keeping tabs. It is kind of a fucked situation that we're in,

because all women are working. We have aspirations, and we don't have time to pick up full-time after a man. I do have a lot of thoughts about this. I think it would be nice if women could have wives. I was trying to think lately of someone who has everything. Like, if there are any female stand-up comedians who have a touring schedule, an acting career and a family. There really isn't one. There was Phyllis Diller. She had those things. She had a TV show, a family and a stand-up tour. There are a lot of men like that. There aren't really any female touring comedians who have children, whereas there are tons of males, because they all have wives. It does make it hard for women to have everything.

Now more than ever, the thinking woman and the career-driven woman and the woman with ambition, she has to find a partner. Now women need someone who's only going to help and add to their lives. If that's not going to happen, they break up. I have friends in their 30s who are freaking out about having a baby. Meanwhile, men who are in their 30s are barely ready for pet ownership. They're having their 39th birthday parties at Disneyland. These are the men we're supposed to be procreating with?



Jane Pratt

Editor of xoJane.com, founder of Sassy and Jane magazines

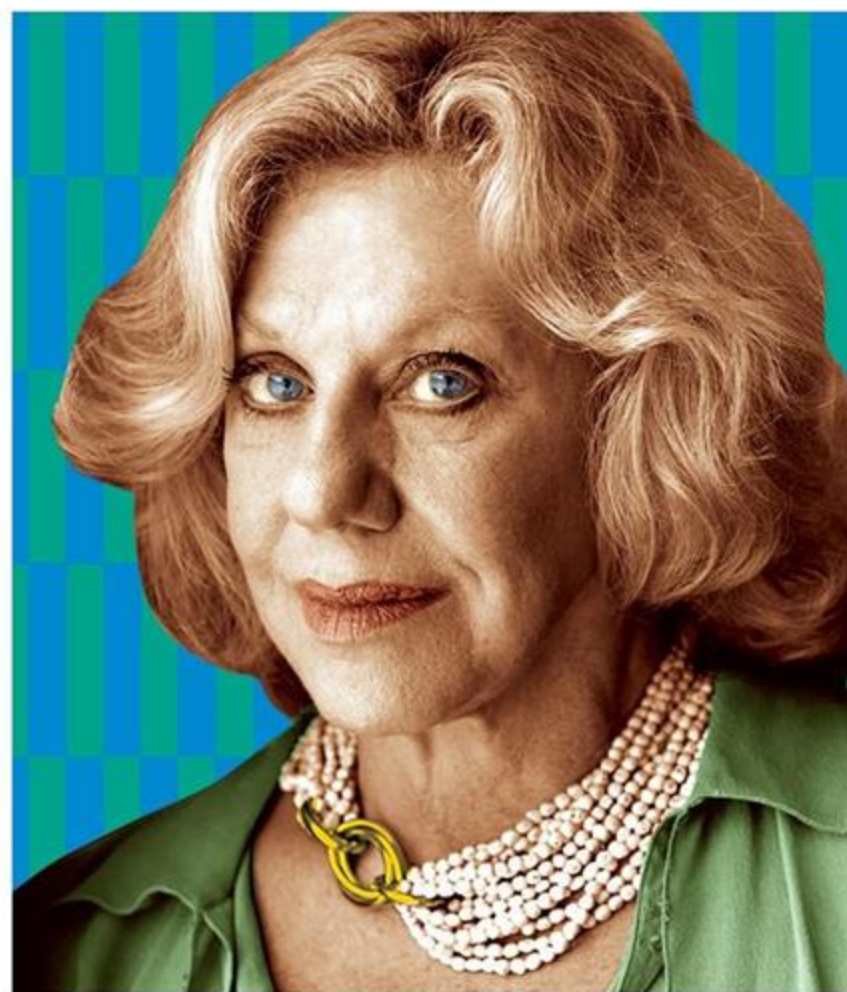
I remember with *Sassy* we were the first magazine to give teenage girls information on birth control and STD prevention, and we also wrote about gay teenagers, which was considered so controversial at the time that we lost our 15 biggest advertisers. Then we were taken off about half the newsstands we had been on. It seems like things have moved in a pretty progressive direction in terms of giving that kind of information to young women. In the just over two years that xoJane has been around, we've done 187 articles on abortion. That shows how much we are still fighting the abortion-rights battle, that it

would still be such a big topic. Whereas, some of those other things—obviously gay rights are still a huge issue, but we've come such a long way.

To me, there are always new frontiers. One of the things I feel I am addressing a lot more these days is issues of gender, gender as a fluid concept. It's becoming more and more a part of the way I produce the website and the media that I produce for women. Even to the point that, when I talk about xoJane being a website for women 18 to 34 or 18 to 49, it feels really old-fashioned to me to say it's for women. What makes it for women, as opposed to just for people? I don't know if people identify themselves in that way as much as they used to. In terms of the way we write and talk about sex with women, a lot of times you could read the article without gender pronouns and not know whether it was for a man or a woman because it's so much about getting what you want sexually and what works for you.

Now it's more acceptable to be open about just wanting to hook up or be casual and not want a relationship. I never wanted to get married, was never interested in it. Recently I've found that more women just love being single and don't have any interest in that either. I think it is important for women to hear

from other women that it is an option. It is an option to not be monogamous with one person for the rest of your life. There are huge industries built around being married and coupling off. It's the same with women who don't want kids. There's not really a voice out there. For me, as someone who didn't want to get married, I almost felt as though I was missing some chip or gene or something that makes women see a bride and then want to be a bride.



Erica Jong

*Author of more than 20 books, including *Fear of Flying* and *Seducing the Demon**

What is fascinating to me is that there's a nutty minority that wants to take back all the rights of women. A woman who can't control her own fertility can't control anything about her life. It's the bedrock of women's freedom. These guys who are passing crazy laws about sticking sonogram wands up women's vaginas know the laws will be overturned. They're taking a stand for the benefit of the fringe minority that votes in midterm elections. The majority doesn't agree with them, so what we're seeing is democracy being perverted for the sake of a well-organized fringe. It's interesting to watch, and distressing. If you go back in time, Hitler didn't have a majority when he came to Munich. He did not have a majority, but a very well-organized minority can come to power in a democracy. Watching it happen is truly amazing.

One thing you can see is that fascists always want to keep women barefoot and pregnant. And what is it about? It's about fear of women, fear of women's immense physical power—the power to give birth—and if they can't stop it, they want to control it. Women are mysterious objects. Women control the means of reproduction, and it's necessary to keep them in the power of men.

It's so irrational and crazy, because every UN report (continued on page 236)

**MEN ARE
HAVING
THEIR 39TH
BIRTHDAY
PARTIES AT
DISNEYLAND.
THESE ARE
THE MEN
WE'RE
SUPPOSED
TO BE PRO-
CREATING
WITH?**

—NATASHA LEGGERO



"His wife allows him to come, but she hides his glasses."

PATTON



**UNDEREMPLOYED? MEET YOUR
ARCHNEMESIS: STAND-UP COMIC,
DRAMATIC ACTOR, CARTOON VOICE,
AUTHOR, INTERNET SCOLD AND
PROFESSIONAL GEEK**



★ Q1★

PLAYBOY: “Princess of the United Kingdom” is how Kate Middleton listed her occupation on her son Prince George’s birth certificate. What would you write down as your occupation, considering your numerous jobs, including playing a constable on *Justified*, delivering an epic *Star Wars* rant on *Parks and Recreation*, getting dramatic in *Young Adult*, writing books and voicing animated characters in *Ratatouille* and two *Grand Theft Auto* video games? Plus, there’s your longtime career in stand-up comedy.

OSWALT: Kate Middleton should write down “princess,”

and I would write “princess” too, except what I do can’t compare with all that boring stuff the royals are obligated to do. Honestly, I always say I’m a stand-up comedian who, through sheer luck, has been allowed to write books and be in some pretty great movies and some pretty amazing TV. Stand-up comedy is what brought me to the dance, and I will leave with the one who brung me.

★ Q2★

PLAYBOY: In the new movie *The Secret Life of Walter Mitty*, you play an online-dating counselor to

OSWALT



By Stephen Rebello
PHOTOGRAPHY BY GAVIN BOND



“
**THE ONLY THING
 I LIE TO MY WIFE
 ABOUT IS WHAT TIME
 I GET UP. I’M HAVING
 AN AFFAIR WITH
 SLEEPING LATE.**
 ”

Ben Stiller’s sad, meek title character, a guy who finds reality so unfulfilling that he fantasizes alternate identities and big adventures. When have you been at your Mitty-est?

OSWALT: When I was a little kid movies bled into my life, a lot like with Walter Mitty. I would create fake drama. I always had to be the wronged hero, the aggrieved party. I had affection for monsters and still do. Indulging my fantasies now, I would probably become a mystery man and get myself a weird non sequitur nickname like Patton “Busted Flush” Oswalt.

★ **Q3** ★

PLAYBOY: *Busted Flush* is the name of the houseboat owned by Travis McGee, John D. MacDonald’s beach bum and righter-of-wrongs character. What fantasy world would Patton “Busted Flush” Oswalt inhabit?

OSWALT: It would be something from a book, and I’ll stick with John D. MacDonald. I wouldn’t want to be Travis McGee, but I’d want to be friends and hang around with him, living in the Fort Lauderdale of the early 1960s as described in those books, like *The Deep Blue Good-by*, *Nightmare in Pink*, *Darker Than Amber*. They’re elegiac. They’re tragic. They’re about paradise, but a paradise blown.

★ **Q4** ★

PLAYBOY: You grew up with a father who was a colonel in the Marines, and your parents also named you after one of the most famous and controversial U.S. Army generals in history.

OSWALT: My dad was in the service for 20 years and did three pretty awful tours in Vietnam, where he got shot in the leg and watched a lot of people die. But when he was a little tipsy, he’d tell me and my brother, who’s more of a jock, “You will never join the military or go to war. Over my dead body.”

★ **Q5** ★

PLAYBOY: Did you deal with military-type strictness at home?

OSWALT: The only thing that annoyed my parents was when I got into my early OCD completist nerd shit and got upset and demanding about it. For example, I had to have every freaking *Dungeons & Dragons* thing, and I had to have all the books in the series. But they weren’t like, “Don’t be into this stuff.” They said, “Be fascinated by it, but don’t be into it like a schmuck. You don’t have to own the complete set of everything.” I was crazy.

★ **Q6** ★

PLAYBOY: Was that the worst of it? You were just an OCD type who collected too much stuff?

OSWALT: There was more. I got into the kind of trouble gotten into by kids who wanted to be rebels but were pussies. Freshman year of high school, I had the most days absent and the most days of detention that you could have before getting expelled. I’d skip school to watch a movie on TV or go see *Rashomon* or *Wings of Desire*.

★ **Q7** ★

PLAYBOY: That sounds like a nerd gone mildly wild. No drugs? No fights?

OSWALT: Sure. I would instigate fights, then get beat down. Once, I saw a bunch of big kids beat the shit out of my friend Steve. So I walked up to one of the biggest guys and slugged him in the stomach, and all the other boys just fell on me. I mean, how did I think that was going to end—that I would be like Steve Austin and floor him with a superpunch? It was a good thing I was really good at making people laugh.

★ **Q8** ★

PLAYBOY: What jobs did you have before you broke into stand-up comedy?

OSWALT: I was a sportswriter, and when I was that, I thought, Hey, do I really want to be a sportswriter? When I was a paralegal, I thought, Maybe I should be a lawyer. Then, in the summer between my freshman (continued on page 246)



"We were just wondering if you were edible."





into the wild



**FEMININE, FEARLESS AND ON THE HUNT, MISS JANUARY IS
YOUR ONE AND ONLY 60TH ANNIVERSARY PLAYMATE**

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SASHA EISENMAN

For our 60th anniversary issue, nothing but an epic Playmate shoot would do. When we found Roos (pronounced “Rose”) van Montfort, we knew we had our woman. This entrancing Dutch model, now based in New York, grew up surrounded by windmills and tulips. Her birthplace in the Netherlands, Geldrop, has an entire district with streets named for J.R.R. Tolkien characters. When we learned that Roos was also a fan of *Xena: Warrior Princess*, we had our epiphany. We would find a mysterious castle (somewhere in Hollywood), hire a few wolves and deck Miss January out in wintry Gothic splendor. “Those animals were so beautiful and fluffy that I wanted to cuddle with them,” says Roos of her

wolf mates. “But I wasn’t allowed. They’re dangerous and wild and can’t be completely tamed.” Neither can Roos. Among her pleasures—shopping, cooking, chocolate and hip-hop—she admits to more physical passions. “I don’t think you can ever have too much sex,” she says with a smoky laugh. “But I can be tough when it comes to emotions. I don’t like to cry over a guy. I like to move on. If I’m single and have no one flirting with me, well...I can’t just live off the attention of my friends. I need a man.” So does Miss January have a guy lined up for New Year’s Eve? “I’m single at the moment,” she says, “but my PLAYBOY shoot has inspired me. Maybe I’ll buy a castle and make it warm and cozy with candlelight and my wolves.” Then she pauses and smiles. “And a man.”







MISS JANUARY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH







Roos van Montfort

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Roos van Montfort

BUST: 34 B WAIST: 24" HIPS: 36"

HEIGHT: 5' 9 1/2" WEIGHT: 119

BIRTH DATE: 11/29/1989 BIRTHPLACE: Geldrop, Netherlands

AMBITIONS: To live in California, become a Bond girl, have my own business and make lots of babies.

TURN-ONS: Funny, confident men (even the messy ones who drink too much beer and eat burgers).

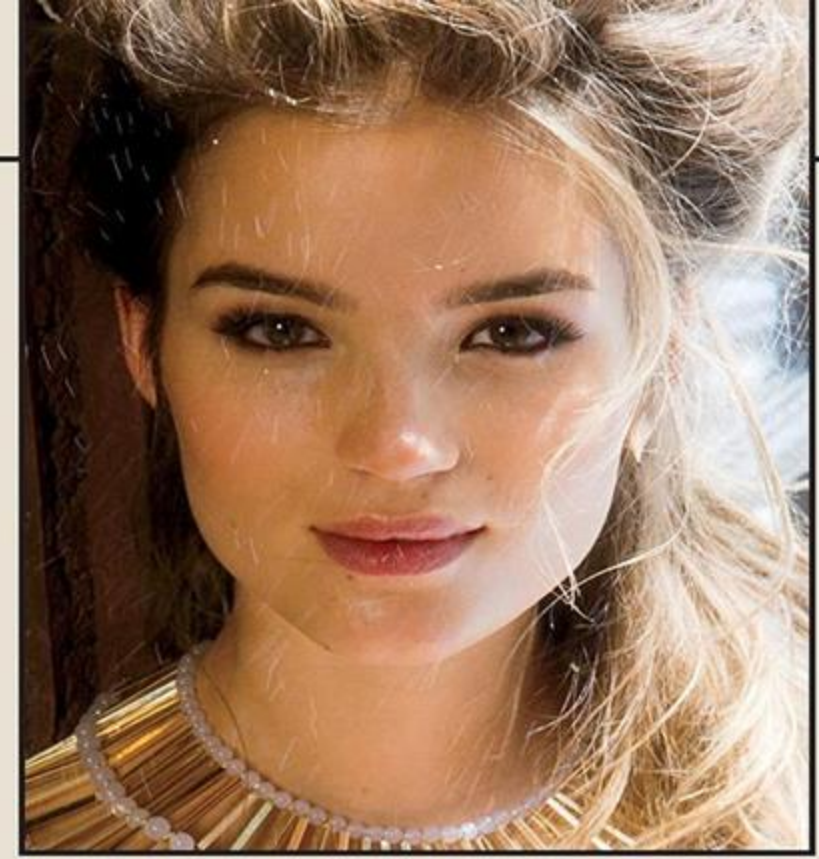
TURNOFFS: Guys who spend more time in front of the mirror than I do drive me crazy.

Don't make me wait for you, baby!

HIDDEN TALENT: I have a thing for Shakira's belly dancing, so some girlfriends and I took a class. Now I'm hooked.

THE WAY TO A MAN'S HEART IS THROUGH HIS STOMACH, SO... I use my secret apple crumble Recipe to seduce men. It works!

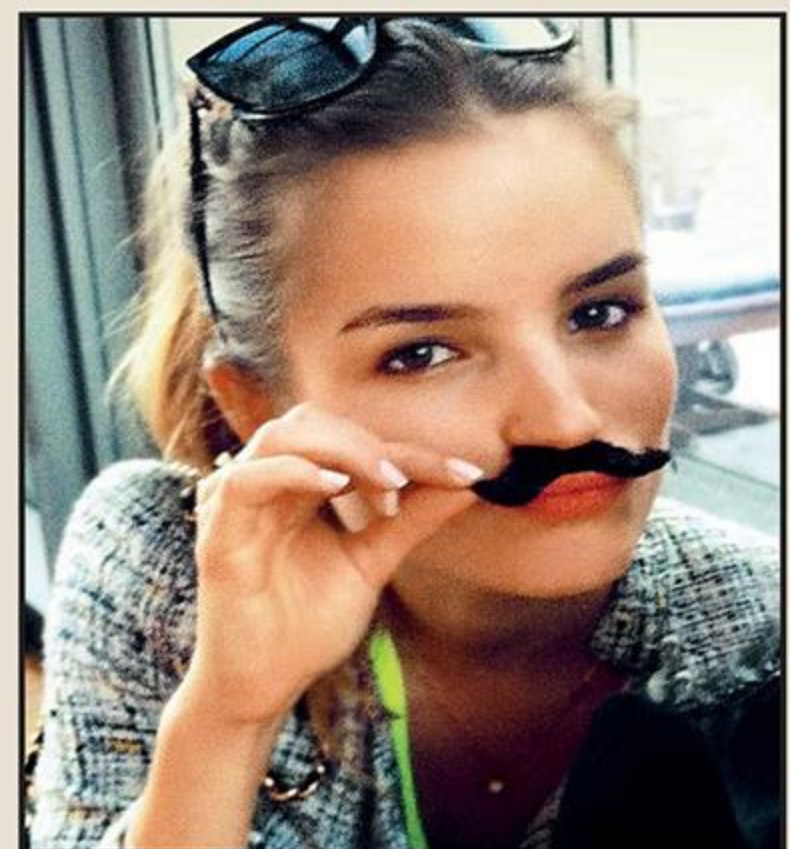
MY NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS: More men, more holidays, more sex and... more nude shots. ;)



Bunny practice
in L.A.



Packing heat on
a casual night.



Mr. van Montfort.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Your generation is too reliant on technology," a grandfather declared to his grandson, who was playing with an iPad.

"Oh yeah?" the grandson said. "Which one of us needs a pacemaker to live?"

What should you do if your girlfriend suddenly starts smoking?

Slow down and use lube.

Dad, I just had sex for the first time!" a son said after running into his father's study.

"Good for you, son," the father replied. "Now sit down and tell me all about it."

The son replied, "I can't sit down."



What happened to your face?" a man asked his buddy, who had a big red mark across his cheek.

"I was in the elevator when this busty lady got in," his friend said. "I was staring at her boobs when she said, 'Would you please press one.' So I did."

I think I squandered my youth having children so young," one woman said to her friend. "I want my children to be able to travel the world before they start a family."

"I want my children to have all the things I couldn't afford," said the second, "and then give them to me."

A woman went to her doctor to ask about green spots on the inside of her thighs. The doctor examined them and then asked, "Is your boyfriend a rocker?"

"Yes," the woman said, amazed. "Why?"

The doctor replied, "Well, tell him his earrings are not real gold."

A brunette was doing laundry and asked her blonde friend to help her find a match for her sock.

"Why?" the blonde asked. "Are you going to set it on fire?"

How is sex like a savings account?

With both, one loses interest after withdrawal.

A woman told her gynecologist, "I keep finding postage stamps from Costa Rica in my vagina!"

The amused doctor replied, "Those aren't postage stamps; they're the stickers that come on bananas."

What do you call a 16-year-old boy who doesn't masturbate?

A liar.

A woman boarded a bus carrying her newborn. The bus driver said to her, "That's the ugliest baby I've ever seen!"

The woman trudged to the rear of the bus, sat down fuming and said to a man next to her, "That driver just insulted me!"

"You go right up there and tell him off," the man said. "Go ahead, I'll hold your monkey for you."

When girls go wrong, boys go right after them.

A man visited his doctor and was told he not only had a terminal illness but had only 12 hours left to live. He returned home and told his shocked wife. Later, as they were lying in bed, he asked if they could make love one last time. They did, but the man woke up at 3:30 A.M. and asked if they could go at it again. His wife, tired and irritable, responded, "Well, that's easy for you to ask; you don't have to get up in the morning."



Shirley Neiman

Despite the old saying "Don't take your troubles to bed," many men continue to sleep with their wives.

Why can't women play football?

Eleven of them would never wear the same outfit in public.

She offered her honor; he honored her offer—and all night it was honor and offer.

What does a Spaniard get when he slides down a hill?

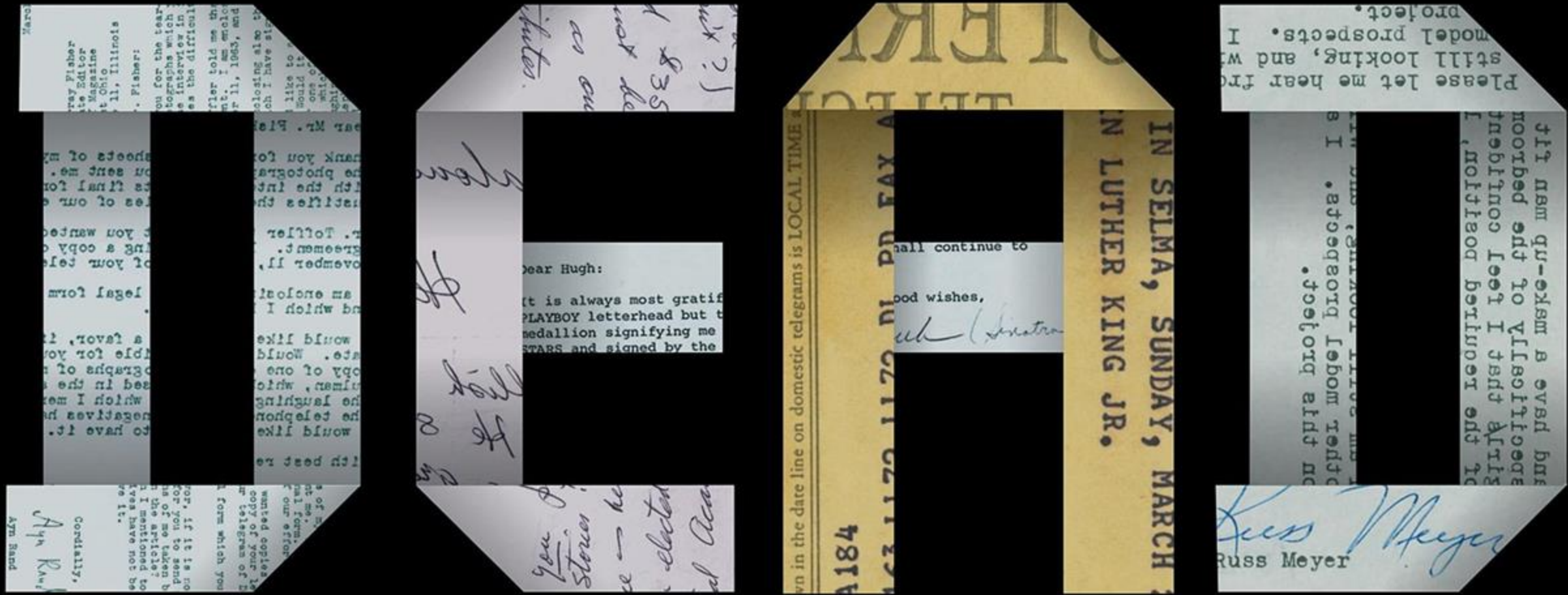
Gracias.

Send your jokes to *Playboy Party Jokes*, 9346 Civic Center Drive, Beverly Hills, California 90210, or by e-mail to jokes@playboy.com. PLAYBOY will pay \$100 to the contributors whose submissions are selected.



"You knew I always wanted to make June in January!"

The



Letter File

Sixty years of correspondence from the *Playboy* archives

A. C. SPECTORSKY
AUG 12 1969

What would be my first act if I were elected President and moved into the White House? Why, move out, of course. The White House, as it now functions, is as anachronistic as the Presidency itself. It is inadequate as an office, disappointing as a museum, and too public to serve as a proper private home. No, if we must have a President (when what we require are Presidents, probably ten of them; a democratically elected Presidium), then their headquarters should be the penthouse of an office-building that accomodates the entire Presidential staff. As for the White House, I think it could be converted into a first-class museum devoted to art and objects evocative of its own history.

Truman Capote

By the way,

what's going on

down here?



Goldeneye,
Oracabessa,
Jamaica, B.W.I.
Oracabessa 274

H. M. H.
JAN 29 1964

23rd January 1964.

Dear Mr. Hefner,

I was tremendously impressed and grateful to receive your Christmas present, and I send you my warmest thanks.

By the way, what's going on down here? I hear great talk of you becoming involved in the Marrakesh Hotel. I know a good deal about this place which is a bare mile away from me here, so please feel free to consult me confidentially if you wish to.

Again with my best thanks and warmest regards?

Yours sincerely
Ian Fleming

Hugh M. Hefner,
Playboy,
232 East Ohio St.,
Chicago 11,
Illinois,
U.S.A.

As for the

White House,

I think it could be

converted into a

first-class museum



Hunter Thompson 11/12
Murray
NOV 15 1965
The Angels are pressing me to get them a free-booze publicity visit to the New S.F. Playboy Club. Is this possible? All else aside, it would be a hell of a space-grabber. The Angels have consistently front-page in the Bay Area - especially

The Chronicle - which follows them closely.

I went down on my bike the other night & broke my hand & my head. That's why the scrawl - a cast on my rt. arm.

Send word - On Angels at PB Club and... yeah
Hunter

The Angels are pressing me to get them free-booze



MAY 11 1964
Dear Hugh
I'm getting dreadfully poor, I wonder if the book will be out soon.
Imagine Phil Regan!

Lenny

Lenny



I'm

getting

dreadfully

poor

Hotel Marlton
5 West 8th Street
New York, New York
January 22, 1965

Mr. Hugh Hefner
1340 North State Street
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Hugh,

This is to inform you that I would like very much at this time to take advantage of your kind offer to give me \$500.00 to help me in my appeal of the New York conviction.

A friend of mine, Bill Schaap, an attorney here in New York City, is helping me with the case, as will be ~~MURPHY~~ the Chicago boys. Dig, Hugh, the nickle that you were going to disperse as an advance for my keep out of the joint relay will come in just handy now. Maurice Rosenfield has the aid of a New York member of the bar who has agreed to disperse the \$500.00 which is a pain in the ass that Maurice didn't want to get hung with. This chap has donated over 50 hours so his motivation on the New York case is merely a repenting for the great murder upon my body where my lungs, and heart and bowels were plucked and strewn over Cook County (he was a student at U. of Chicago Law School at the time and had his hand in my assination there and is now annoying my feet). Seriously, Hugh, you've had it. The Anti-Pornography Underground Has your picture and your philosophies in all places where narcotics are sold: And I love you and I love Mrs. Hall and Benny Dunn and Shel Silverstein and contraceptives and the chap's name is William.

Love Lenny (The attorney has asked me for an amicus p.s.)



It certainly made the whole stay a pleasurable one for me.

Mr. Hugh Hefner
Playboy Club
919 N. Michigan Ave.
Chicago, Illinois 60611

Dear Hef:

I want to thank you very much for the use of your house, the poker game and all the many courtesies you extended to me while I was in Chicago. It certainly made the whole stay a pleasurable one for me.

My regards to Mary and best wishes.

Sincerely,

Woody

WOODY ALLEN

8-10-65
HUNTER - WE'LL GIVE YOU \$200 IF YOU NEED IT - THE MAXIMUM EVER OFFERED FOR EXPENSES - BUT THAT AMOUNT WILL BE DEDUCTED FROM YOUR TURNDOWN FEE IF WE REJECT THE PIECE. IF WE BUY IT, OF COURSE, YOU'LL GET YOUR \$1500 PLUS THE \$200 IN EXPENSES. ORDINARILY, YOU SEE, WE PAY \$200 IN EXPENSES ON PIECES WHICH ARE SURE THINGS - AND THIS ISN'T, AS I EXPLAINED. OK?

Here are a few notes, questions, etc. on the Hell's Angels action:

How about fotos? The Angels themselves keep a vast scrapbook and they'd be more than willing to submit a selection, but the Post is ahead of us on this and we'd have to wait until we see which ones they use, if any. I know a lad in L.A. who has some pretty good stuff, but some of that went to the Post, too. The papers here have some decent crime-type photos; the Chronicle, in particular, has one very good set, and I know the police reporter who helped them get it. I might even try to get some, myself. I'm good, but spotty. Anyway, let me know.

Also, I'd like to have an official-looking letter from you, saying I'm doing the story for Playboy. Last night I was grabbed by the gendarmes down at Ken Kesey's looney bin in La Honda. (I introduced him to the SF Angels last week and he decided to have a party for them; the locals flipped and the road in front of Kesey's house was swarming with cop cars.) They stopped everybody either coming or going and went over the cars for possible violations. My tail-light lenses were cracked, so they cited me, and would have taken both me and Alleen Ginsberg to jail, I think, if I hadn't been sporting a tape recorder. Ginsberg was so enraged by the harassment that he might want to write an ode about it. If it interests you, I'll ask him. Anyway, neither my woodsy garb nor Ginsberg's foot-long beard made the right sort of impression, and a letter from you might have saved me \$25 -- which I think in all fairness should go down as an expense item, since the incident will go into the article.

On the subject of expenses, how much would you people be willing to go for towards rental of a big bike? I think I should ride with these boys for a few weeks, to get the feel of it, but as it stands now I won't be able to afford it until I get my second hunk of money from Ballantine, which won't be for several months. So far I haven't found a place that rents big stuff, so I might have to buy one -- a junker of some kind, but good enough to hold up for a month or so. If it comes to that, would you be willing to contribute, in the form of expenses, toward the purchase? And how much? Let me know on all this stuff ASAP. Thanks,

Hunter S. Thompson

Unfortunately, I gave the Post man a hell of a lot of help -- not realizing I'd been competing with him.

March 20, 1963

Mr. Hugh Hefner,
Editor-Publisher,
Playboy,
232 East Ohio,
Chicago, 11, Illinois.

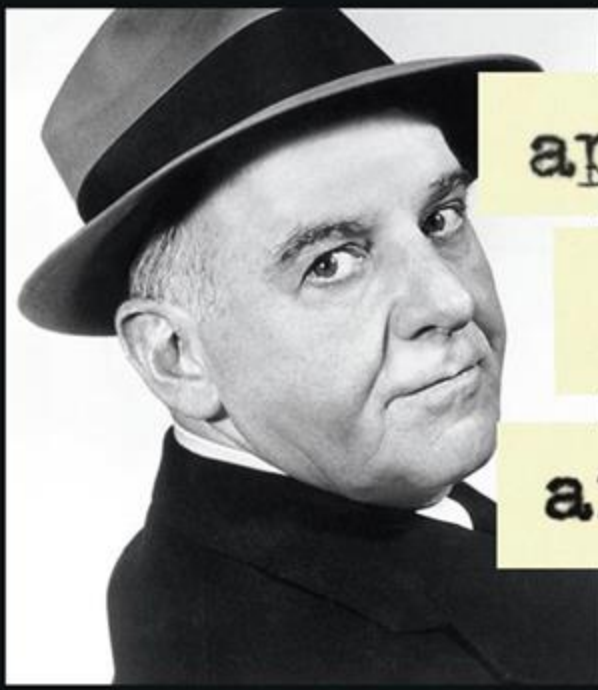
Dear Hugh:

Many thanks for your warm note. I'm glad you've seen the items.

I also submitted a piece to your editors but they did not appreciate the sinful short and sent it back.

good wishes,

Walter
Walter Winchell



they did not
appreciate the
sinful short
and sent it
back.

Bertrand Russell Peace Foundation

23 January 1966.

Hugh M. Hefner,
232, East Ohio Street,
Chicago.

Dear Mr. Hefner,

I wish to acknowledge receipt of your cheque of January 15. But I should tell you that I consider this to be more a part payment of the one thousand, six hundred dollars still due to me from the last article I wrote for you and which you refused to publish, than a bonus, as I hardly consider myself to be a regular contributor. I feel sure that you would hesitate to treat one of your regular contributors in the extremely off-hand manner in which you have treated me during the past year.

Yours Sincerely,

Bertrand Russell

Bertrand Russell.

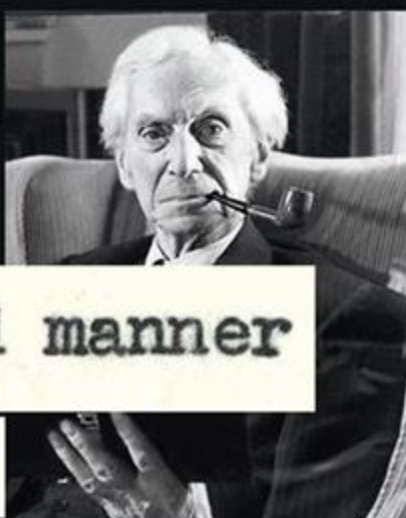
I feel sure that

you would hesitate to treat one

one of your regular contributors

in the extremely off-hand manner

in which you have treated me



"non-smoker, and

non-coffee drinker, whose major

diversion is two dozen

bottles of Pepsi-Cola a day".



PEPSI-COLA GENERAL BOTTLERS, INC.

1745 NORTH KOLMAR AVENUE • CHICAGO 39, ILLINOIS • DICKENS 2-9800

March 19, 1957

Mr. Hugh M. Hefner
Playboy Magazine
11 East Superior Street
Chicago 11, Illinois

Dear Mr. Hefner:

Last September Vic Lownes brought my attention to the September 24, 1956 article in Time Magazine concerning your fabulous success with Playboy Magazine. Needless to say, I was personally pleased and our organization was enthused to read about a man who is a "non-smoker, and non-coffee drinker, whose major diversion is two dozen bottles of Pepsi-Cola a day".

It was with even greater pleasure that I learned Friday afternoon that you had just purchased three Pepsi-Cola vending machines, one for each of three floors, to be located in your new Playboy Building!

We appreciate your friendship for Pepsi-Cola, and wish you continued success with your Company.

I should like to extend an invitation to you and Vic to attend the opening of our new Pepsi-Cola plant at 650 West 51st Street between 4 and 8 PM on Friday, May 17th. We will be running at the rate of about 70,000 bottles per hour in that plant on that day, and I will personally see that you have all the cold ones you want while you are there.

Sincerely yours,

E. E. Beisel
E. E. Beisel, President.



I am sorry

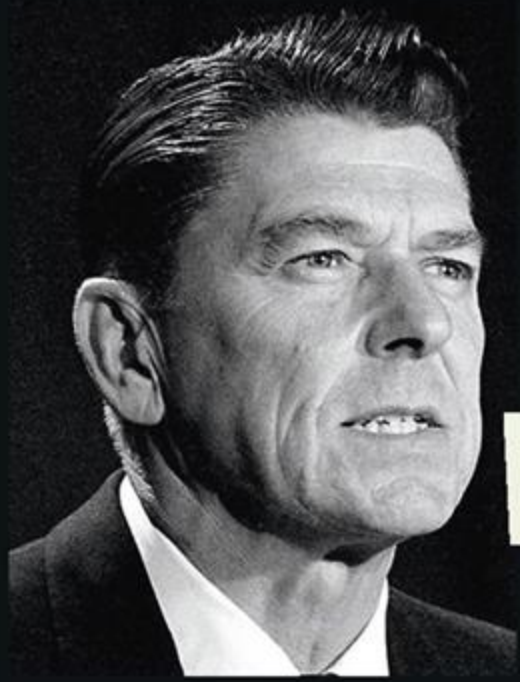
I have no pictures

available for publication

Richard Avedon
Cluridge's
Brook Street, N.Y.

RICHARD AVEDON

Dear Hefner -
Your letter was sent to me here in London
I am sorry but
I have no pictures
available for publication
Richard Avedon



ONLY LATER DID
HEF LEARN THAT
REAGAN WAS A
SECRET INFORMANT
FOR THE FBI

(1960)

RONALD REAGAN

July 4

Dear Mr. Hefner

I've been a long time answering your letter of May 13 and my selection of "The 4th" as an answering date is coincidence plus the fact that Holidays are "free time" days around our house.

Your letter has been very much on my mind and I question whether I can answer in a way that will make sense to you. First because I once thought exactly as you think and second because no one could have changed my thinking (and some tried). It took seven months of meeting communists & communist influenced people across a table in almost daily sessions while pickets rited in front of studio gates, homes were bombed and a great industry almost ground to a halt.

You expressed lack of knowledge about my views, political back ground etc. Because so much doubt has been cast on "anti-communists" inspired by the radicalism of extremists who saw "Reds" under every "cause" I feel I should reveal where I have stood and now stand.

included Dalton Trumbo, John H. Johnson, and others.

passed.

Ronald Reagan

1639 SAN ONOFRE DRIVE
PACIFIC PALISADES, CALIFORNIA

Ronald Reagan

Oct. 23, 1964
43 Cedar St.
Chicago 10, Ill.

Mr. William S. Burroughs
c/o US Consulate
Tangier, Morocco

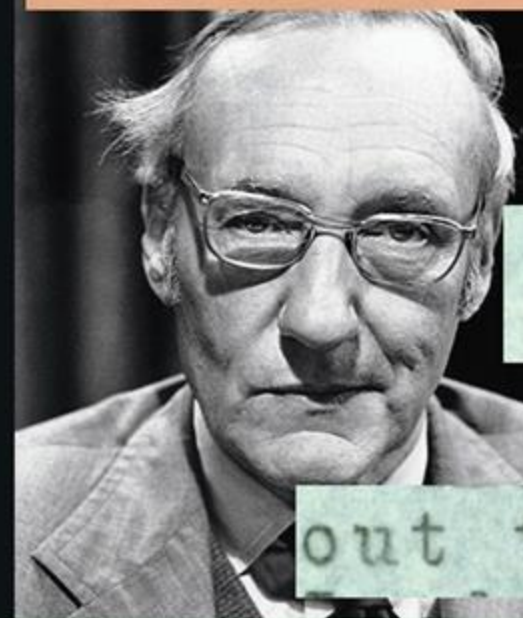
Dear Mr. Burroughs:

Enclosed you will find a check for \$100. This is in payment for your article which was used in the anthology "LSD- The Consciousness Expanding Drug".

Sincerely,

Martha E. Solomon

Hey what's happening? Why don't you come back to the asshole of the Universe and, passing through East Gary north to the very sporetex, this flinty city, could pick up (maybe, I'll query if you have eyes) PLAYBOY assignment to do a retrospective piece ~~like~~ on your return to ~~the~~ St. Louis (My God, from little cash registers great ~~and~~ shadowy OMNIVACS do grow! Yet we know, please, could be a gasser Dave We could call it St. Louis Blues.



Yes I will be
most happy
to carry
out the assignement

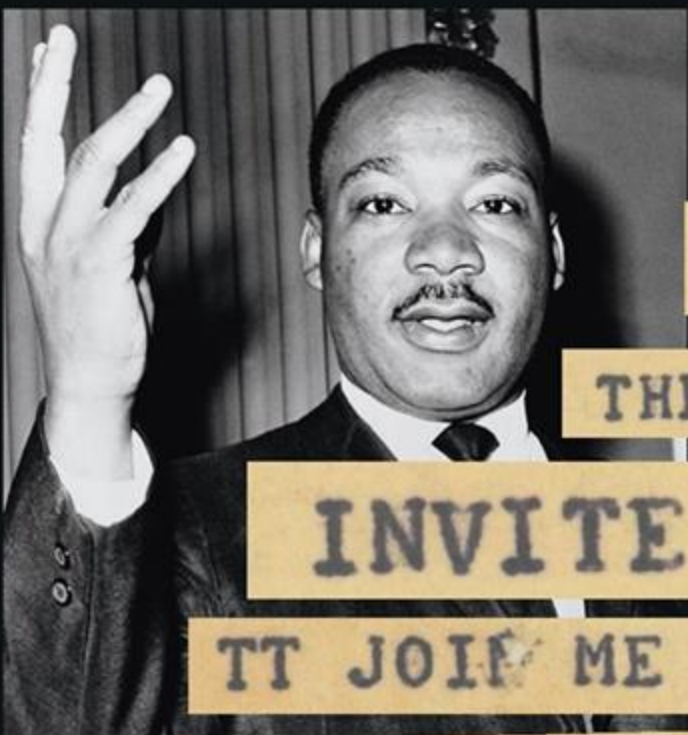
Dear Dave Solomon:

Even before receiving your letter I had planed a return to the old naborhood to put down a smog of nostalgia. Yes I will be most happy to carry out the assignement. Leaving here the end of the month London for a week My. few days and on to St. Louis for Christmas. Yes, I recieved the book and it looks very good. Thanks for everything

Best Regards

William Burroughs
William Burroughs

Suggest Meet Me In St. Louis as title



I

THEREFORE

INVITE YOU

TT JOIN ME IN A

MARCH TO ALABAMA'S

CAPITOL

CLASS OF SERVICE

This is a fast message unless its deferred character is indicated by the proper symbol.

WESTERN UNION TELEGRAM

W. P. MARSHALL, PRESIDENT

SF-1201 (4-60)

SYMBOLS

DL=Day Letter
NL=Night Letter
LT=International Letter Telegram

The filing time shown in the date line on domestic telegrams is LOCAL TIME at point of origin. Time of receipt is LOCAL TIME at point of destination.

NCA002 (51)SA184

ABO18 A LLY163 LL22 LL22 DL PD FAX ATLANTA GA 18 NFT

HUGH HEFNER

1340 NORTH STATE ST CHGO

THE PRESIDENT AND FEDERAL JUDICIARY HAVE SPOKEN AFFIRMATIVELY OF THE CAUSE FOR WHICH WE STRUGGLE. ALL CITIZENS MUST NOW MAKE THEIR PERSONAL WITNESS. THE FREEDOMS OF SUFFRAGE AND ASSEMBLY ARE FUNDAMENTAL TO ALL OUR TRADITIONS. I THEREFORE INVITE YOU TT JOIN ME IN A MARCH TO ALABAMA'S CAPITOL BEGINNING AT BROWN'S CHAPEL IN SELMA, SUNDAY, MARCH 21, AT 1:00 P.M

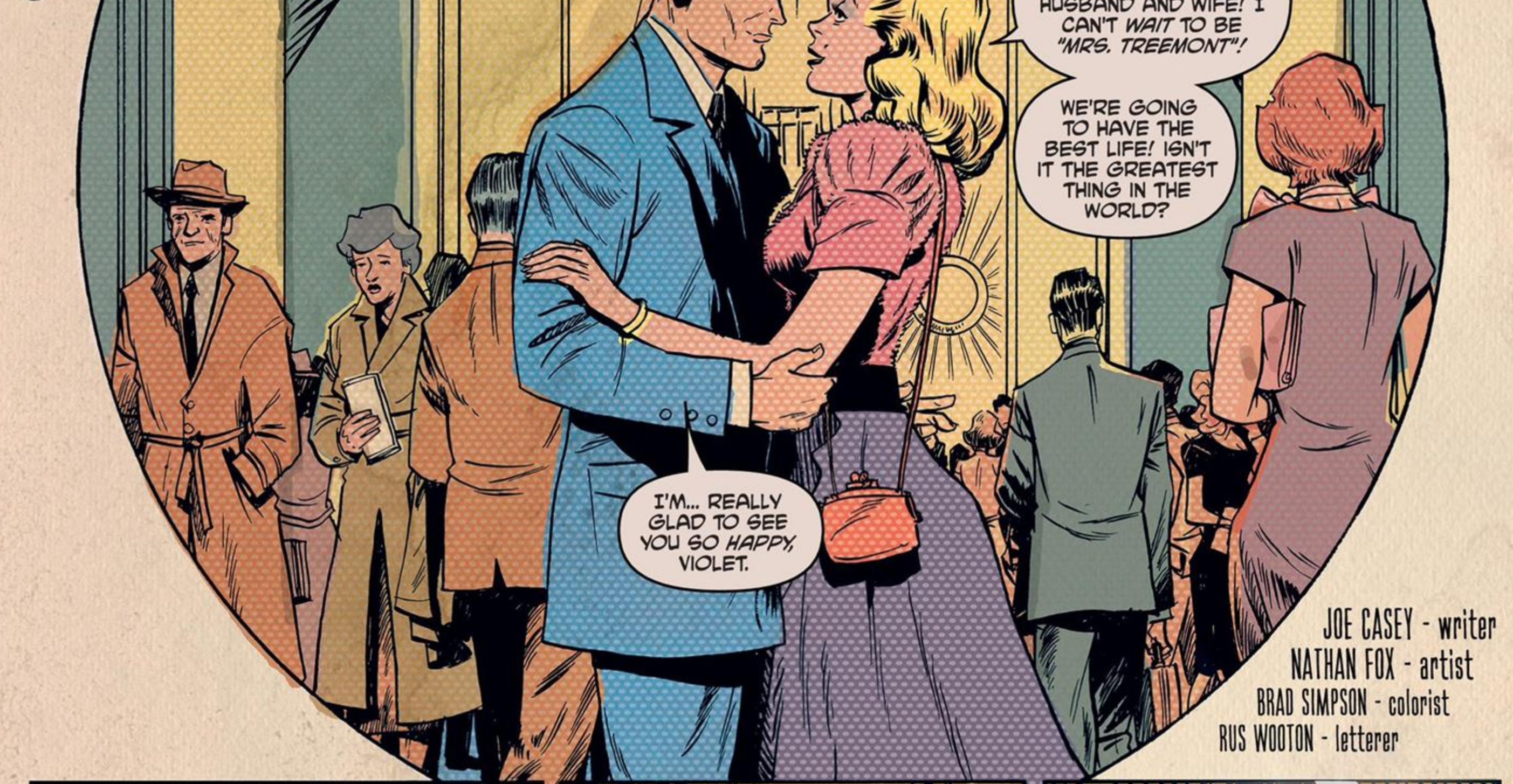
MARTIN LUTHER KING JR.

1965 MAR 18 AM 8 46
H M H
R 18

YOU MIGHT LOOK AT ME AND THINK I HAD THE PERFECT LIFE. A GOOD JOB IN A SOLID ACCOUNTING FIRM... MY OWN CORNER OFFICE IN THE WORLD FAMOUS EMPIRE STATE BUILDING... A PRETTY GIRL ON MY ARM. SEEMS LIKE I HAD IT ALL. I'D PROPOSED ON NEW YEAR'S EVE 1957 AND, OF COURSE, SHE SAID YES...

BUT EVER SINCE THEN, I'D BEEN FEELING INCREDIBLY UNEASY ABOUT THE DECISION I'D MADE. IS VIOLET NEWSTED THE RIGHT GAL FOR ME? SO MANY QUESTIONS... MY HEAD WAS SPINNING! BUT AS IT TURNED OUT, ALL I REALLY NEEDED WAS A HARSH LESSON IN...

Modern Romance



OH, STANLEY! I CAN'T BELIEVE WE'RE GOING TO BE HUSBAND AND WIFE! I CAN'T WAIT TO BE "MRS. TREEMONT"!

WE'RE GOING TO HAVE THE BEST LIFE! ISN'T IT THE GREATEST THING IN THE WORLD?

I'M... REALLY GLAD TO SEE YOU SO HAPPY, VIOLET.

JOE CASEY - writer
NATHAN FOX - artist
BRAD SIMPSON - colorist
RUS WOOTON - letterer



I HAD TO GET BACK TO WORK... AND I NEEDED SOME TIME TO THINK...

THANKS FOR THE DELICIOUS LUNCH, HONEY! I'LL SEE YOU TONIGHT!

O-O-KAY... SEE YA...



USUALLY, I'M AN EXTREMELY DECISIVE GUY. BUT IN THIS CASE, I JUST WASN'T SURE I WAS DOING THE RIGHT THING...

I'VE ONLY BEEN OUT OF THE SERVICE FOR TWO YEARS. IS IT TOO SOON TO BE TIED DOWN...?

HMM... THAT'S ODD. ELEVATOR'S NOT MOVING...!



WHEN THE DOORS FINALLY OPENED, I KNEW RIGHT AWAY THAT SOMETHING STRANGE WAS HAPPENING...

AM I... BACK IN THE LOBBY?

WHAT'S THAT SMELL...?!



WHAT IN THE WORLD HAPPENED IN HERE...?

LOOKS REALLY... DIFFERENT...



I QUICKLY STEPPED OUTSIDE, REALIZING IT WAS NO LONGER THE MANHATTAN I'D KNOWN MY ENTIRE LIFE...

THE NOISE... THE PEOPLE... THE STINK IN THE AIR...!



AM I DREAMING? IS THERE SOME EXPLANATION WHY I'VE ENDED UP --



WHOA--!

SKREEECH!

HEY -- WATCH IT, FUCKFACE!

WHAT'RE YOU -- GOING TO A HALLOWEEN PARTY?! GET YER ASS OUTTA THE STREET!



YO! WHAT'RE YA' DOIN'?! Y'CAN'T BE JAYWALKIN' THERE! I'LL THROW YER DUMB ASS IN THE DRUNK TANK FER A NIGHT--!

THE POLICE?! I GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE...!



I COULDN'T FIND ANY OF MY REGULAR WATERING HOLES -- THEY'D ALL BEEN TORN DOWN. FORTUNATELY, I FOUND A BAR ACROSS THE STREET. AND THEN THINGS GOT EVEN WEIRDER...



YOU SURE AS SHIT DON'T LOOK IRISH...



SHE JUST STARTED TALKING TO ME. NO FEAR OR NERVOUSNESS WHATSOEVER.

... BUT I'M DIGGING IT, REGARDLESS. YOU GOT A VIBE.

BUY ME A DRINK...?

S-SURE...

HER NAME WAS MADISON. SHE TOLD ME SHE WAS A PART-TIME BIKE MESSENGER. THERE WAS SOMETHING ABOUT HER... AND BEFORE I KNEW IT, SHE WAS TAKING ME AROUND AND SHOWING ME THIS NEW WORLD I'D FOUND MYSELF IN. IF THIS WAS THE FUTURE, I WASN'T SURE IF I BELONGED HERE. IT WAS PRACTICALLY UNRECOGNIZABLE FROM THE WORLD I'D COME FROM.

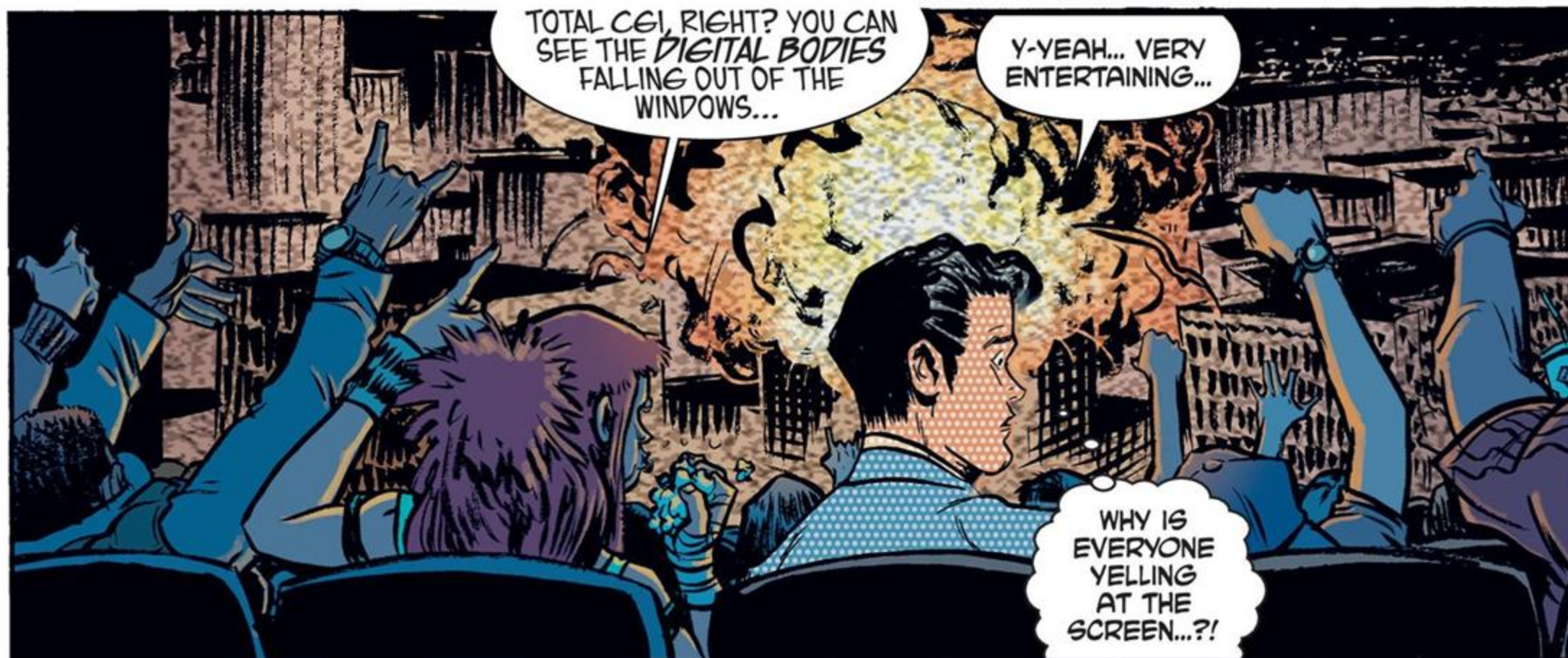
AND SHE WAS... REALLY INTENSE...



... SO, Y'KNOW, I HAD THE ABORTION. WHAT WAS I GONNA DO? NO BIG DEAL. IT'S NOT LIKE IT WAS KANYE AND KIM KARDASHIAN SHIT...

HOW'S YOUR PAD TALAY?

REALLY... CROWDED IN HERE...



TOTAL CGI, RIGHT? YOU CAN SEE THE DIGITAL BODIES FALLING OUT OF THE WINDOWS...

Y-YEAH... VERY ENTERTAINING...

WHY IS EVERYONE YELLING AT THE SCREEN...?!

A WHOLE LIFESTYLE I JUST DIDN'T UNDERSTAND... IS THIS HOW PEOPLE DATE IN THE FUTURE? IT'S LIKE THERE'S NO TIME TO BREATHE. NO TIME TO FIGURE OUT WHAT YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE DOING. YOU'RE JUST BEING CARRIED ALONG BY ALL THE CHAOS THAT SURROUNDS YOU...

NOT TO MENTION... I FOUND OUT THAT UNCLE MILTIE'S DEAD! AND LUCILLE BALL... AND SERGEANT BILKO... AND GLEASON...!

MADISON DEFINITELY FITS IN HERE. SHE'S RIGHT AT HOME. THAT MADE THINGS A LITTLE EASIER. BUT NOT MUCH. EVERY TIME I THOUGHT I HAD A HANDLE ON THE SITUATION... SHE'D PUSH THINGS EVEN FURTHER.

WITH EACH PASSING MOMENT, IT WAS BECOMING PAINFULLY CLEAR TO ME THAT WE HAD VERY DIFFERENT IDEAS ABOUT LOVE...



THIS GIRL IS REALLY AGGRESSIVE...!

VIOLET NEVER GRABBED ME LIKE THIS--!



IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG FOR ME TO REACH MY BREAKING POINT...

... SO I TOLD HIM TO FUCK OFF, Y'KNOW? HE'S LUCKY I DIDN'T CASTRATE HIM!

YOU OKAY? YOU DON'T LOOK SO GOOD...



PARDON ME...

... I THINK... I NEED TO USE THE RESTROOM...

... 'SCUSE ME...

I THOUGHT IT MIGHT'VE BEEN A DREAM,
BUT NOW IT FELT MORE LIKE A NIGHTMARE...
ONE THAT I WAS APPARENTLY TRAPPED IN...!



... YOU GOTTA
FIND A WAY TO
COPE.

I'M A
SUCKER
FOR THAT
"COUNTRY MOUSE"
DEMEANOR, BUT I
THINK IT'S TIME TO
TAKE THINGS
TO THE NEXT
LEVEL.

SO
WHADDYA
SAY, STAN?

LEMME
FIX YOU.



SO IF YOU
CAN HELP FIX
THINGS... WELL,
I'D REALLY
APPRECIATE
THAT...



YOU GOT
IT, BABE. JUST
LEMME GET
IT READY...

UMMM...

... WHAT IS
THAT...?



JUST A
LITTLE
REMEDY...





SUDDENLY, I FELT
LIKE I WAS FLOATING
OUTSIDE OF MY BODY...

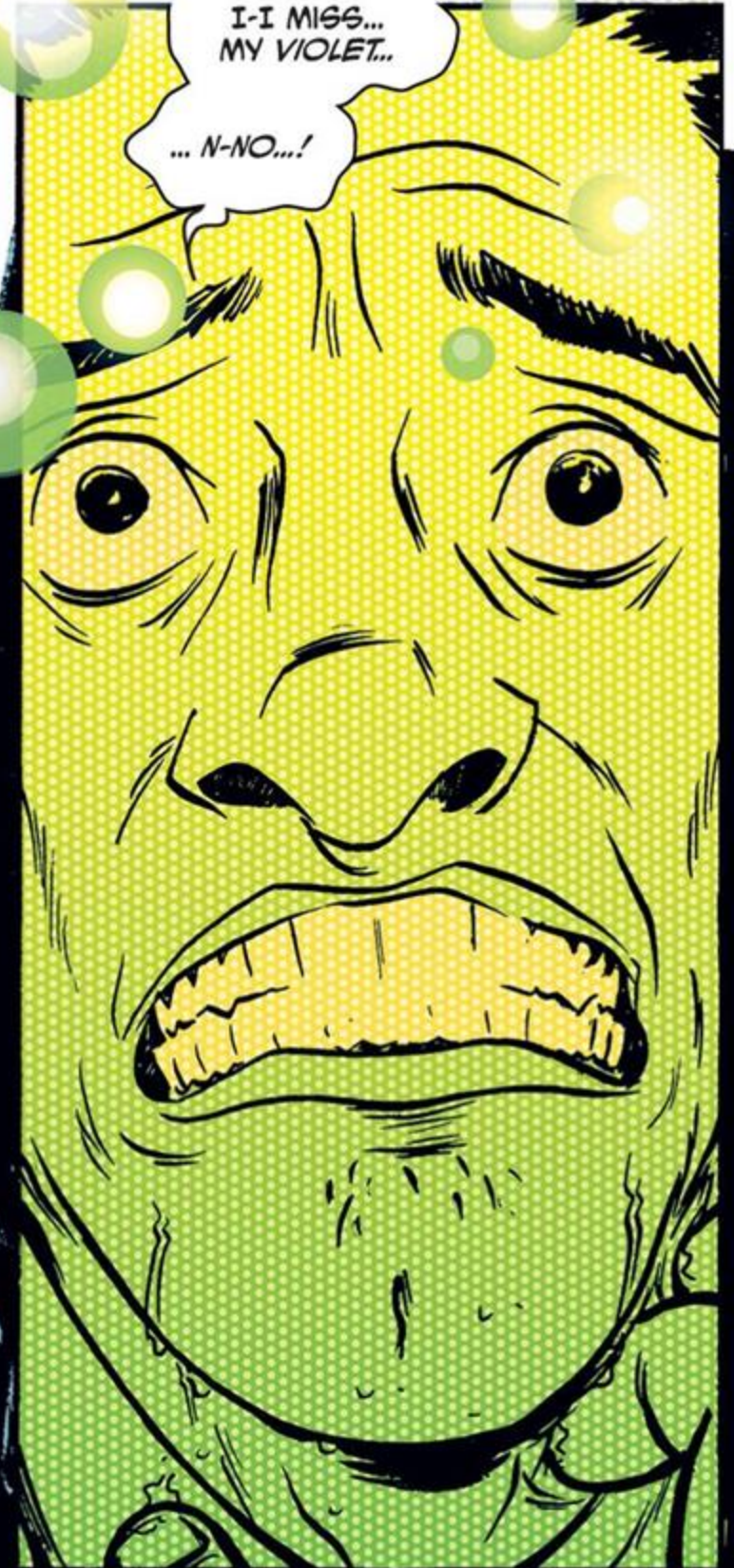


... LOOKING DOWN
AT MYSELF -- LIKE
A GHOST -- AND
SEEING AN ABSOLUTE
HORROR SHOW!

W-WAIT...

... IS THIS
WHAT...

... DYING
FEELS
LIKE...?



I-I MISS...
MY VIOLET...

... N-NO...!



IT TOOK ALL OF MY
STRENGTH -- AND
SANITY -- TO GET
MYSELF OUT OF
THERE!

STAN!

GET YER
ASS BACK
HERE AND
GET ME
OFF --

-- YOU
PUSSY!



OUTSIDE, IT DIDN'T
GET MUCH BETTER.
I WAS STILL STUCK
IN THIS CRAZY
PLACE...

GUH--!

≡ GASP! ≡

UUUHHH!

HEY!
WATCH IT,
MUTHAFUKKA!



... WITH ALMOST NOTHING
FAMILIAR TO HOLD ON TO!



SO I MADE MY WAY BACK TO THE SCENE OF THE CRIME...



... THE PLACE WHERE MY ENTIRE LIFE WAS TAKEN AWAY FROM ME!

THERE'S NOTHING LEFT FOR ME TO DO --

STANLEY!
IS THAT YOU?!

BEING IN HER ARMS AGAIN... IT FELT LIKE HOME!

I WANTED TO SURPRISE YOU AND FOLLOW YOU UP TO YOUR OFFICE -- BUT THE ELEVATOR...

I HAD NO IDEA YOU MIGHT BE HERE TOO!



WHA -- VIOLET!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?!

OH, STANLEY!
I-I THOUGHT WE'D LOST EACH OTHER FOREVER!

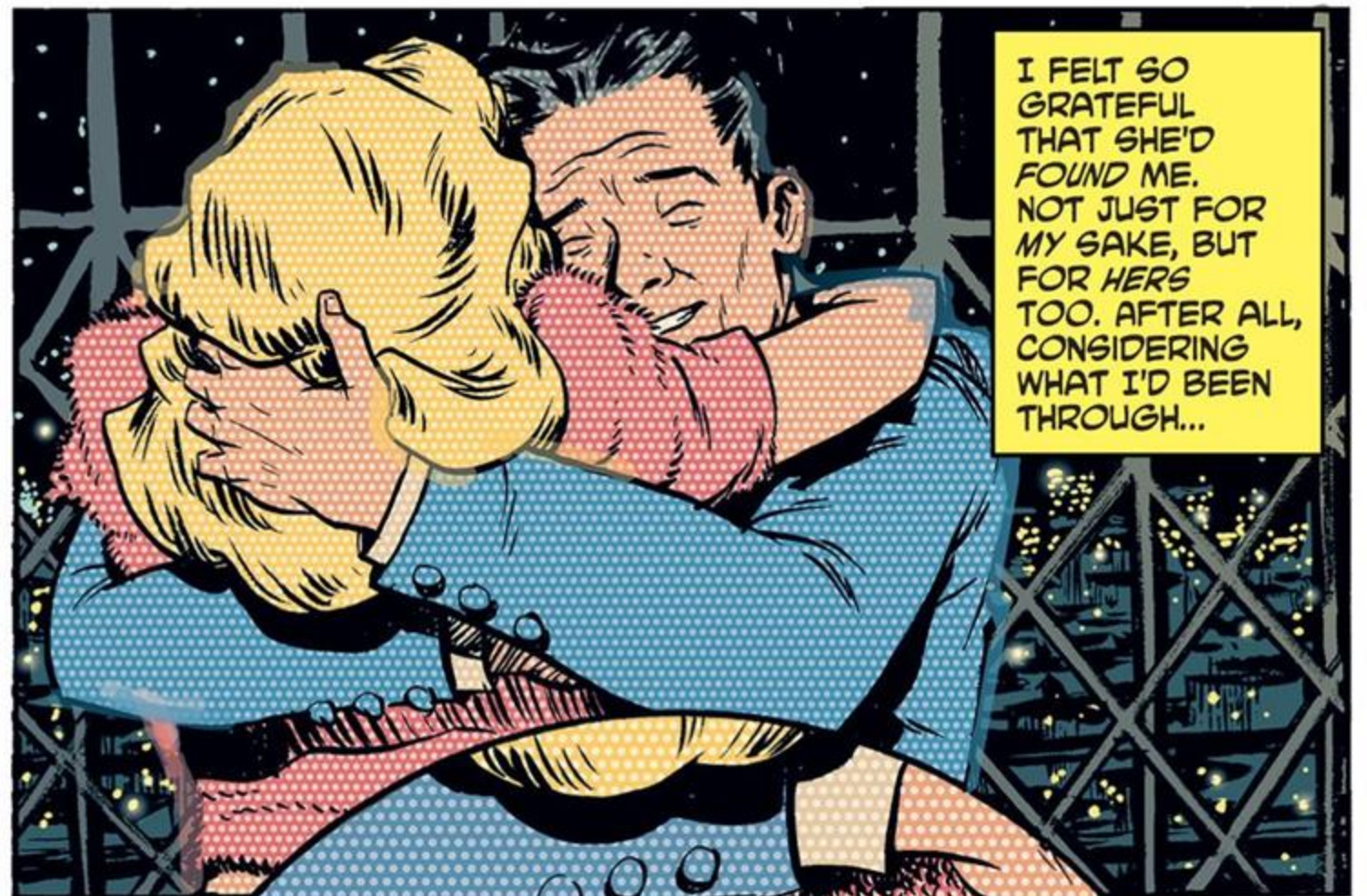


I DON'T CARE WHAT HAPPENS NOW! AS LONG AS WE'RE TOGETHER!

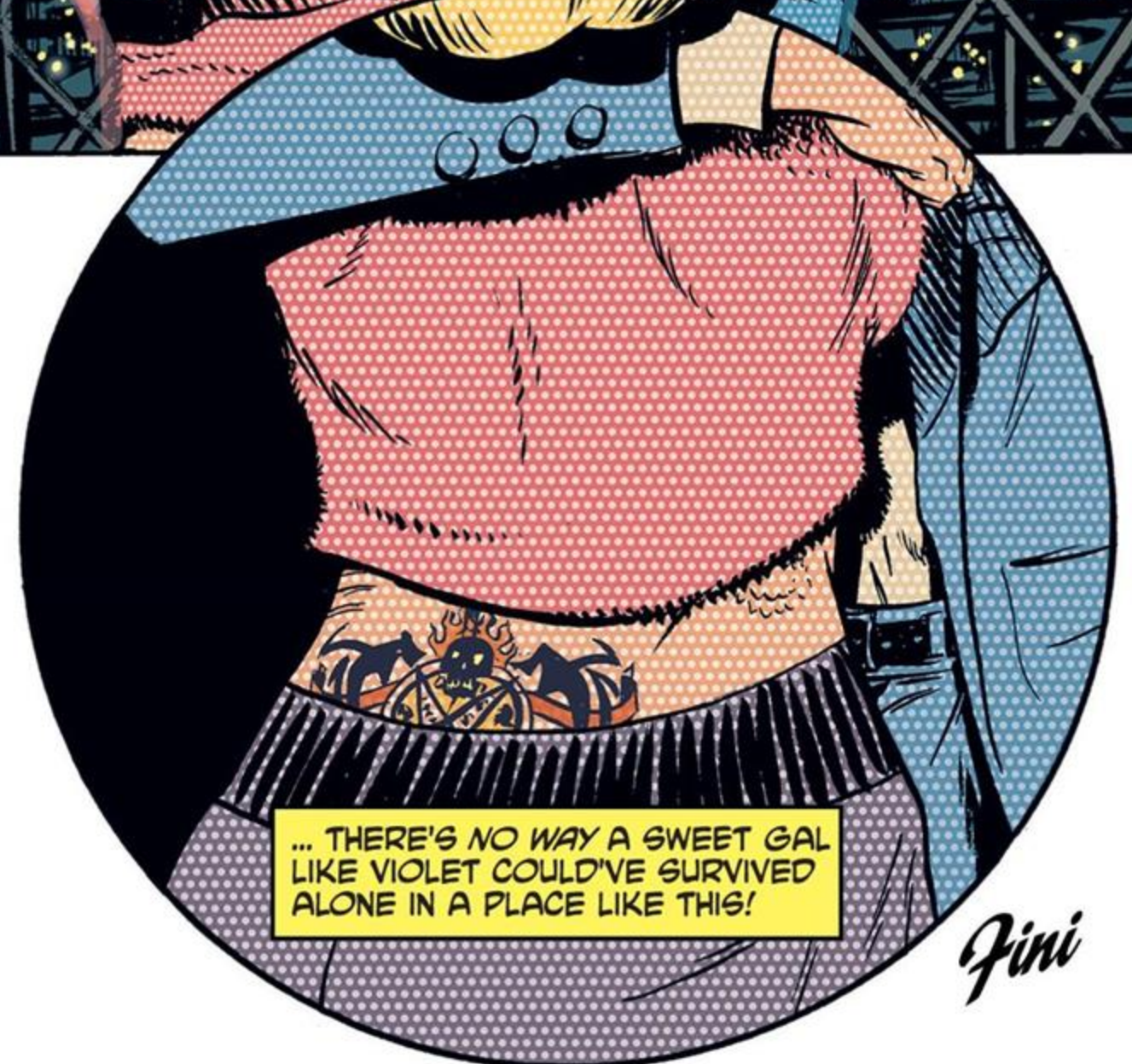
DON'T EVER LET ME GO!

I WON'T, VIOLET... I PROMISE...!

WHAT WAS I THINKING?! SHE REALLY IS PERFECT FOR ME!



I FELT SO GRATEFUL THAT SHE'D FOUND ME. NOT JUST FOR MY SAKE, BUT FOR HERS TOO. AFTER ALL, CONSIDERING WHAT I'D BEEN THROUGH...



... THERE'S NO WAY A SWEET GAL LIKE VIOLET COULD'VE SURVIVED ALONE IN A PLACE LIKE THIS!

Fini

HOLLYWOOD

Swin

The Hollywood sign still makes me gasp," says model and actress Amanda Booth. "I'll be rushing around to auditions, then I'll look up, see it and think, My God, I'm actually here doing what I always dreamed of doing, in this magical land." This former East Coast "Army brat" moved 30 times with her family before she was 18. In 2008 she drove across the country to pursue her ambitions and has since appeared in some 40 commercials (including a Lancôme spot opposite Julia Roberts), plus TV

appearances (including a guest role on *Community*). Outside of work, Amanda describes herself as having two different sides. "I'm sweet and shy, but if you get me in a situation with some candles and body oil, I'm a freak in bed"—but always a romantic freak, she adds. And her new Playmate status? "Being Miss February, the valentine Playmate, is perfect for me, because I'm truly in love with love. I'm the biggest ball of love ever," she says. "If my pictorial provides some saucy inspiration to the lovers out there, then it will be a big mission accomplished."



/MissAmandaBooth



@MissAmandaBooth



@Amanda_Booth

000

*Miss February is ready
to step into the spotlight*

gin'



*Photography
by Tony Kelly*







MISS FEBRUARY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

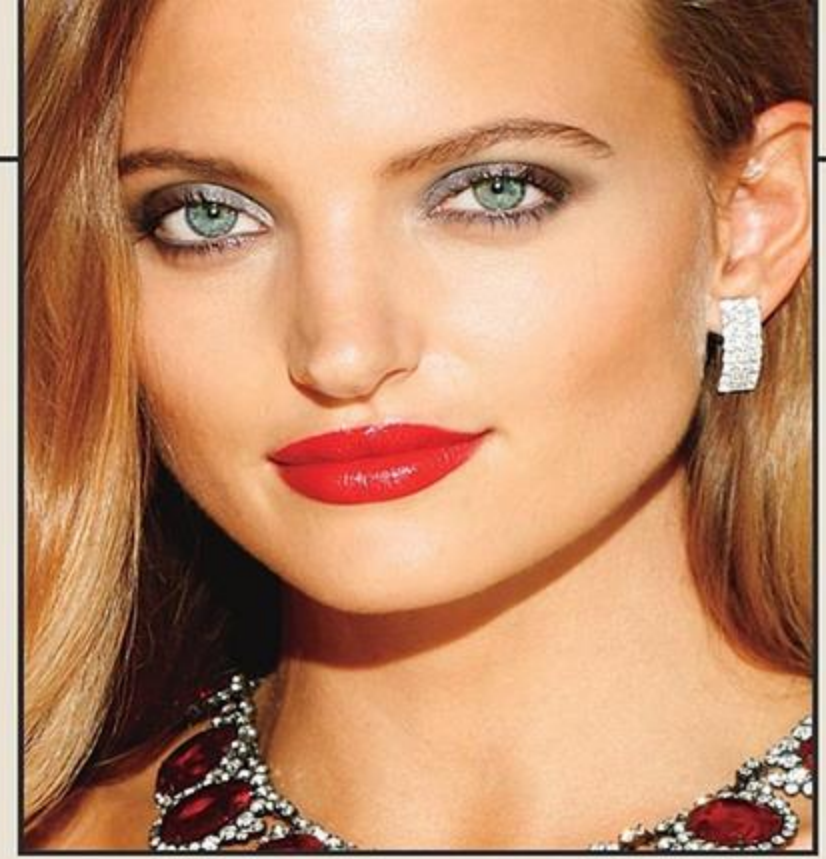






Amanda Booth

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Amanda Booth
 BUST: 32C WAIST: 24" HIPS: 35"
 HEIGHT: 5'9" WEIGHT: 118

BIRTH DATE: 7/14/1986 BIRTHPLACE: Watertown, NY

AMBITIONS: To live in Los Angeles with a few movies under my belt, and perhaps have a pug farm!

TURN-ONS: Clean hands and a sweaty body.
Oh, a good work ethic and tattoos help too. :)

TURNOFFS: Any gratuitous display of wealth-
a secure man doesn't need to talk about his things.

MY DREAM VALENTINE'S DAY DATE: To drive up the Cali coast to
a beautiful campsite on the beach with
surfboards, s'mores and a fluffy blanket.

HOLLYWOOD ENVY: I'd steal Natalie Portman's respect,
Jennifer Aniston's love and Cameron Diaz's laughs.

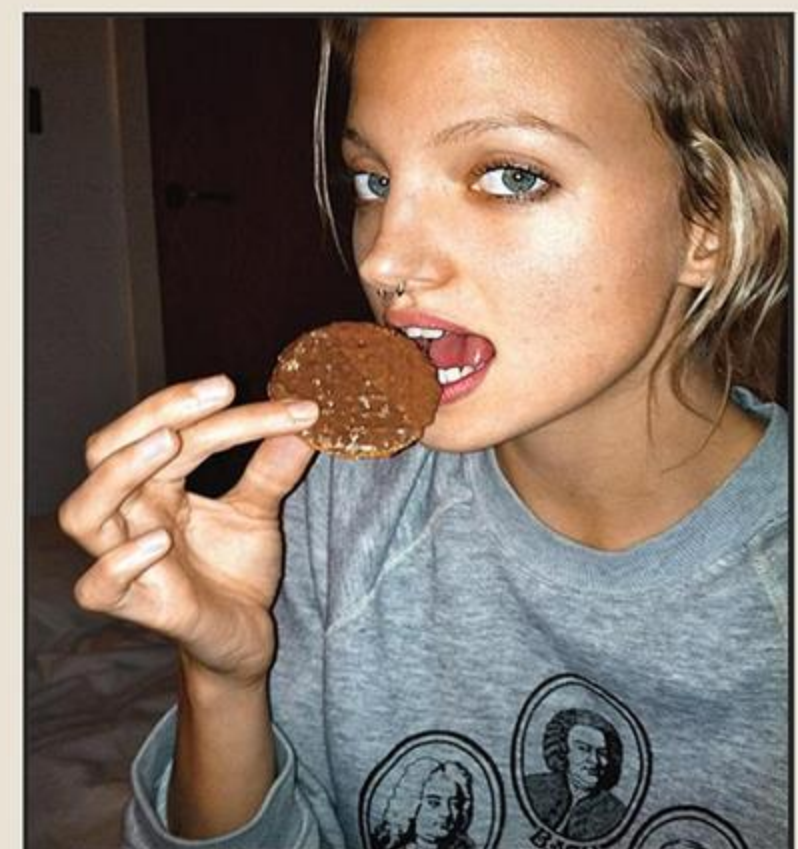
WORDS TO LIVE BY: As my grandfather would say, "I'd
rather have tea and biscuits and be HAPPY,
than steak and potatoes and be miserable."



me and my
hot date, Jack!



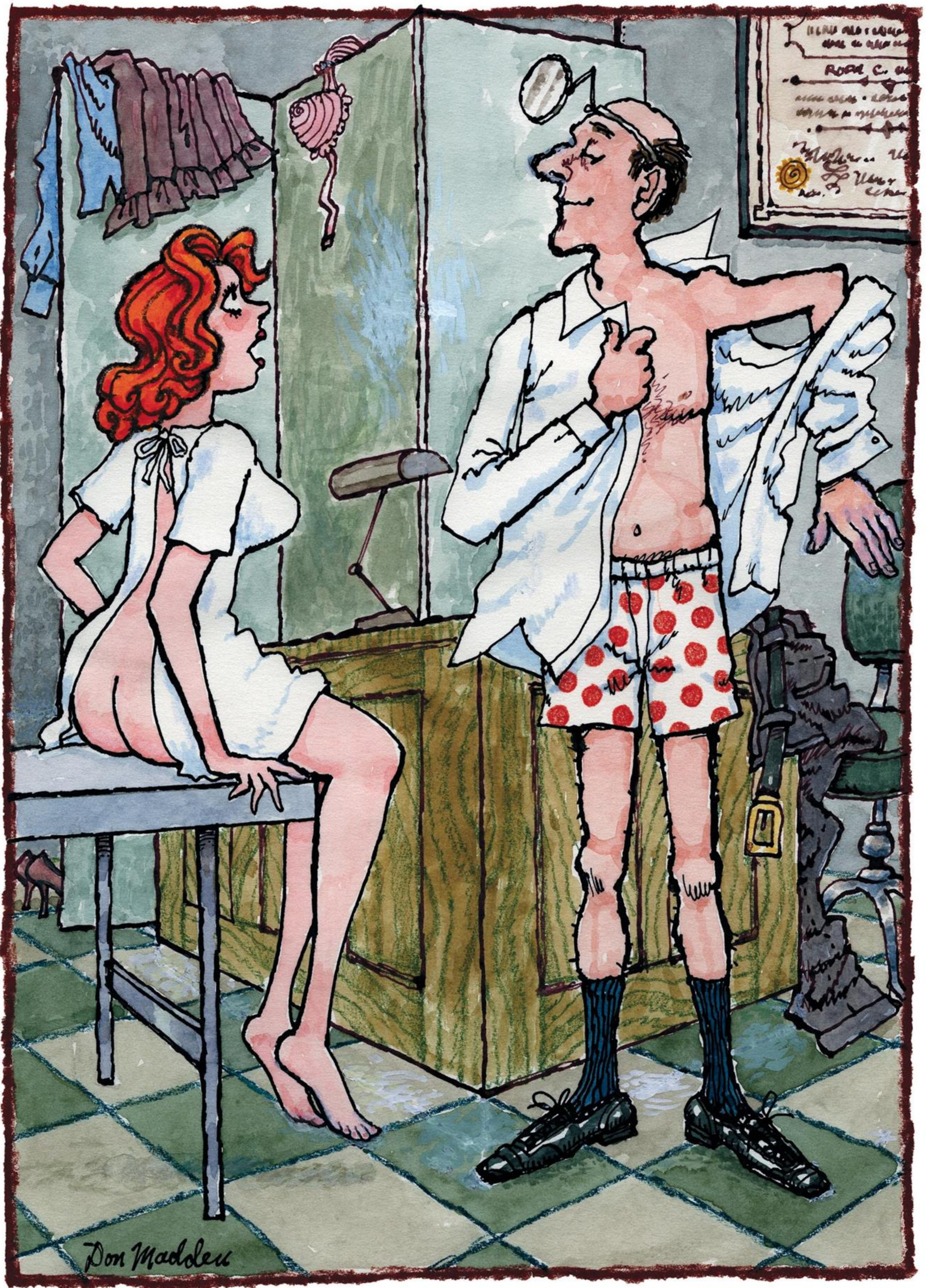
Quick shred
in Venice, CA.



Sweet tooth
in action!







"Gosh, Doctor—I didn't even know there was a test for erogenous zones."

Playboy's

BEST PRACTICES

After you've abandoned your New Year's resolutions, we'd like you to direct your attention to this compendium of advice we've found unwaveringly useful and true month to month, year to year. It covers everything from the culinary to the sartorial to the behavioral and beyond. Consider this guide a starter kit for how to be a modern gentleman.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT HARKNESS
Photography by Joseph Shin

60

*Things,
Ideas &
Actions*



THAT EVERY MAN SHOULD

OWN, KNOW

& DO

Or at least aspire to

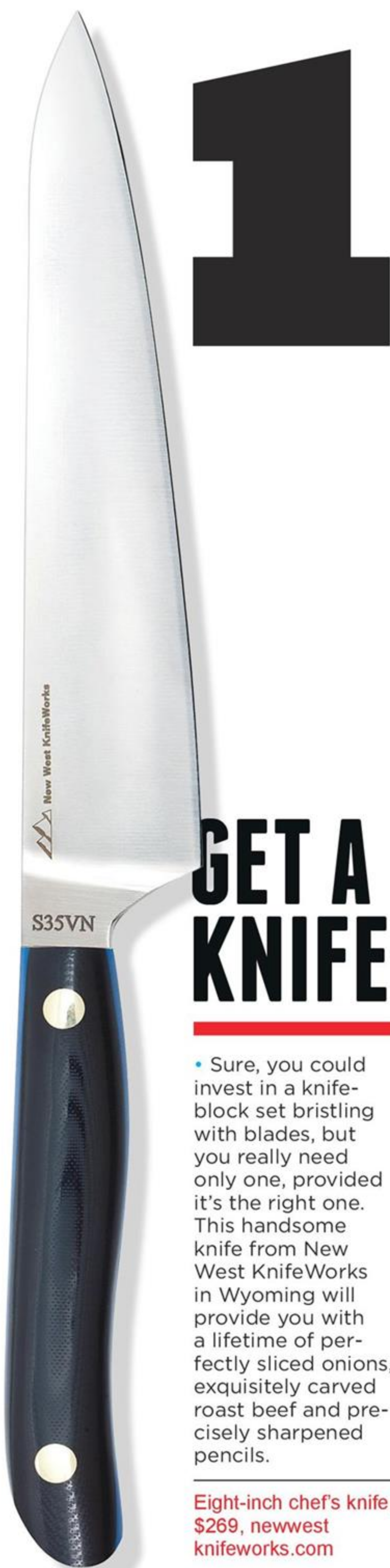
FROM

The
ESSENTIAL

to the

Chivalrous

TO THE COMPLETELY FRIVOLOUS



1

GET A KNIFE

• Sure, you could invest in a knife-block set bristling with blades, but you really need only one, provided it's the right one. This handsome knife from New West KnifeWorks in Wyoming will provide you with a lifetime of perfectly sliced onions, exquisitely carved roast beef and precisely sharpened pencils.

Eight-inch chef's knife, \$269, newwestknifeworks.com

2-4 TECH ETIQUETTE

2 PRACTICE SAFE TEXT

• Even though a text seems disposable and impermanent, it's not. As with e-mail, the rule is: If you're not willing to share it with the world, don't write it.

3 POCKET IT

• Keep your phone in your pocket in restaurants and bars, places specifically designed for people to enjoy one another's company. Bonus: If you're not reading Facebook updates, you're more likely to meet the girl at the end of the bar.

4 CONTENT CONSENT

• Just because you're cool with sharing a drunken group selfie doesn't mean your friends are. Ask for their permission before you post or tweet.



5 The King of Cocktails

If you're going to learn how to make only one drink, this is the one

• The sour is the basis of some of the world's best drinks. The formula is two parts strong, one part sour, three quarters of a part sweet. Commit this to heart and you'll be able to make classic margaritas and daiquiris and improvise countless others. Shake the ingredients below over ice and strain into a coupe glass.

ONE RECIPE. INFINITE DRINKS

DRINK	2 STRONG	1 SOUR	3/4 SWEET	FLOURISH
6. Aviation	gin	lemon juice	maraschino syrup	violet liqueur
7. Mezcalrita	mezcal	lime juice	simple syrup	salt
8. Mojito	white rum	lime juice	simple syrup	muddled mint
9. Sidecar	cognac	lemon juice	Cointreau	orange slice
10. Pisco Sour	pisco	lime juice	simple syrup	egg white
11. Bee's Knees	gin	lemon juice	honey	lavender

12 Timeless Is More

• Watch styles come and go (remember when bigger was better and digital was novel?), but nothing is as cool as a Rolex. And the only thing cooler than a Rolex is a vintage Rolex. The best place to buy (or sell) vintage Rolexes is Bobswatches.com, a serious site with a funny name. You can get a Submariner for two grand less than the price of a new one, or break the bank on a Cosmograph Daytona, a.k.a. "the Paul Newman."



Rolex Cosmograph Daytona, \$80,000

13



The Ultimate Party Trick

• We've all met the guy who can uncork a bottle of wine with his shoe or open a beer with a Bic lighter, but how many men can claim to practice the showy and surprisingly easy art of sabering open a bottle of champagne? Well, every man who reads this. We recommend viewing a YouTube tutorial, but here are the basics.



NO CHAMPAGNE, NO GAIN

14. Ready

• Get that bottle of champagne super cold. Warm champagne will gush out, wasting precious bubbles. Remove the foil capsule and cage from the bottle, taking care not to accidentally pull out the cork.

15. Aim

• Hold the bottom of the champagne bottle with your weak hand

and point it away from yourself, other people, windows and food. Locate the seam that runs vertically along the neck. See how it meets the lip of the bottle? That's the weak spot, where you'll concentrate your force.

16. Fire

• With your strong hand take a chef's knife (at least eight inches long). Lay the blade flat on the

neck of the bottle, with the dull side pointing away from you (the sharp edge will break). In one brisk movement slide it forward along the neck as if you were punching straight out. Be sure to follow through.

17. Enjoy

• Watch the cork and lip of the bottle snap off. Hold the open bottle aloft and bask in the applause.

18 GO MOTO

• A motorcycle jacket doesn't need to be leather to be cool. And we mean cool both figuratively and literally. Waxed cotton is favored for its waterproof yet breathable qualities, and it's what makes this jacket by Belstaff so tough. It says "motorcycle" but doesn't overstate it, so you can look badass even without a bike.

Belstaff Roadmaster jacket, \$850, mrporter.com



19

TURN THE TABLES

• Set up this handsome Pro-Ject Debut turntable (\$399) at your next party so your guests can play DJ and marvel at old-school high fidelity.



Party-Ready Vintage Vinyl

20 Sergio Mendes and Brasil '66
Foursider

21 Beastie Boys
Paul's Boutique

22 The Velvet Underground & Nico

23 A Tribe Called Quest
The Low End Theory

24 The Rolling Stones
Some Girls

25 Miles Davis
Nefertiti

26 Fleetwood Mac
Rumours

27 Frank Sinatra
At the Sands With Count Basie

28 Daft Punk
Homework

29 Parliament
Motherhip Connection

30



BE AN OXFORD MAN

• Black cap-toe lace-up oxfords are the most versatile dress shoes on the planet: You can wear them with black, blue or gray suits, with tuxedos and with black or blue denim. The trick is getting a classic pair with sleek lines and a slightly rounded toe. Why slightly rounded? Because classic lines always work. Square-toed shoes went out of style five years ago, and pointy-toed shoes did last year. Church's, Gucci, Ferragamo and Grenson make exceptional styles year in and year out.

Church's Hong Kong oxfords, \$535, mrporter.com

31-33

CHIVALRY

A Refresher Course

31

HOLD THE DOOR

• Not just for women but for men too. It's gallant, it's a dying art, and certain women find it attractive.

32

GIVE UP YOUR SEAT

• It's shocking how few men yield their seat to pregnant women, the elderly or the disabled. Lead by example.

33

HELP OLD LADIES ACROSS THE STREET

• Enough said. And depositing into the karma bank feels amazing.

— Buy a — Perfect Blue Suit (and then break it down)

• A blue suit is the cornerstone of a man's wardrobe. And though that's been said countless times, it has never before been as easy to get one that fits and flatters and can be broken apart, dressed up and dressed down. More designers are selling suit jackets and pants as separates. The suit to beat is the J. Crew Ludlow, made with good fabric and smart details. Other brands, from H&M to Burberry, offer excellent versions at every price point. Here's what to look for.

34

SUIT YOURSELF

35.

The Color

• Dark blue is the most versatile color: It can look dashing at night and serious during the day, and will work as a classic blue blazer should you wear it alone.

37.

The Lapels

• Two-inch-wide lapels are slimming and flattering. They're not too skinny mod and not too 1980s wide. A classic notched lapel is the most enduring style.

39.

The Buttons

• Buy a suit with two buttons on the jacket. Two buttons create a strong triangular shape on the torso. They also make the jacket more blazer-like as a separate.

36.

The Arms

• Look for a jacket with high arm holes. This means it won't look baggy and again will work well as a blazer. Shorten the sleeves to show some shirt cuff.

38.

The Length

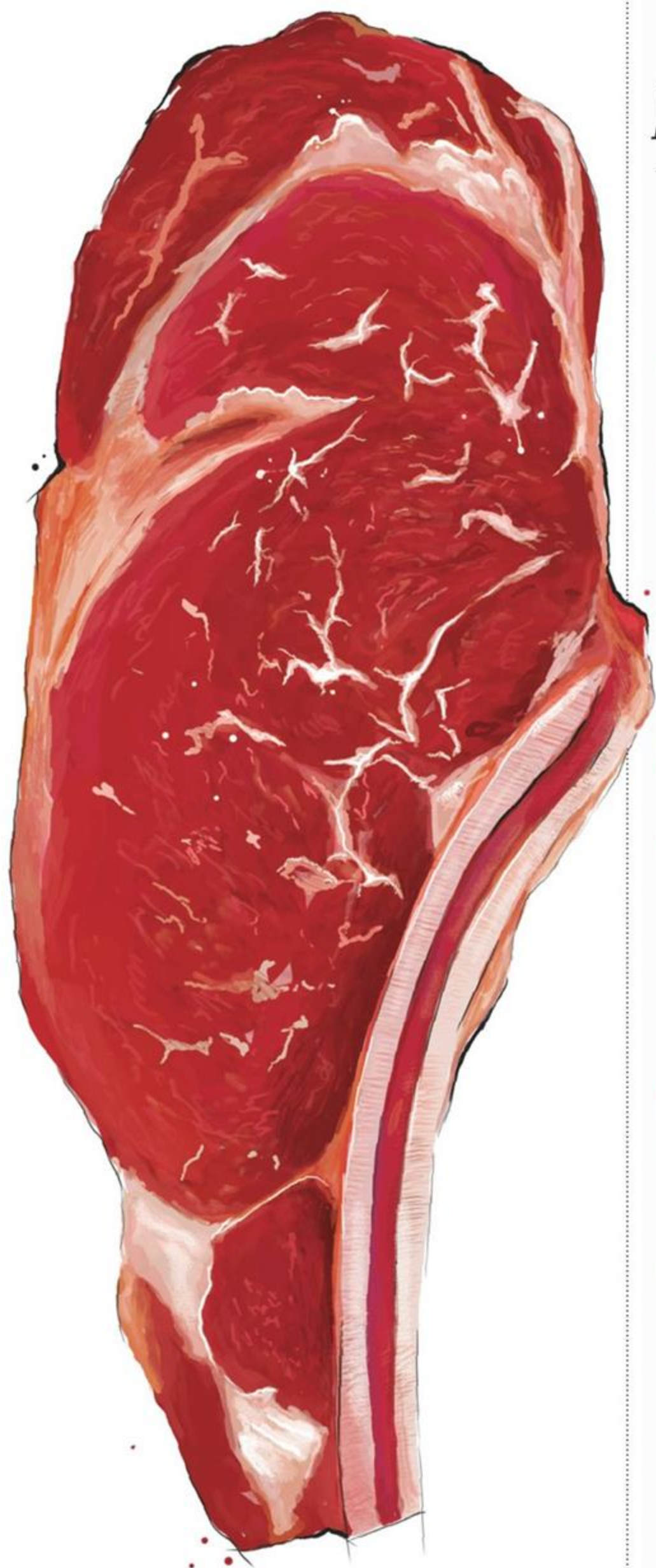
• Get a jacket that barely covers your ass. You don't want it to look like a skirt. If your torso is short, there's no shame in getting a short jacket.

40.

The Pants

• Flat fronts are crisp looking and can be worn all by themselves. Be sure to clean the pants and jacket at the same time to keep the color consistent.





— 41 —

STEAK YOUR CLAIM

• Every guy can cook a steak, but not everyone knows the subtle ins and outs of achieving carnivorous perfection, with the steak's exterior perfectly crusty and caramelized, the interior meltingly tender and juicy and the beefy flavor coming through loud and clear. If you're going to claim to be a real man, you'd better have the chops to back it up. Here are the crucial steps to mastering your meat.

HERE'S THE **BEEF**

42.

Source It

• The bone-in rib eye is the most flavorful and well-marbled steak you can buy; an inch and a half is the best thickness. Go with grain-finished beef for maximum juiciness.

43.

Salt It

• Salt suppresses bitterness and brings out the true flavors of the beef. Use kosher salt and sprinkle it on all sides so it looks like a dusting of snow.

44.

Let It Rest

• Let the steak sit at room temperature for an hour or two. This gives the salt time to penetrate the meat; it also takes the chill out of the center of the beef, ensuring even cooking.

45.

Sear It

• Blot the steak dry with paper towels. Hit it with freshly cracked black pepper. In a smoking-hot pan coated with a tablespoon of vegetable oil, sear the steak for about two minutes on each side. You want it crusty and brown. Check the internal temperature with an instant-read thermometer; 125 degrees Fahrenheit is perfect for medium rare.

46.

Let It Rest Again

• Wait 10 minutes before slicing the steak. You want the precious juices to settle and end up in your mouth, not on the cutting board.

KEEP IT CASUAL (and Keep It Classic)

• Dressing down doesn't mean you need to dress like a schlub or chase the latest fleeting trend only to find your ironic graphic T-shirt screams 2005. Invest in a few proven pieces that always look and feel right.

47

Basic Blue Jeans

• History has shown time and again that you can't go wrong with a dark pair of denim that's not too skinny and not too wide.

Best Brand:
Levi's Made & Crafted

48

Cheap White T-Shirt

• A white cotton V-neck flatters the face and matches everything. But it gets dirty fast, so don't waste your money on a fancy one.

Best Brand:
Hanes

49

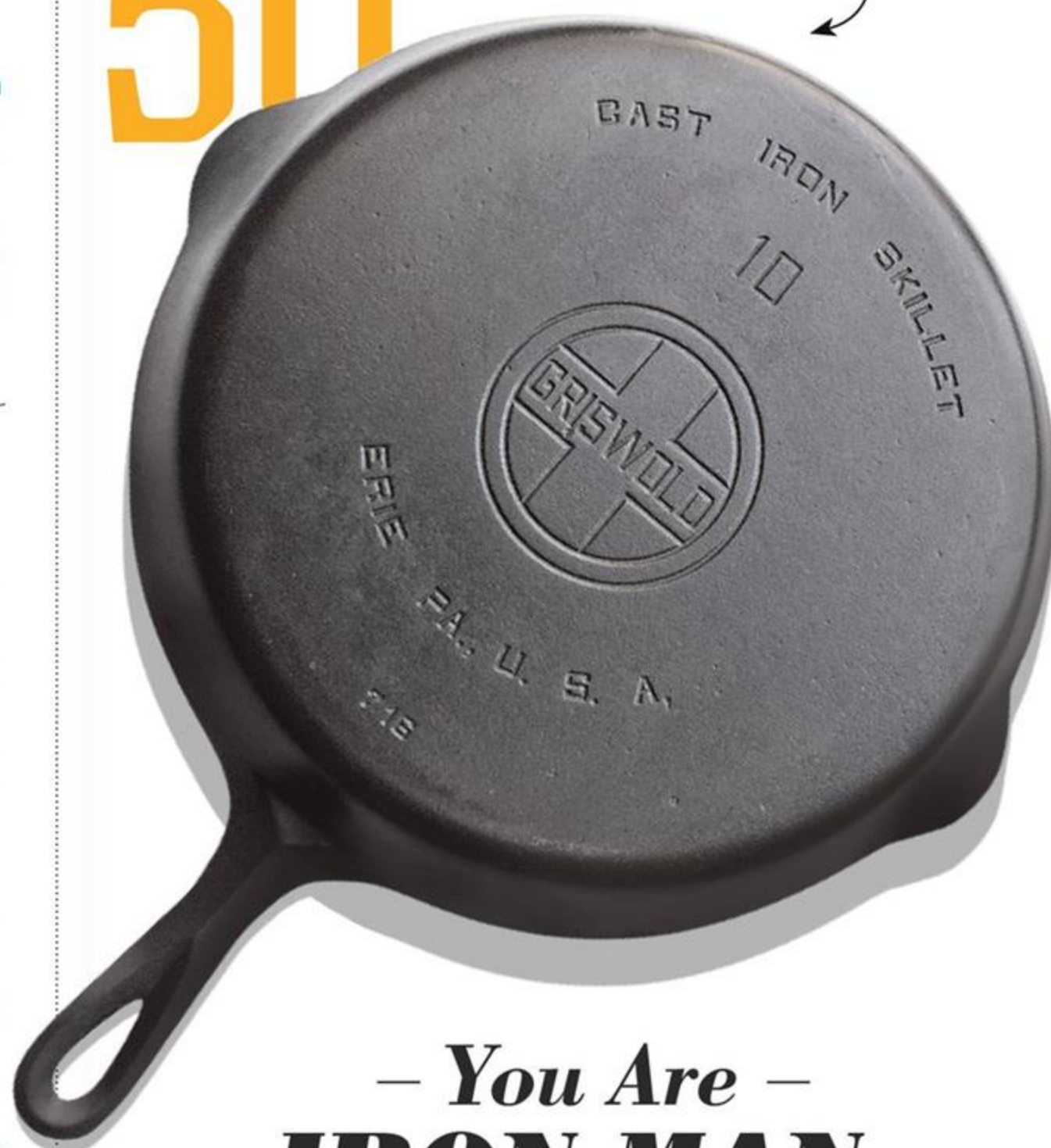
Black Cashmere Sweater

• Whether it's a pullover or a cardigan, a soft cashmere sweater is one of those expensive pieces that's worth every penny.

Best Brand:
John Varvatos

50

Vintage Griswold pan, \$350, thepan-handler.com



— You Are — **IRON MAN**

• Grills are good, but any chef will tell you a cast-iron pan is the superior tool for cooking a steak (and just about everything else). It distributes heat evenly and keeps the steak from getting scorched, and though grill marks look cool, the pan's flat surface makes maximum contact with the meat, ensuring a perfect crust. New

cast-iron pans work, but the best ones were made before World War II, when iron ore and manufacturing methods produced lighter, nearly nonstick kitchenware. Vintage Wagners and Griswolds can go for hundreds of dollars online. Keep your eyes on garage sales and Craigslist, where you can snag them for \$20 if you're lucky.



Benedict weekend bag,
\$695, mooreandgiles.com

51

Travel in Style

• Just because other men have given up in the face of modern air travel and treat the airport and airplanes as a public version of their living rooms on a sloppy Saturday afternoon, it doesn't mean you have to lose your pride when you fly. Here are three ways to travel with self-respect.

52. ALWAYS CARRY ON: Never check a bag. Even though the journey is the destination, there's no reason you need to suffer the insult of lost luggage or wait 30 minutes for your checked bag to come off the carousel. You'd rather be, say, drinking a cocktail in a Ginza speakeasy instead of waiting for your stuff. **53. DRESS WITH**

RESPECT: A dark cotton blazer, new jeans and a dark pair of Vans are comfortable, look good and will get you through security and into the bar at your hotel. **54. BOOK SOLID:** Always mix business with pleasure as conveniently as possible. Skip the business district and pick a hotel in a nightlife-heavy neighborhood.

55

LIGHT UP

• Lighting is one of those things most men are abysmal at getting right (if you've ever draped a T-shirt over your bedside lamp, you know what we're talking about). Candle shopping isn't exactly something dads do with their sons.

Yet lighting is everything when it comes to setting a romantic mood or throwing a party nobody wants to leave.

The essential principles for a party: Don't use any overhead lighting (unless it's a disco ball); do buy a ton of unscented candles and set them up throughout your house. The same rules apply to seduction—but skip the disco ball and go easy on the candles.

56

RELEARN HOW TO DRIVE

• The rules of the road aren't limited to what you learned in drivers ed and the occasional DMV online tutorial. There are finer points of car buying and driving that are in danger of being lost in this era of distracted driving. These are skills that can be traced back to Steve McQueen, Mario Andretti and, yes, James Bond—men who knew both the rules of the road and how to rule the road.

WHEEL LIFE

57. Go to the Rear

• There's a reason the best sports cars and hot rods have rear-wheel drive: They offer better grip and handling in aggressive driving situations. If you're going to express your midlife crisis automotively, do it with something like a Dodge Charger or Porsche 911.

58. Manual Up

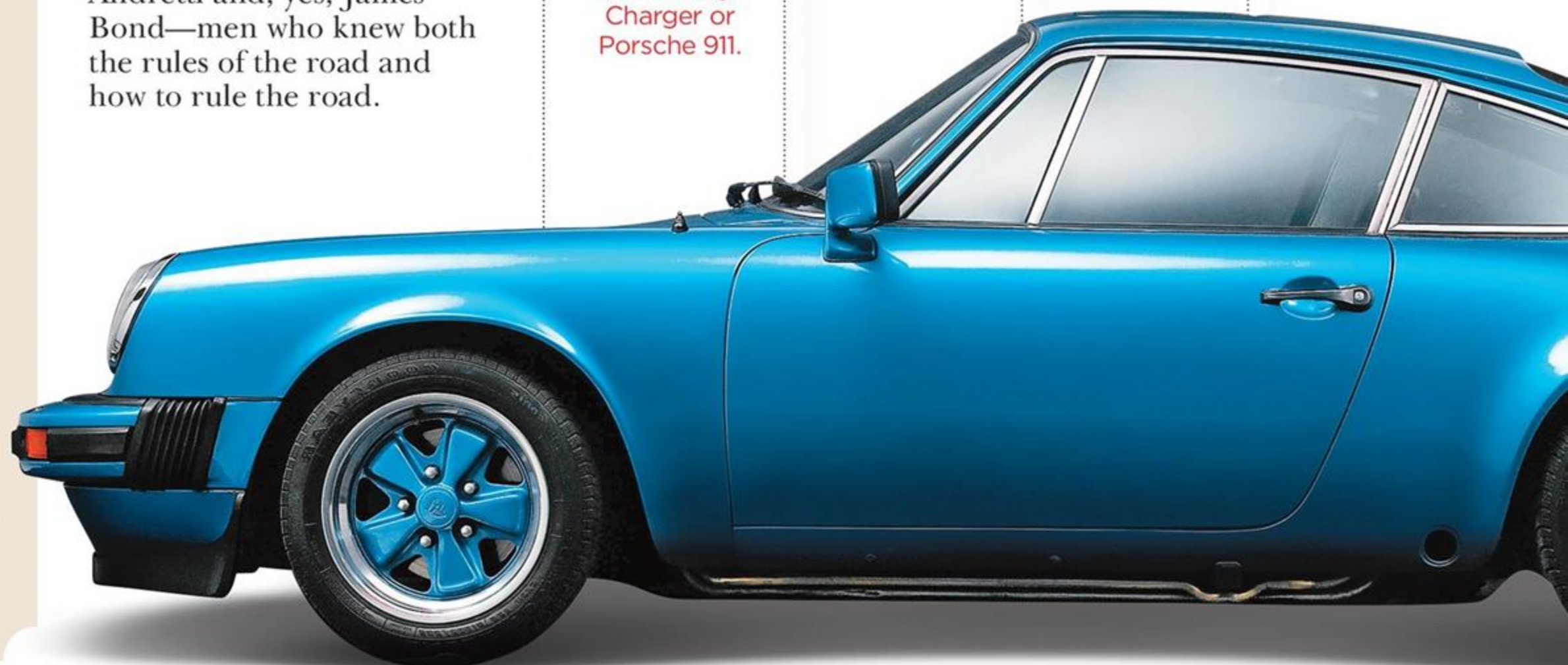
• Learning to drive a stick shift not only intimately connects you to your car and the road, it also allows you to rent the zippiest cars in foreign countries where automatic transmission hasn't yet taken over.

59. Stay in Your Lane

• In Germany, Italy and other serious car cultures, lane discipline makes for blissfully efficient highway cruising. Emulate a European and go fast in the left lane, slow in the right. No exceptions.

60. Look Sharp

• The best way to avoid a crash is to keep your eyes on where you want to go. Look at the wall you're trying to avoid and you'll hit it, but look at the gap in traffic you want to get to and you'll be out of trouble.







By Sund lightning

It was true love for
Shannon and Danny.
But business is business

The lights crackle and flicker before they come on.

She helps him to the bed and gently lays him down.

"Baby," he says, "I'm hurting."

"I know, baby," she says.

Shannon breaks the ampoule of morphine, pulls the drug into the syringe and finds a vein in Danny's arm. A former nurse, she's good with a needle and injects him smoothly.

The morphine will ease the pain. It won't stop the bleeding.

Danny won't bleed out.

He'll bleed *in*.

"Baby," Danny groans.

His pain is hers. It stabs at her. Hurts her heart.

"It's okay, baby," she says. "It will take a minute for the morphine to kick in."

She strokes his hair. His face is pale and sweaty.

Danny hollers and grabs his stomach. Shannon pulls his hands away. "Don't do that, baby."

Don't touch the wound and don't yell.

Motel walls are thin and there was a TV in the office. The six o'clock news will be on soon and if there's a story about a bank robbery the woman behind the desk might get ideas and make a call.

Shannon pulled off the road first chance she got, Danny crumpled up in the passenger seat groaning and holding his stomach. One of those motels with the separate cabins, like in the 1950s, she guesses. Maybe it was the 1930s. She

pulled the car into the driveway behind a big tree.

He could have died while she checked in.

Got a room, got a key—an old-fashioned real key, not one of those plastic cards—checked to see no one was looking and then got him out of the car. Propped him up against the wall as she got the key in the lock and the door open, then laid him down as gently as she could on the bed.

Mustard yellow spread.

Cheap.

Ugly.

Bloodstains on it, now they'll have to throw it away.

"Gotta get a clean car," he says through clenched teeth.

Then the morphine hits him like a sucker punch in a biker bar. His fists unclench, his head falls back, his eyes focus on a place that only he can see, a place that's near and somehow far away.

She looks at his stomach.

No exit wound—bullet still in there, already starting to infect. Low-caliber, low-velocity piece of shit. Goes in, doesn't go through. If he doesn't have a fever now he will soon. She takes tweezers from her bag, splashes alcohol, then picks shreds of his shirt out of the wound.

She remembers the shirt. That time in Arizona, up in the mountains, that town with the weird name what was it—Sho-Lo. They drove around it seemed like forever to find a place for dinner and when they did there (continued on page 242)

FICTION BY DON WINSLOW

ILLUSTRATION BY GONI MONTES



"Are you sure this will count toward my membership in the mile-high club, Captain?"



Playmate Review

**Who will be crowned
Playmate of the Year?
It's time to cast your vote**

There have been some pretty important elections in U.S. history. The so-called Revolution of 1800 comes to mind, in which Thomas Jefferson defeated incumbent John Adams. Then there was the 1932 battle between Franklin D. Roosevelt and Herbert Hoover, and of course the George W. Bush versus Al Gore debacle of 2000. Now, ladies and gentlemen, we have upon us a new election of critical national importance. Who will be named our 2014 Playmate of the Year—the PMOY for our 60th year as a magazine? Ellen Stratton was PLAYBOY's first official Playmate of the Year, voted the top of the 1959 class and appearing in our June 1960 issue. Among the icons who have followed are Kimberly Conrad (1989), Anna Nicole Smith (1993), Jenny McCarthy (1994), Brande Roderick (2001) and Hope Dworaczyk (2010). The 2013 class is certainly something to behold. How could anyone choose a single one of these knockouts over the others? Yes, you have your work cut out for you. Without further ado, read up on our candidates in the following election literature, then cast your vote online for PMOY 2014 (see page 206). The winner will appear in our June issue.



MISS AUGUST VAL KEIL

Miss January

Karina Marie

(1) Hanging around the Mansion with Hef has been “absolutely lovely and enjoyable,” says this international model. “As a London-bred Essex girl, it was simply like nothing I’d ever experienced.” Will Karina get to pose again as your PMOY? “I’d do it all again in a second,” she says.

Miss March

Ashley Doris

(2) Ashley is the first Playmate from the state of Connecticut. “Being the first is the cherry on top of the sundae!” says the model and florist. “There are only 50 firsts; some states don’t have a first Playmate yet.” Ashley would also love to become her state’s first PMOY.



Miss September

Bryiana Noelle

(3) Bryiana is as at home whipping up care packages for the troops abroad as she is playing a sex kitten in the two shoots she has done for the PLAYBOY iPhone app. "It's every girl's dream to be Playmate of the Year," says the luscious beauty-pageant coach and costume designer. Will Miss September get your vote?



Miss October

Carly Lauren

(4) Carly has guested on Playboy Radio and represented the magazine at New England's Super Megafest. "All the Playmates are so sweet and gorgeous," says Miss October, who lives on a remote California spread. "It's going to be a tough choice for PMOY this year!"

Miss February

Shawn Dillon

(5) Miss February recently hosted one of the biggest fishing tournaments in the Bahamas, then went scuba diving in chum-filled water in a cage surrounded by 400-plus-pound bull sharks. "It was really neat to see them up close and personal," she says. "I wasn't afraid at all."

Miss July

Alyssa Arce

(6) Alyssa has modeled for years, but nothing could prepare her for her Playmate experience. "I've never gotten so much feedback," says the bombshell from South Carolina about her pictorial. "So many men said, 'A hot girl and a hot car—what more could a guy ask for?'"

Miss August
Val Keil

(7) Since she became Miss August, Val has moved from the City of Brotherly Love to the City of Angels. Her favorite part of her Playmate adventure has been getting to know Mr. and Mrs. Hefner at the Mansion. "Spending Game Night Tuesdays with Hef and Crystal and going to Fun in the Sun Sundays is a dream," she says.

Miss April
Jaslyn Ome

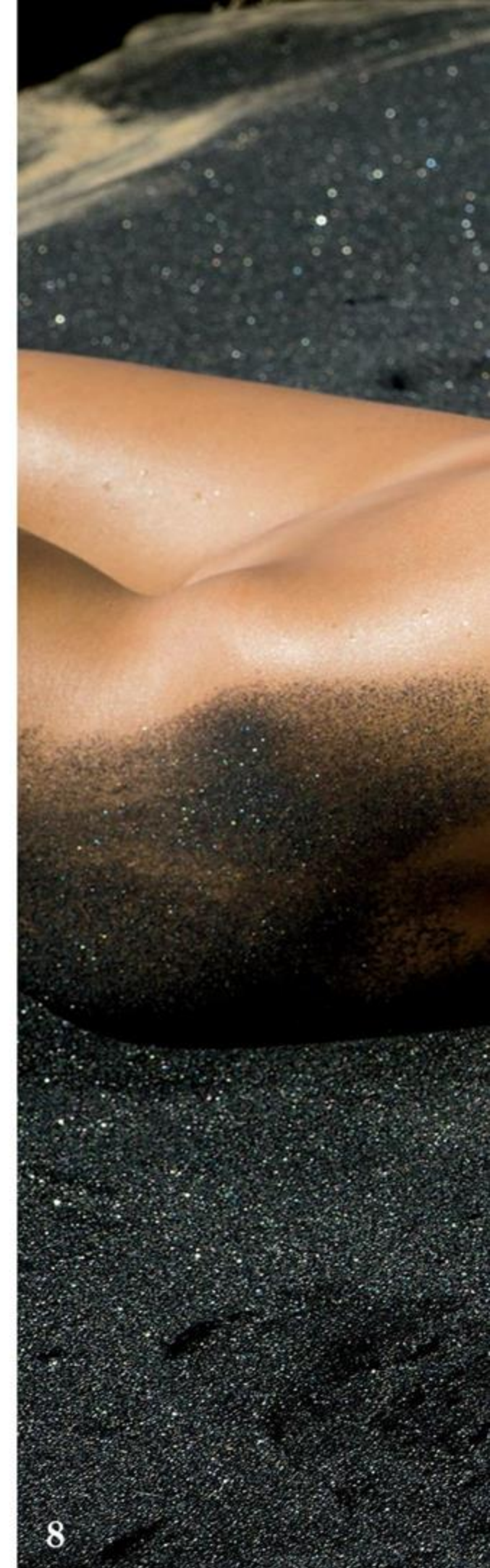
(9) Since her April pictorial, Jaslyn has shot high-profile spots for Curve fragrance and Beats headphones and done promos with Johnny Knoxville for *Bad Grandpa*, furthering her goal of becoming a full-fledged actress. Says Jaslyn, "It's been a crazy, awesome ride!"

Miss May
Kristen Nicole

(8) "I want to be sexy, to be beautiful, to be smart—I want to be the girl every guy wants," southern California's Kristen Nicole said in our May issue. And now? "Playmate-hood has changed my life," she says. "I've been getting tons of modeling jobs. Being Miss May has made all the difference."

Miss December
Kennedy Summers

(10) This Claudia Schiffer-esque 12-year veteran of international modeling speaks French, German and English, and she's a med-school student. Plus, "I just scored a lead role in a movie where I play a bank robber," says Kennedy. Whoa! She's already stolen our hearts.



2013

Playmate
Review

HOW TO VOTE
FOR PLAYMATE
OF THE YEAR

Cast your vote online at
playboy.com/PMOY2014.



Miss June

Audrey Aleen Allen

(11) This Colorado stunner hit a casting call in Denver and, “*Boom!* My life got turned upside down,” the industrial psychology major says. “I’ve experienced more in the past six months than in my entire life. I’m learning how to be a powerful woman.”

Miss November

Gemma Lee Farrell

(12) “I’m an unconventional girl who loves to party and get naked,” said this New Zealander in our November issue. Gemma’s on the fast track to fame as a Dream-girl lingerie model, a Monster Energy action-sports babe and, possibly, your next PMOY.



Laugh Tracks



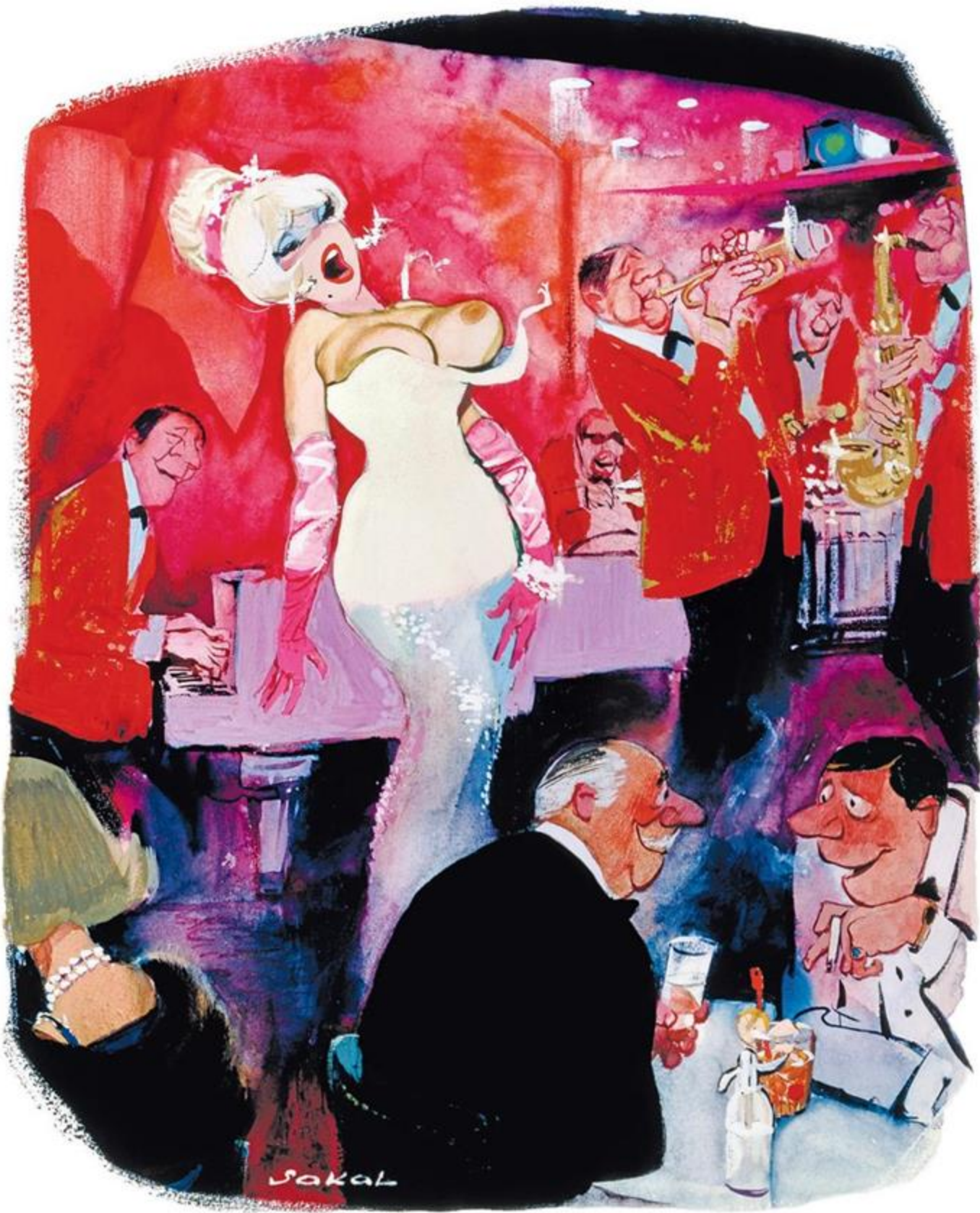
"You can come up if you like—what more have I got to lose?"



"And you were wrong, Mother...I liked it."



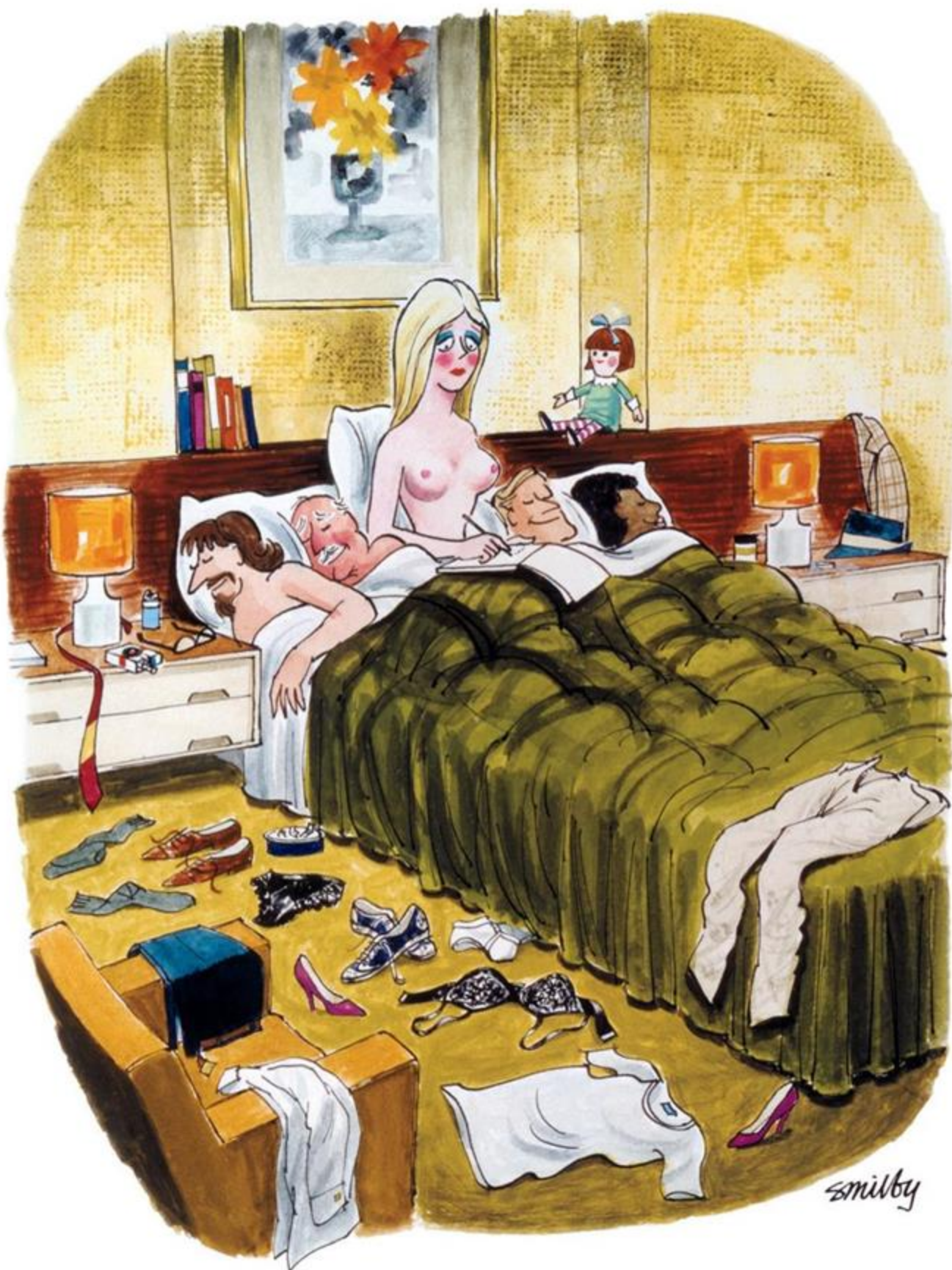
"Female orgasm? Don't be ridiculous, my dear!"



"That's the note I was telling you about!"



"He wants to know if we make deliveries!"



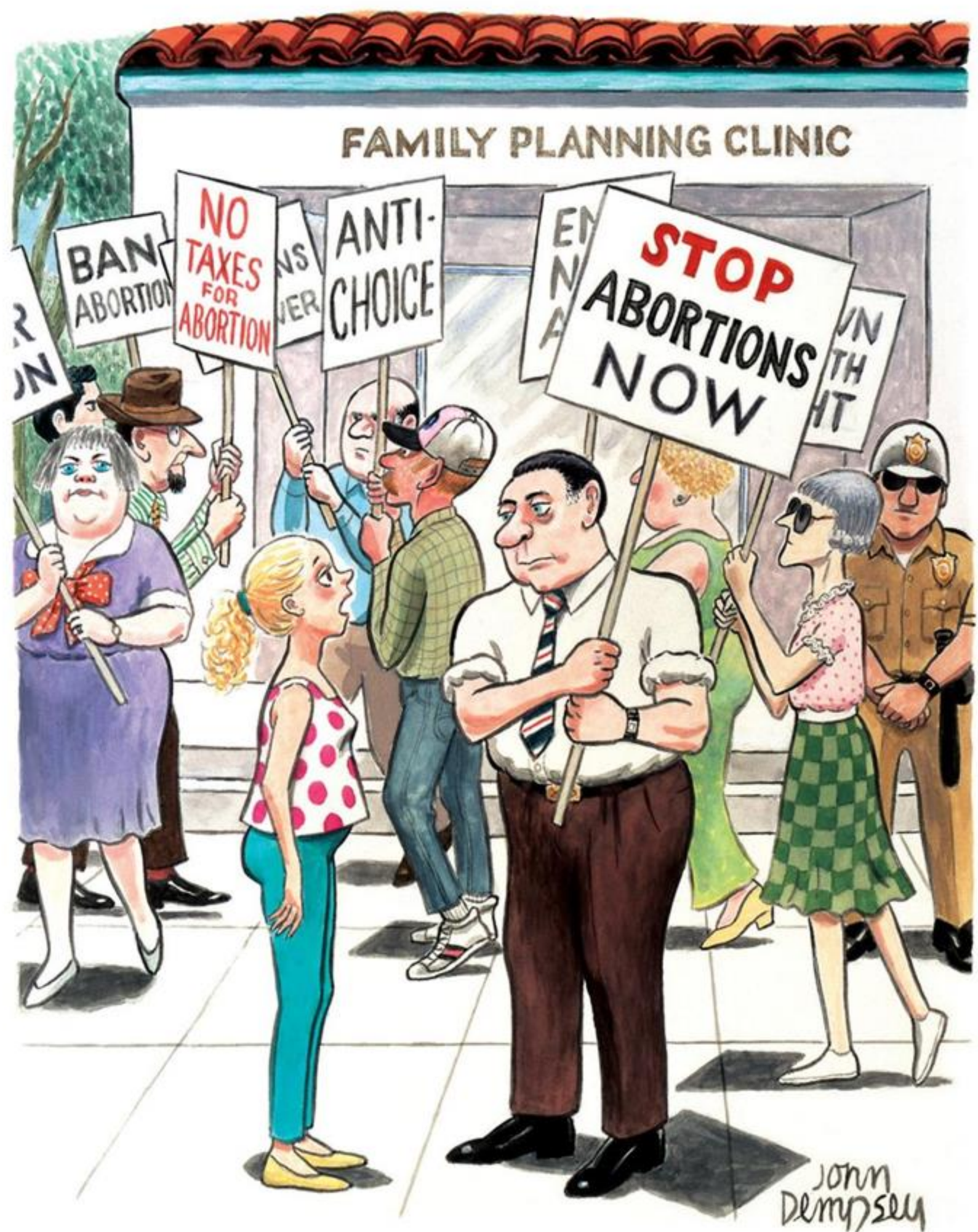
"Dear Playboy Advisor...."



"It must be a trap!"



"Good-bye, William. Whatever it is you're looking for, I hope you find it."



"Daddy, there's something I have to tell you."



"Ah! Finally noticed us, eh?"



"All I sell is cheeseburgers, but I sell a lot of cheeseburgers."



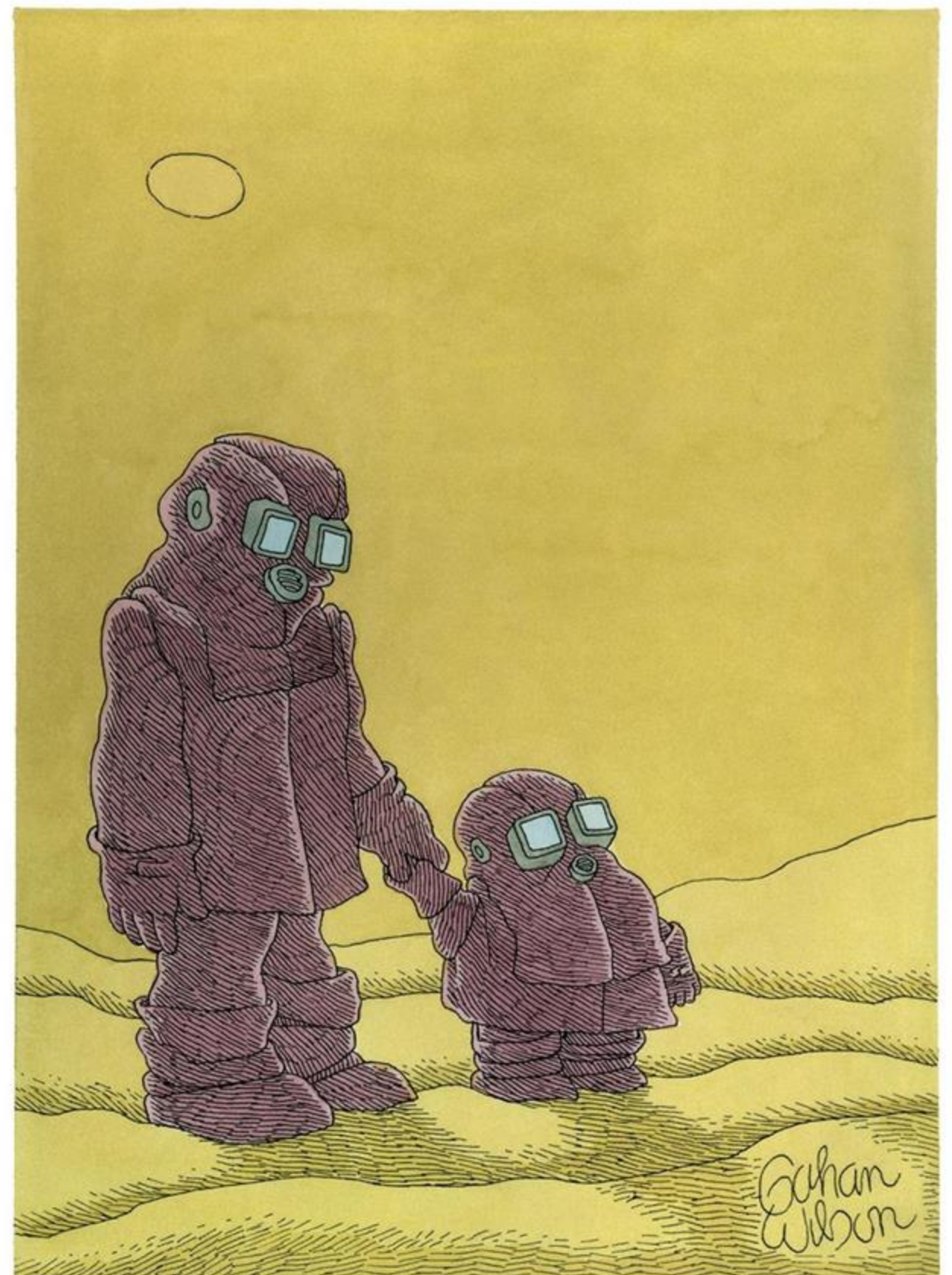
"This is why we frown on folks using phones or vibrators while driving."



"Oops. I'm afraid I'm at the wrong party."



"You have reached 911. Please stand by until one of our operators is available to assist you."



"The sky looks blue because your protective lenses are tinted, dear."

Playboy, Magazine Ads

Sure, you love the Playmate. And of course you read the articles. But what about the ads? The greatest adman who ever lived looks back over 60 years of advertising in these pages and picks out the good, the bad and the stupid

By
**GEORGE
LOIS**

the
**Original
Mad Man**

=== PHOTOGRAPHY BY JUSTIN PAGE ===

Marshall McLuhan famously said, "Historians and archeologists will one day discover that the ads of our time are the richest and most faithful daily reflections any society ever made of its entire range of activities." Certainly the advertising that has run in *PLAYBOY* says volumes about America over the past six decades, capturing and recycling the zeitgeist of the pervading video-age culture.

In agreement with McLuhan's prediction, I decided to look at the ads that have run in *PLAYBOY* with a historian's eye (and a wise guy's attitude). Conceptually, *PLAYBOY*'s raison d'être has always been to empower men and glorify the sexuality and allure of the female body—which some may now regard as chauvinistic. That perception of men's attitude toward women has, alas, been reflected in much of the advertising in the magazine.

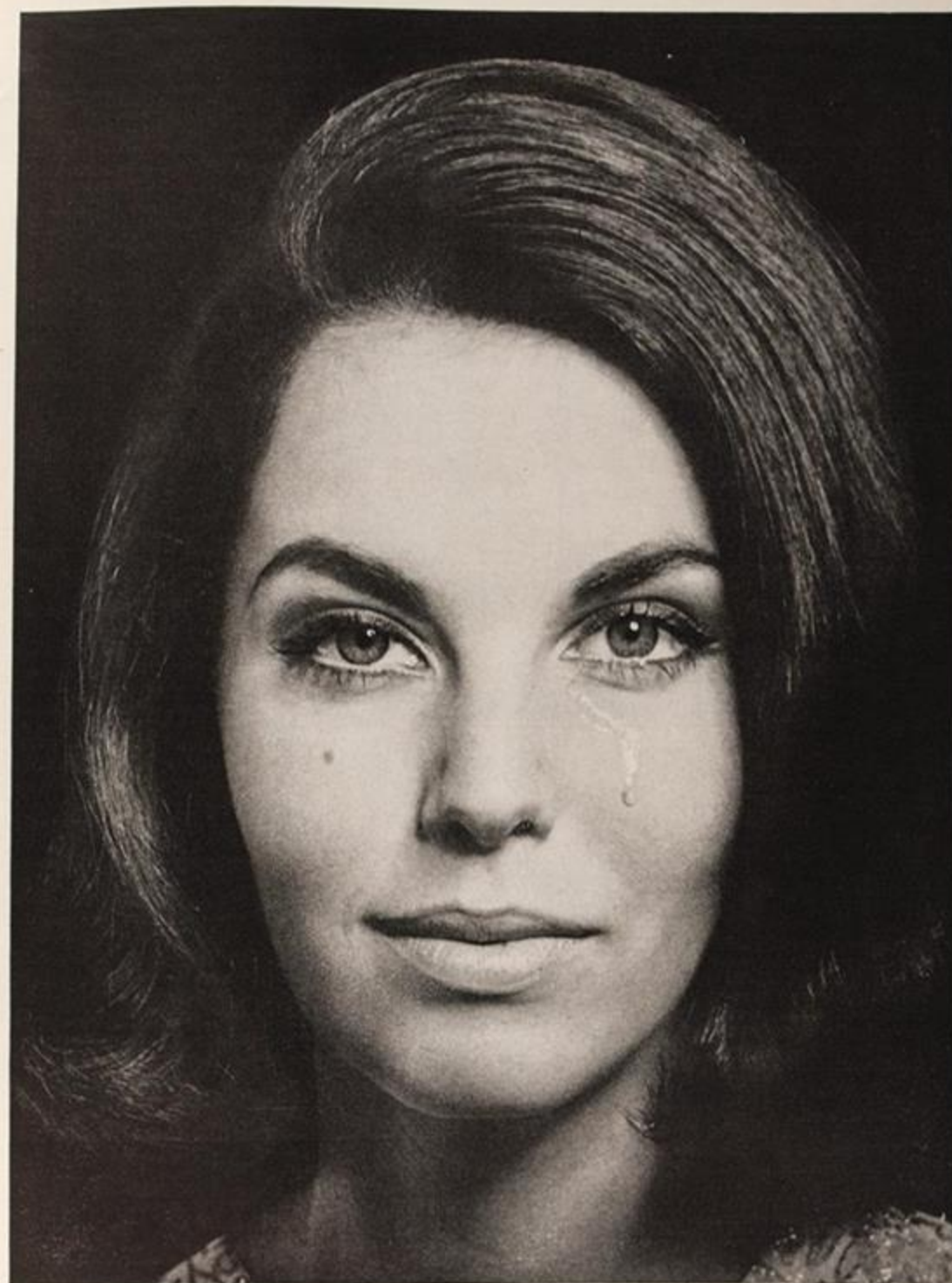
In 1960 (the inception of the blatant *Mad Men* brand of male chauvinism), I created an ad for a cold medicine that shows a darkened bedroom and a husband who demonstrates the prevailing cultural attitude of the time when he grouchy orders his wife to "get up and give [their coughing kid] some Coldene." Americans were shocked at this sarcastic depiction and critique of our male-dominated culture. The company received hundreds of letters from thankful women (and sold a ton of Coldene). My wife kvelled.

Read my following comments on some of the ads that have appeared in *PLAYBOY*. They abound in macho male imagery and body language, seemingly created to appeal to the lowest common denominator. But the admen are wrong. To me most

escapes becoming a caricature of a lively score composed by Arlen and E. Y. Harburg, caterwauled by Miss G. in splendid voice, and Frees; plus some music simulating the sound of Monet, Toulouse-Lautrec, Van Gogh and skillful play in the UPA animation. But the plot line is a clear and an armful of amoros may well induce occasional cuts in the audience.

Unsubscribed Candidate, Richard, as adapted by George, story of Sino-Russian war, resists than a Chinese, the Korean War a GI (La) captured in Manchuria, into a psychological war the Reds can exploit back to the U.S. and in power. A buddy of his also brainwashed and in current nightmare which believe is the truth about in Manchuria; he goes to investigate Harvey as head investigator. You complicated? We now go mother's machinations and husband—a Senator—of 1950 Joe McCarthy's the Presidency; then the how Ma mangled Harvey with a liberal Senator's daughter patched it up for her, and then there's Sinatra with a theatrical chick. If each plot strand has a different color, Anger, rooted in the whacked-up number. Harvey looks me when in a hypnotic trance, the chick, seems welded to and there's obviously a sinistral Sinatra's movie career (a) have a punch-up whom he beats (then fight); (b) have a girl who star him on sight. John F. deviled by memories of and middle Capra, fall into almost complex

Chapman Report, unlike the Irving Wallace novel (June 1960) from which is more gab than gravity of the sex life of Arthur Chapman and his descendants on a California of those movieand where each house among these average is particular: Claire



"A good cigar is as great a comfort to a man as a good cry is to a woman." Lytton

CIGAR INSTITUTE OF AMERICA, INC.

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of the writing in *PLAYBOY* has been aimed not at Neanderthals but at the sharp, sophisticated, thinking men of America. So, ad agencies and advertisers, if you think people, including the readers of *PLAYBOY*, are dumb, you'll spend a lifetime doing dumb work. I think people (including men) are absolutely brilliant when it comes to advertising. They'll always respond to a strong central concept or image, especially if it's presented in a warm, human way. Mad men of America, take my advice.

Look what the gathering of the clan is gathering in now.

Great Scots!

Tartan plaids are happening. And they're not just bigger and bolder than ever. They're brighter—in rust (some call it orange), Black-Watch and green.

The Perma-Prest® slacks are blended from polyester and combed cotton. The bottoms are either flared or

straightaway; take your choice. And the price is under \$10. Top that, if you can, with turtled 100% Ban-Lon® knits of Texturalized® nylon in matched-up heather-tones, under \$9. And start gathering your own clan. Available at selected Sears stores and in the Catalog.



Seam The Men's Store

CIGAR INSTITUTE OF AMERICA, December 1962

The smooth, confident, cigar-smoking male in contrast to the overly emotional, weak-kneed, teary-eyed female: Even in the darkest days of male chauvinism, comparing the comfort a man gets from a smoking a good cigar (*cough, cough*) with a woman's need to cry boggles the mind, for cryin' out loud.

SEARS, September 1969

All I want to know is why that Playboy Bunny behind the plane is doing an imitation of the goofy "Kilroy was here" cartoon character.

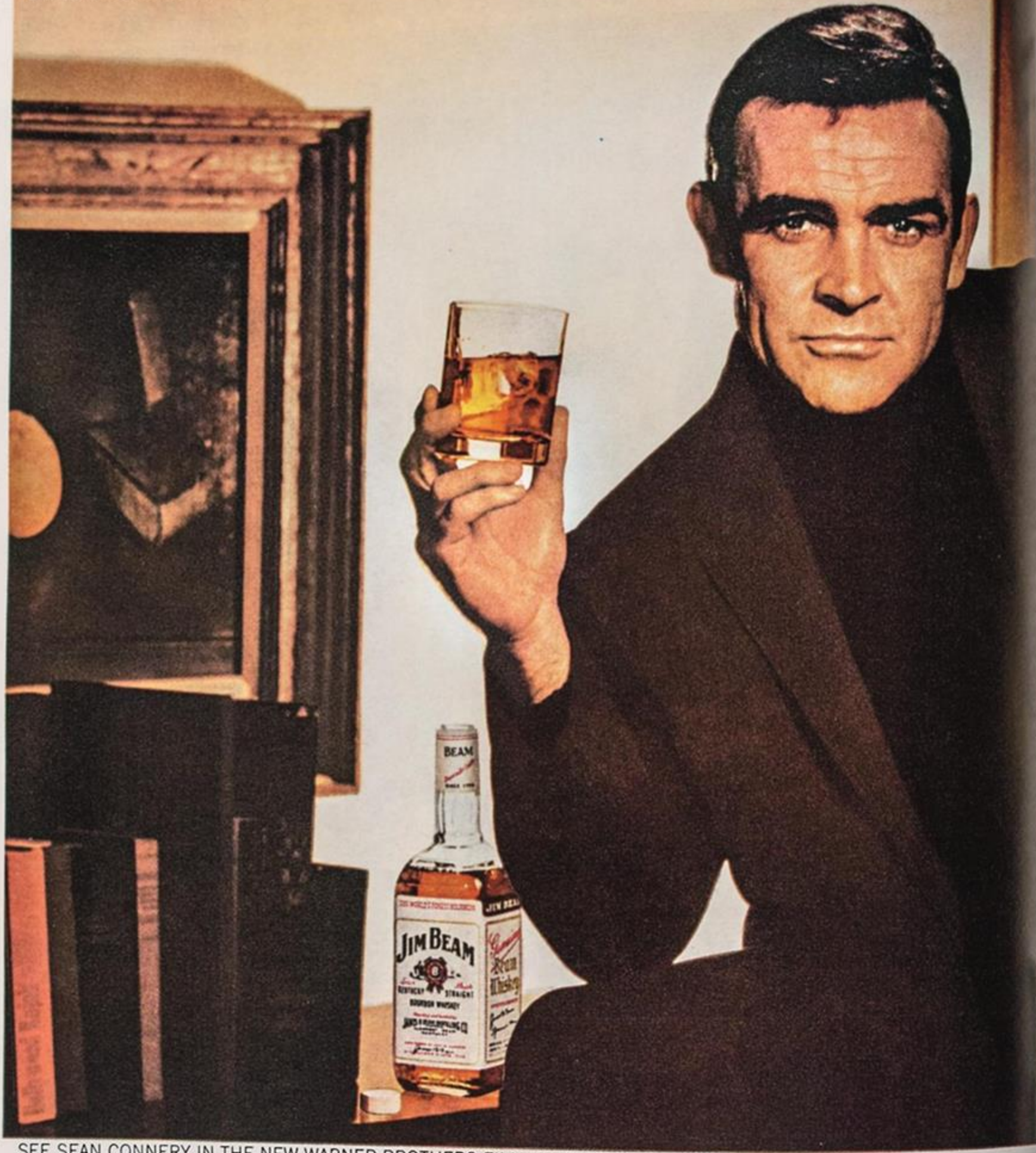
AXE, December 2010

Talk about having your mind in the gutter!

JIM BEAM, October 1966

Sean Connery, in four iconic 007 movies from 1962 to 1965, made it clear that James Bond's favorite drink was a "vodka martini, shaken not stirred." Yet, probably for a handsome fee, he personally extols Jim Beam bourbon in this classy ad that appeared in PLAYBOY in 1966. I assume the Kentucky distillery considered his testimonial a coup, but I call it a sellout. (Although I convinced Joe Namath, legendary Johnnie Walker Red devotee, to do an ad for Cutty Sark that pissed off the Johnnie Walker honchos.)

JIM BEAM 85 PROOF KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY THE JAMES B. BEAM DISTILLING CO., CLERMONT, BEAM, KENTUCKY



SEE SEAN CONNERY IN THE NEW WARNER BROTHERS FILM, "A FINE MADNESS."

The taste is distinctive.
The man is Sean Connery.
The Bourbon is JIM BEAM.

O.J. DINGO



The man's all le
knows everything
Listen:

"Boots have to le
but they also have
for whatever you're
be doing in them.
when you say boot
say Dingo."

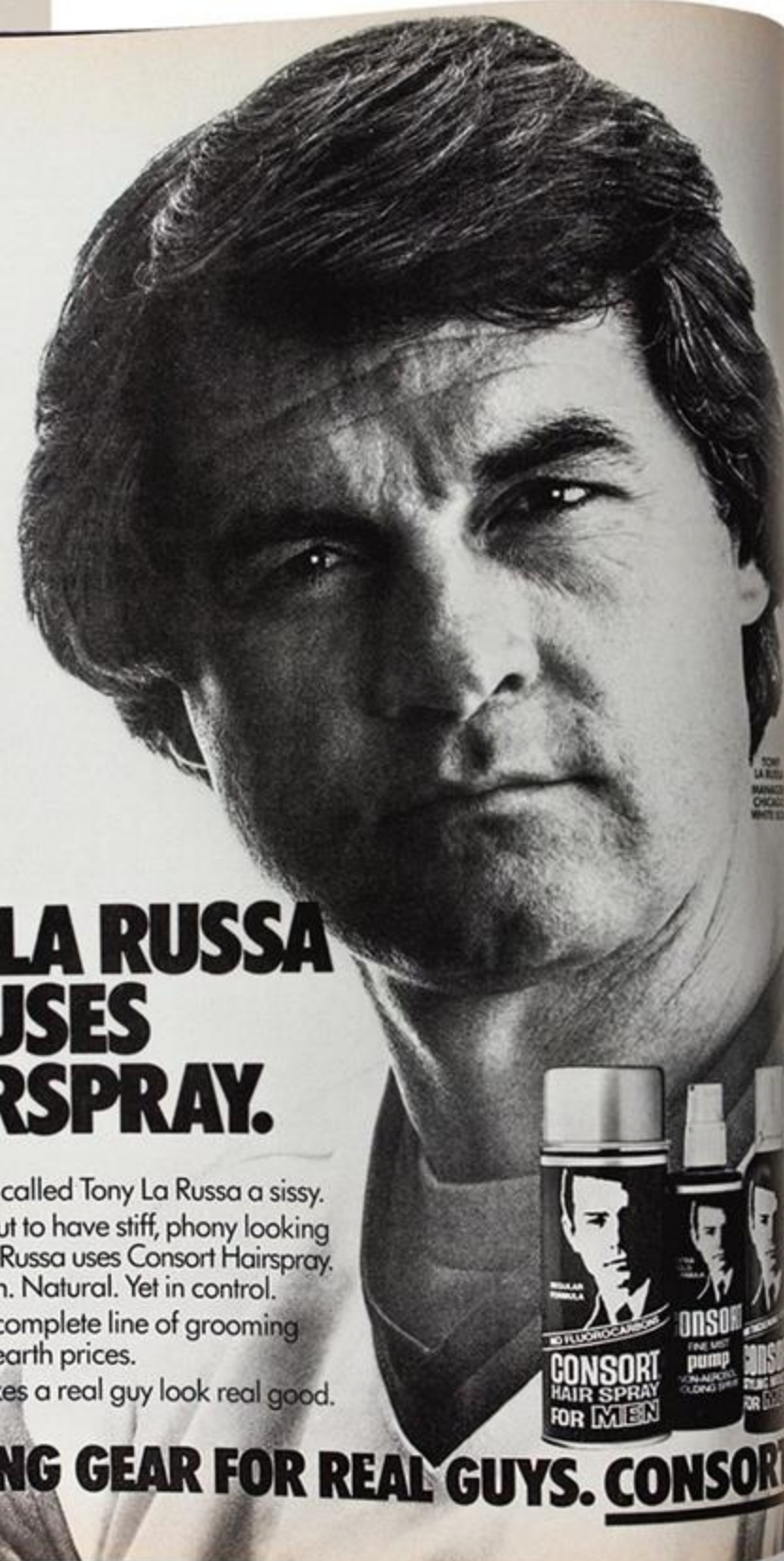
Like O.J. Simps
mean what we say,
we say is: Nobody
Leather Together L

din

Nobody Puts Leather Together Like

DINGO, October 1977

Seeing O.J. Simpson weirdly seated, flaunting his Dingo boots, instantly reminds me of the footwear he had on when he (allegedly) murdered his wife, Nicole, in 1994. The prosecution presented a bloody footprint of a Bruno Magli shoe (only 299 pairs of that style were sold in America) from the crime scene. Simpson claimed he had never owned Bruno Maglis because they were "ugly-ass shoes." None of the mountain of incriminating evidence convinced the jury of his guilt, and he went free. Not long afterward, a photograph was uncovered of Simpson wearing a pair at a football game in 1993.



TONY LA RUSSA USES HAIRSPRAY.

No one ever called Tony La Russa a sissy. He's not about to have stiff, phony looking hair. That's why La Russa uses Consort Hairspray. It leaves hair clean. Natural. Yet in control.

It's part of a complete line of grooming gear at down-to-earth prices.

Consort makes a real guy look real good.



GROOMING GEAR FOR REAL GUYS. CONSORT

RONSON, May 1962

"Big Daddy" is a prime example of the prevailing macho attitude, fully confirming the male-dominated *Mad Men* take on the early 1960s. Hold it—holy shit, I did that ad in 1962! Oops.

7UP, November 1962

The American man: his pipe, his gun, his hunting dogs, his highball—and his damn pride in being an American. (But I bet he schemed a way to dodge the draft in the upcoming Vietnam war.)



Big Daddy

7up the
man's
mixer

FOR THOSE WHO
No cover-up here.
actor. You always
seasoned highball
flatters it, round
gently; 7-Up stir



or you
the frothy
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sparkling
them well
do: never

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TROJAN, December 2007

I wonder if this Trojan ad, the ultimate insult to male chauvinist pigs (as well as to the animal kingdom), in any way inspired that shit-fight in the 2008 presidential campaign involving Sarah Palin ("The difference between a hockey mom and a pit bull? Lipstick.") and Barack Obama (who commented on the fact that John McCain agreed with George W. Bush on everything, "You can put lipstick on a pig, but it's still a pig."). Whatever, it's obvious none of the pigs in this ad are going to get laid (not without wearing a Trojan).

h.i.s, September 1969

This double entendre, a pun on violent political protest, must have been a standout ad in 1969, but whoever designed those trousers deserves a swift kick in the pants.

CONSORT, December 1984

"Grooming Gear for Real Guys"—you need some pair of balls to get that line out of your mouth.

TAREYTON, September 1964

In 1964 this image of a smiling woman with a shiner was a real punch in the eye. In 1967 I designed a knockout *Esquire* cover depicting Ursula Andress (of James Bond fame) with a battered eye as a symbol of the abuse of women. Did feminist groups in America commend a mass-market magazine cover that dramatized the issue of violence against women? Not really. In fact, the National Organization for Women busted my balls over it.

MCS, October 1974

A "comfort spray" for a man's crotch that only a dickhead would use.

Introducing MCS. Male Comfort Spray for under your shorts.



For years, men have tried all sorts of ways to get comfortable in the crotch area. Mealy talcums. Baby powders. Medicated products. But nothing seemed to really work until MCS came along. The name means Male Comfort Spray, and that gives you the whole idea. MCS keeps you more comfortable around that sensitive area than you probably ever thought possible. MCS is a pleasantly cool, long-lasting pure white aerosol powder, with a special ingredient that helps stop chafing, stickiness and irritation. But that's not all it does. MCS also helps to prevent perspiration discomfort, the kind only a man can get. Nothing is easier to use.

And because it's so convenient, there's virtually no limit to the times you might want to use it. For instance, it's great before you get dressed in the morning. A quick spray of MCS gets the day off to a good start. Or any time you shower or dress, a couple of cool sprays of MCS leave you feeling completely refreshed and at ease with yourself.

MCS comes in a handy six ounce size perfect for bath, gym or travel. MCS Male Comfort Spray. It's made just for a man, to help solve a problem only a man can have. Get it today, and get comfortable.

Belt a conservative with a stovepipe.



It didn't take much to make these conservatives buckle under the weight of our traditional Post-Grad tapered look as far as the knee and then we let the pants drop straight down. The result is a new shape called stovepipe legs. We also added a belt in the back. It won't make your pants tighter, but it will help you spot these new conservatives. *Salon Zipper*. From \$39 in retailing colors and patterns. Slightly higher in the West. For retailers, write: h.i.s, 16 E. 34 St., N.Y. 10016. Also available in Canada. *h.i.s.* Anti-establishment Stovepipe Slacks by h.i.s.

ve. be a man. use a condom every time. **TROJAN** BRAND CONDOMS

trojanevolve.com

"Us Tareyton smokers would rather fight than switch!"



Join the Unswitchables. Get the charcoal filter with the taste worth fighting for!

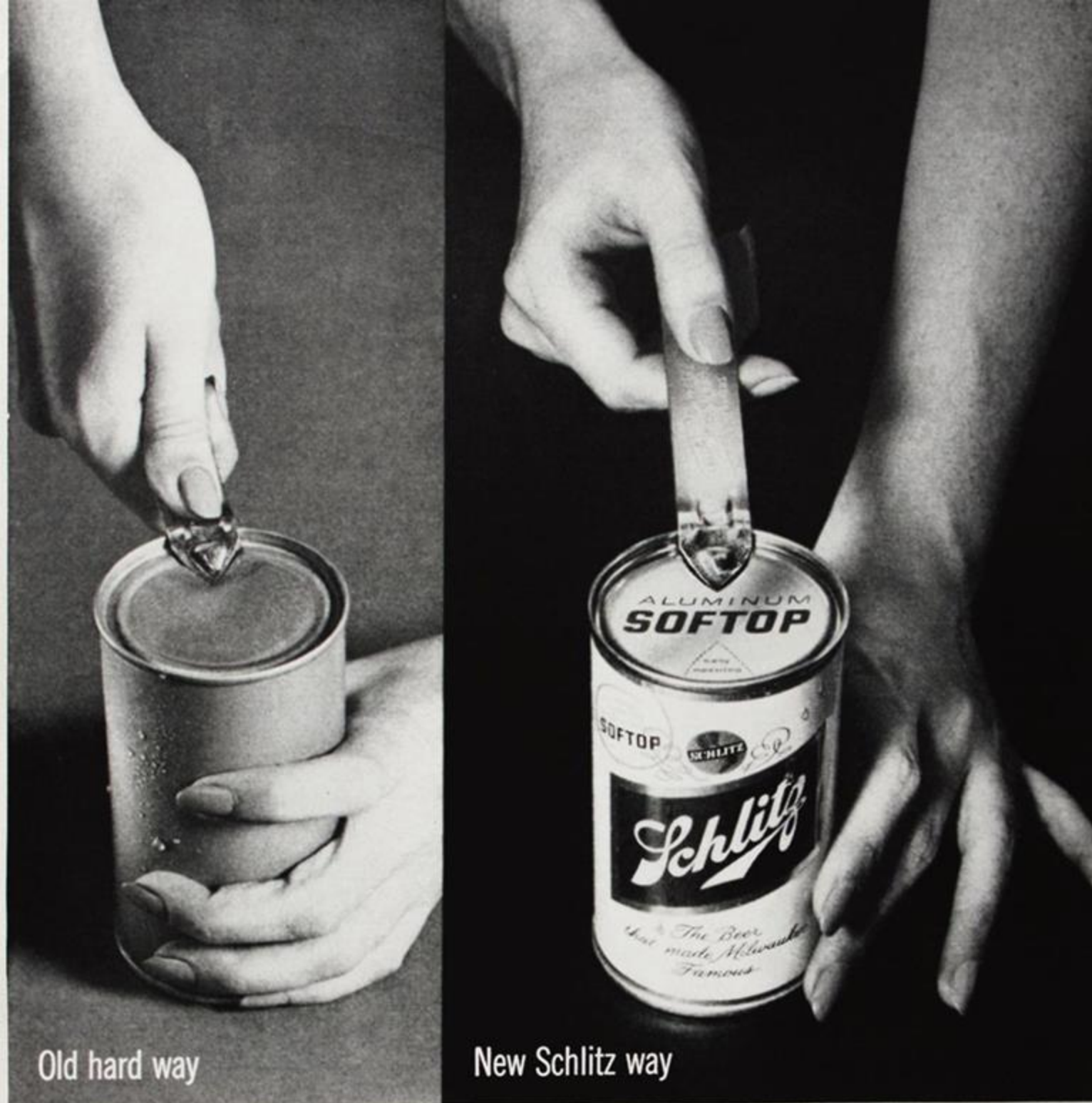
There's a difference you can see in the filter.

Look. Tareyton has a white outer filter, and an inner filter of Activated Charcoal... fine granules of Activated Charcoal in pure cellulose.

It makes a difference you can taste in the smoke.

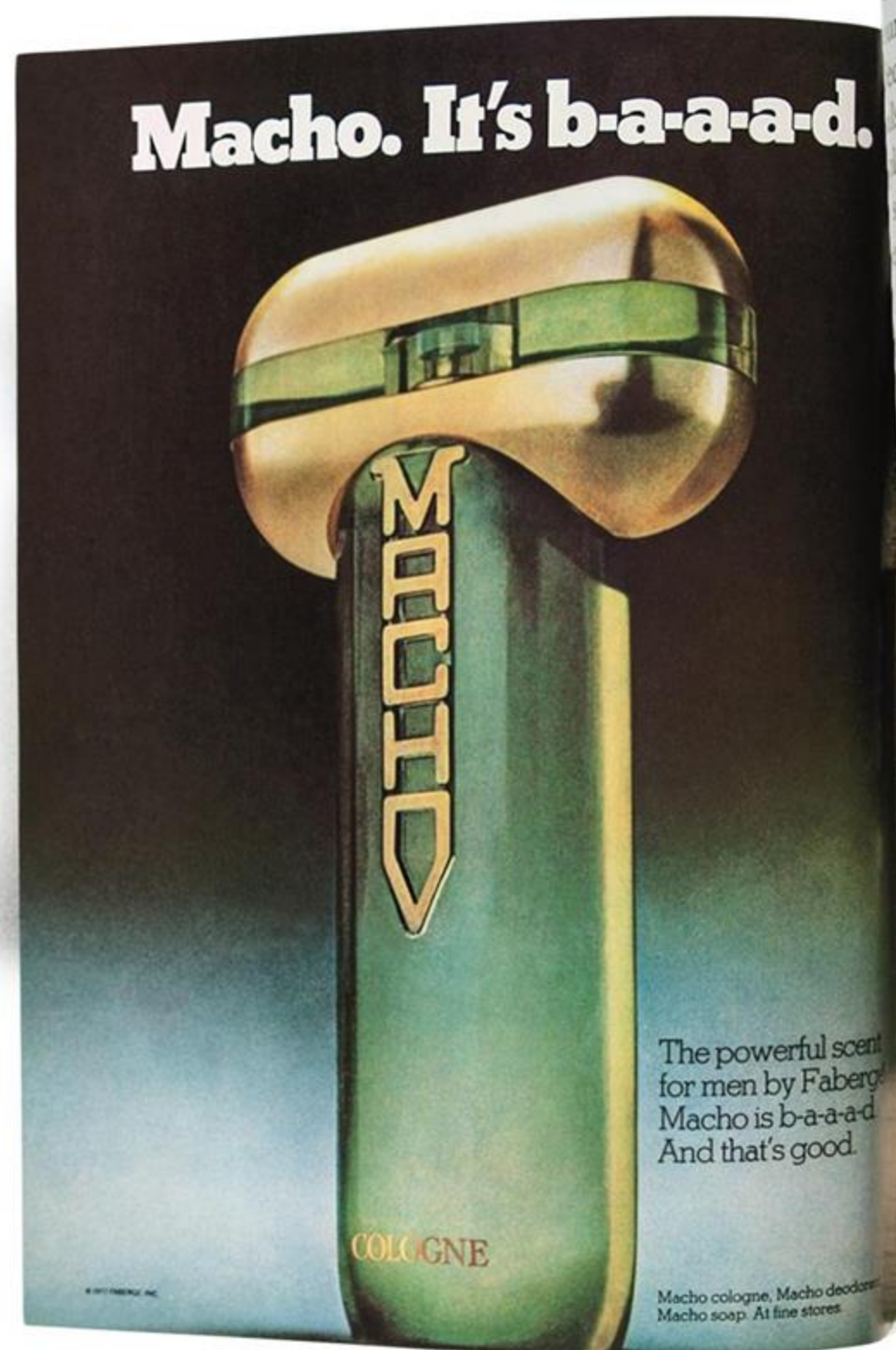
The Activated Charcoal filter works with





Some day all beer cans will open this easy!

Now only Schlitz brings you—coast to coast—the world's easiest opening beer can! The new aluminum Softop can! **real gusto—real easy!**



MACHO, November 1977

His-and-hers package design: macho cologne for men that doubles as a dildo for women.

SCHLITZ, December 1962

A woman's (rather than a man's) hand demonstrates the new easy-open aluminum Schlitz can, clearly making the statement that it's women's duty in life to serve men.

ALKA-SELTZER, December 1979

During a time of black revolution and rising racial tensions, I shocked America by depicting the surly badass Sonny Liston as the first black Santa on the cover of the December 1963 issue of *Esquire*. (*Sports Illustrated* later described the boxer as "looking like the last man on earth America wanted to see coming down its chimney.") Only 16 years later, the sight of Sammy Davis Jr. as a smiling Santa in an Alka-Seltzer ad didn't even piss off the grand wizard of the Ku Klux Klan.

CRICKETEER, September 1969

Seventeen ways to prove you're an asshole. (But at least the suit looks well-tailored.)

The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous

Famous for its easy opening Softop can



CRICKETEER PRESENTS 17 TESTED OPENING LINES.

You remind me of my college roommate.

I'm glad you don't recognize me.
I'd rather have you like me for myself.

I belong to a hippie commune and
I've been designated to ask
whether you'd be interested in
becoming our house mother.

I don't dance, but I'd love to hold
you while you do.

Would you like a massage?

You're a double of the
actress who couldn't
take the part
Elia and I offered her
this morning.

If national security
were at stake,
would you spend the
night with a man
whose name you
don't even know?

My doctor has
advised me never
to drink alone.

You should slap
my face for what
I've been thinking
about you.

When you travel
around the world
as much as I do,
it's good to meet
someone you
can relax with.

You are the
second most
beautiful
girl I have
ever seen.

May I introduce myself? I'm Lord Dunsmoor-Allenby.
But you may call me Irv.

Are you free for dinner
in Paris tomorrow?

I hate to bother you, but I just bet a fellow over there
\$25,000 that you'd come to dinner with me.

I've been a secret admirer of yours for 10 minutes.

I don't believe we've met.
I'm Mr. Right.

If you don't like mustaches
I'll shave mine off.

A CHALLENGE

If you've got an opening line that works for you, and we think it's a winner, it will be published and credited. And we'll give you a Cricketeer suit, sport jacket, blazer and 2 pairs of slacks. 17 winners will be chosen on the basis of originality and humor. 100 runners-up will get Opening Line blazer crests.

Send to Cricketeer at the address below. No purchase is required. The decision of our judges will be final. In the case of identical entries, the earlier post-marked entry will be considered. Deadline is Nov. 30, 1969.

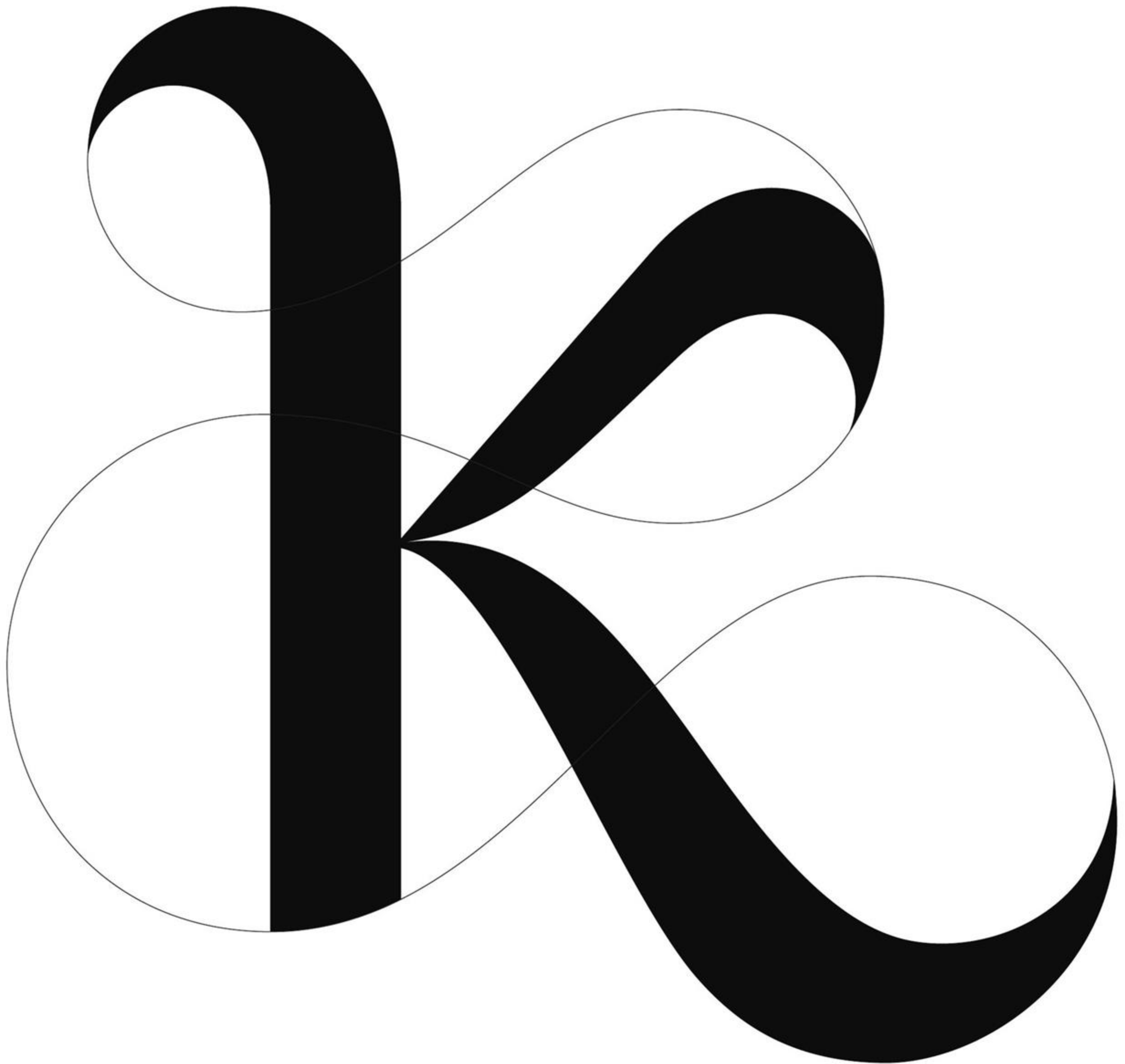
While we're suggesting lines, we'd like to suggest what you wear when delivering them.

Like this shaped, vested suit. Of wool worsted covert. With natural shoulders, deep side vents and flapped hacking and ticket pockets. About \$95. For name of store nearest you, write to: Cricketeer, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y. 10019.

CRICKETEER

THE JOSEPH & FEISS CO.,
A DIVISION OF PHILLIPS-VAN HEUSEN CORP.

T H E I M M A C U L A T E



KATE MOSS

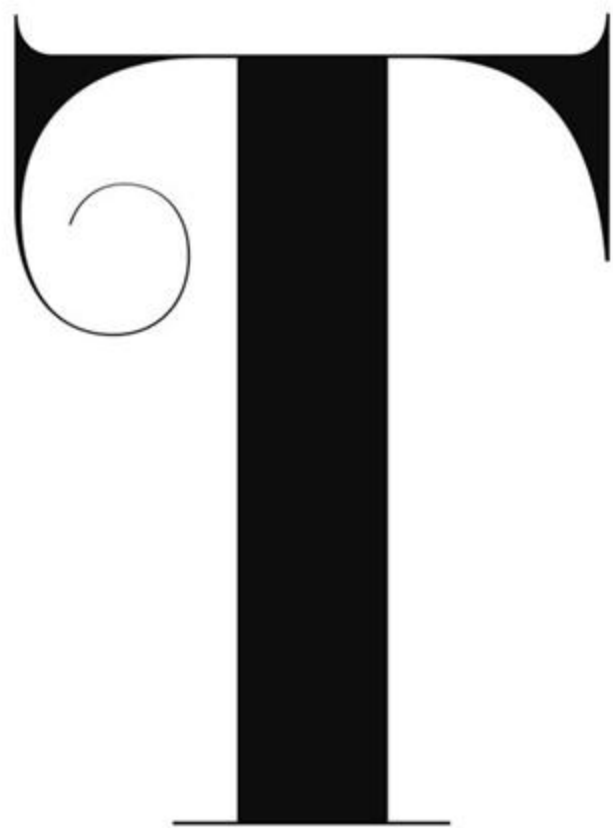
EVERY GENERATION HAS ITS DEFINING BEAUTY, A FEMME FATALE WHO SKYROCKETS AND THEN FADES AWAY QUIETLY (OR NOT SO QUIETLY), LEAVING A TRAIL OF STARDUST AND BROKEN HEARTS. WHAT SETS KATE APART? SHE'S STILL NUMBER ONE AFTER ALL THESE YEARS.

JOIN LEGENDARY SINGER SIR TOM JONES FOR AN EXCLUSIVE PRIVATE CONVERSATION WITH AN ICON

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MERT ALAS + MARCUS PIGGOTT







HE VENUE: A rosewood-paneled private dining room in China Tang—the exclusive restaurant beneath London’s Dorchester hotel—owned by Hong Kong businessman and socialite Sir David Tang. Kate Moss looks gorgeous, lit from within. She’s wearing a slashed-to-the-thigh dress and laughs incessantly. Sir Tom Jones lights her cigarettes and endures the tobacco clouds. Almost everything he says is playful, and almost everything she says is coy and suggestive. And so we begin.

JONES: *[Looks at list of questions provided by PLAYBOY]* I’ll read it just as it is, so don’t take the piss out of me. You’ve been the dominant face of fashion for more than 20 years, right?

MOSS: Twenty-five!

JONES: It says 20 here—there’s been a mistake. How do you credit your longevity?

MOSS: I think if you’re an individual, it doesn’t matter how old you are, as you yourself can confirm.

JONES: Yes! *[reads off paper]* Okay, we’re going to play Marry, Fuck, Kill—Marc Jacobs, Naomi Campbell, Piers Morgan.

MOSS: Oh, it’s really easy. Kill Piers, marry Marc, fuck Naomi.

JONES: Can I be invited? Is there a viewing gallery?

MOSS: Oh, Tom. Oh naughty!

JONES: Sorry. *[stares off in the distance with a twinkle in his eye]* Okay *[reads off paper]*, you do a dinner club. Who would be on your ultimate guest list?

MOSS: Well, I would like to have dinner with naughty people who have a story to tell—like you! *[squeals, points at Jones]* Jack Nicholson, *[photographer]* David Bailey, Stevie Nicks, Catherine Deneuve, Joan Collins—love! She texted me the other day. I could not believe it. “Hi, it’s Joan Collins.”

I was like.... *[mimes dying-of-shock, chest-exploding awesomeness, then continues]* My husband, because it would be mean if I didn’t invite him. And Hugh Hefner, obviously.

JONES: Joan Collins is good.

MOSS: Joan Collins is good. Stevie Nicks is good too.

JONES: Another question, shall we? Despite being very present in the public eye, you are a private person. Do you cultivate a distance between your public and private life as a form of sanity, or is it a professional decision to create mystique?

MOSS: It’s definitely just sanity. I don’t want to hang my dirty laundry out for *Hello!* and for people to know all the ins and outs of my life.

JONES: I feel the same way.

MOSS: Anyway, I don’t get why it would be interesting. I’m not that different. And also, now with Instagram and everything, everyone’s so on their phones that even when I’m in a restaurant like this, where you wouldn’t expect it, someone will come up and ask to get a picture with me. I’m like, “No!”

JONES: That’s it. You get caught off guard. You’re sitting by the pool somewhere and they still get you. I’ve had guys trying to take pictures of me when I’m using the men’s room.

MOSS: No fucking way!

JONES: Yes! One wanted to take a picture of me taking a piss.

MOSS: I am so shocked. There are no boundaries anymore.

JONES: Following up on that, in this era of the 24-hour news feed, are celebrities overexposed?

MOSS: We’ve answered that already! *[pauses]* I went to Portofino with my husband for our anniversary. We took a private plane from Glastonbury, and I didn’t think anyone knew where we were going. We got there and what was there? Fucking paps. Bastards!

JONES: Yes. I had this house in Bel Air—

MOSS: Love!

JONES: I bought it years ago off of Dean Martin. One Sunday morning I got up and decided to collect the mail. I’d had a few sherberts on the Saturday, and I hadn’t even looked in the mirror yet. I had just my robe on. I came out the door and there was this tour bus with all these people filming me on their video cameras. I thought, I’m never going to walk out that door again.

MOSS: Have you still got the house in Bel Air?

JONES: No, I sold it to Nicolas Cage. I’m up on Mulholland now.

MOSS: We went to see Barry Manilow’s house in L.A. when he was selling it. It was amazing. The real estate agent handed us a glass of champagne as soon as we walked in. White piano.

JONES: Oh, this is a good one. If we were to make a cocktail called the Kate Moss, what would be in it?

MOSS: Well, I have a friend at the Hemingway Bar at the Hôtel Ritz in Paris, an English guy called Colin. I’ve been staying at the hotel since I was 17, and I’ve spent a lot of time in the Hemingway Bar. So my drink is the French 76, which is vodka,

lemon juice and sugar topped up with champagne. Love! Two of those and you’re like, “Oh, life is amazing!” It’s heaven. Let’s get them to make one. Oh, you’re on the wagon. Sorry. *[Jones smacks his lips; he’s dieting to lose weight before The Voice UK resumes filming.]*

PLAYBOY: *[Interjects]* Tell us what you’re both wearing.

MOSS: I’m wearing a blue suede minidress designed by me, actually, Yves Saint Laurent shoes and a red lip, obviously.

JONES: I’m wearing Jeffery-West blue suede shoes. I can’t remember who makes the

jeans, and this jacket is cashmere, from Smedley.

MOSS: *[Looks at Jones’s watch]* That’s amazing. I’ve never seen one that big. I’ll bet you hear that all the time, don’t you? “Oh, Tom, that’s huge!” It’s an amazing watch.

JONES: It’s a Cartier Santos. They still make them. *[reads off paper]* If you had never become a model, what would you be doing? Do you ever envision another life for yourself?

MOSS: No. I was, like, a child when I started. I was 14. If it hadn’t happened, I don’t know what would have happened to me. I would be in Croydon *[the neighborhood south of London where she grew up]*, working in a bar, probably. I wanted to be at the center of things. I love working with creative people, and there was none of that where I came from. As soon as I was given a chance—

JONES: You took it?

MOSS: I took it.

JONES: So what do you want out of life at this point?

MOSS: I just want to carry on being inspired, to work and to always find new things. I think that’s it, isn’t it? That’s all I want...to never get, like, “I’m bored.” I don’t do boredom.

JONES: Sometimes you find excitement where you least expect it.

MOSS: *[Smiles deviously, which is returned from across the table]* Excitement is wherever I am!

























A photograph of a person lying on a red sheet, with a dark, patterned headboard visible in the background. The person's head is resting on a red pillow, and their body is partially covered by the sheet. The lighting is soft and warm, creating a relaxed atmosphere.

STYLING
ALEX WHITE

MAKEUP
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FOR CLÉ DE
PEAU BEAUTÉ

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SEX REPORT

(continued from page 154)

on the status of women has shown that wherever you educate women, wherever you give women birth control, the whole society goes up economically in just a few generations. But if you keep women from education and from birth control, the whole society becomes impoverished. So what they're basically doing is something that's good for no one. It's such a primal desire and so completely illogical. It's interesting to me that here we are, nearly 100 years after the women's vote, going through this again. It's just mind-boggling.

ELIZABETH WURTZEL

*Author of four books, including
Prozac Nation; lawyer*

In love, there is no equality. I'm a hardcore feminist, so if I am saying that, it must be true. Living with a man means picking up his dirty socks and bringing him coffee and pastries in bed, and it means he always comes, even if you don't. The reason it is crucial that women make a lot of money and have a lot of power in the public sphere is that it is not going to happen in private, if they love men. I know this. I drive a hard bargain as a writer and a lawyer. David Boies is one of the most powerful men in the world, and he will tell you that I don't work for him—he works for me. But when it comes to love and the men I love, I am a slave. It is a pleasure to serve: I love being in love. That's just the way it is.

The book I'm writing now is going to be called *YES: A History of Love at First Sight in New York City*. I am sorry for all the times I said no. And I don't mean to sex. I'm happy for all the times I said no to sex, because it was probably not nearly enough times. But I'm sorry for all the things I said no to, like the times people said, "Come with me to the movies," and I was like, "No, I'm tired." I'm sorry for all the times I was tired and just didn't do something. I'm sorry for all the times I was cranky, because I should have gone out. I missed a movie; I missed going to a very good museum exhibit. I'm sorry for everything I said no to. I'm sorry for trips I said no to, because as you get older, fewer things come up. They just do. Life becomes more boring in general. And it's too bad. You should just do everything you can do. I'm sorry for all the things I haven't done; I should have done everything. I should have done all the things that were a dumb idea, that would have compromised my dignity—which is not so important. That would have been, you know, just fun. But mostly I can't complain, because I said yes to most things. I am not somebody who spent a lot of time avoiding things. And I think that's better.

MEGAN MULLALLY

Actress, singer

I've always considered myself to be a very sexual person. I had sexy thoughts

when I was little. When I was three years old I had a recurring dream about a witch who would put me in an oven and cook me, and then she would take me out and eat me. I was like, "Oh yeah! Cook me! Cook me, witch! Put me in that fucking oven and cook me. Do it, do it." That was my first sexual thing, and I don't know what that means. I was always interested in sex.

I had a lot of boyfriends and a lot of flings. I think flings are great. That's something women should investigate a little more thoroughly. The trick is, you have to not care. I was in my late 30s when I first started having successful flings and didn't get emotionally attached to the guy. But you have to be at a point in your life when you're not needy, when you're not looking for a husband or a long-term boyfriend or anything.

I feel one of the last taboos is for women not to have children. I'm not going to say I never wanted to have children, but I never had a burning desire to have children. When I met my husband and we got serious and were going to get married, I tried. I was 44, and it was a little bit late in the day. But he was the first guy I was going to try with. I just didn't have that burning desire. If you don't have it, you should honor that. Having children isn't something you should do just because everybody else is. To be in the slim minority of women who don't can be a little unsettling and make you feel like, Well, is there something wrong with me? But I never felt that. My life has been about trying to entertain people. In my own paltry way, trying to entertain people is my service. My service is not raising a family. I know you can do both, but that just wasn't my thing.

The other taboo is a new taboo: I have not had any plastic surgery or any injections or anything done to my face or body. And that is the new taboo. People are mortified. People look at my neck and are like, "Oh God, what is that?" I think it's great and fine for other people, and there's certainly a lot of new technology out there that's not as invasive. You can end up getting stuff done and look reasonably okay, but it's not for me. I just want to see what's going to happen. Also, somebody's got to play the old lady in the movies, and sooner or later I'm going to be the only one who doesn't look like she's 40. And I'll be working.

NAOMI WOLF

*Author of eight books, including
The Beauty Myth and Vagina:
A New Biography*

There is almost no positive place for a girl—a teenage girl, a young woman, a woman—to stand and be sexual, on a sexual journey, in our culture. There was this brief, shining moment when I was growing up in the mid-1970s that really influenced me. I grew up in the Haight-Ashbury in San Francisco, and it was like

anything was acceptable; you were weird if you weren't at least bisexual. Being gay was a revolutionary, positive thing. Everyone was open and exploring, including women. And also the culture for a moment was not yet so pornografized—probably because of technology. When men and women encountered each other, they were learning about each other from each other, rather than from this giant for-profit industry of pornography.

One thing that's being documented is how quickly sex becomes boring if you masturbate to pornography and so you need to ramp it up to what one young man who talked to me about his porn addiction called "the kink spiral." I keep seeing this in pop culture: the choking thing, angry anal, aggression. It's not that I'm passing moral judgment, but it worries me as a human being that porn makes us so desensitized to sex itself—which is supposed to be this revolutionary, transformational power—that we need to ramp it up with aggression.

My objection is not to pictures of naked women. What has happened to Generation Y and teenagers is that everybody grows up already addicted to online porn. What worries me is that porn doesn't liberate sex; it closes it down.

I haven't seen *PLAYBOY* lately, so I don't know how explicit it is, but I could see a movement that encourages teenage boys to subscribe to a magazine that has naked, pretty women sitting there, rather than turning on a video. It's almost romantic compared with what's online. How nice. Women are beautiful. I'm going to get all kinds of shit from feminists for having said that.

JOANNA ANGEL

*Adult-film star, owner of Burning Angel
Entertainment*

Porn stars are more touchable now. They're not on pedestals like they used to be. People know a lot about them thanks to social media. So much of their information is out there and easy to access; it's a little different from the image of the porn star in the early 1990s. It's like that with musicians too. If they have a mental breakdown, everyone knows about it. It doesn't really matter, because you have to adapt with the times no matter what. In some ways it's better and in some ways worse.

For me, most of the changes are probably a good thing because I'm not an untouchable-looking blonde Barbie doll. If my entire persona were based on my being perfect-looking, then I probably wouldn't have a career in porn. I've definitely been able to thrive off of cashing in on the way I look and also my personality—that's how I've been able to connect with fans. I probably wouldn't have been able to be who I am had I done porn in a different decade.

I can't speak for anyone's career but my own: I have never been subjected to anything bad just for being a woman. I know



"On our planet we call that field hockey!"

some people may have that image of porn. I'm not saying porn is the right place for every woman in the world. A career where everyone is looking at you, where you're out there to be judged, can be very tough if you don't have a thick skin. I've never felt degraded. I never let being a woman get in the way of anything I ever do.

TRISTAN TAORMINO

Author, sex educator, adult-film director

I think we've finally seen the emergence of smart and quite purposeful porn stars. The narrative was either you were plucked off the bus from the Midwest and coerced into doing porn, or you somehow fell into it and now you're there. But then people like Jenna Jameson and Sasha Grey, and to some extent Belladonna and Stoya, began to emerge—these are women who are 100 percent in control of their jobs, their branding, their marketing, their businesses. That really is a shift. And then they, of course, become role models for the next generation. "Oh look, we can do this with standards and boundaries and still possibly move on to

something else." They became role models.

On a superficial level, I definitely like the changing aesthetics of who qualifies as a porn performer. There was a time when there was a dominant aesthetic, when if you wanted to make money, you had to have this kind of California-girl look: blonde with blue eyes, surgically enhanced boobs, a tan. The truth is, that's one standard of beauty, but there are also tattooed and pierced girls, punk rock girls, girls with pink hair, girls who aren't a size two, girls who are flat-chested, girls who have an indistinguishable ethnicity. All these different tropes have come in, featuring women with different bodies, different aesthetics. Many of them have managed to achieve success; that has opened the playing field for who can be a performer, who can be a porn star. The people who dominate the female performer pool are white and thin. So there's that. We aren't there yet. But we are in a better and different place from where we were. Hopefully that's going to keep moving. Some of this parallels mainstream Hollywood in many ways. It's not just the porn industry.

MIRANDA JULY

Filmmaker, author, artist

Just two days ago I was doing an event and a woman asked me, "How come there is so much sex in your books and everything you do?" Part of me was grateful she noticed, because no matter how far in that direction I go, people tend to still just call me cute.

Unless you're being overtly erotically sexual as a female, people almost don't clock it as sex. What I said to her was that the territory feels so wide open to me; it feels, surprisingly at this point, that still not much has been done with sex. We're seeing the same things done again and again, so it just feels fun, like it's not hard to think of something no one has ever done. And that's not true with most things that are so much a part of life. A lot of smart people have walked all over everything else. And also, it's an intersection of power and intimacy and shame and vulnerability, and boringness, potentially—all these things that are interesting to me. It's not even necessarily that sex is so interesting; it's that you can get at all these interesting things through it. That has evolved, I think, initially coming out of being a child. I was focused on the sexuality of children, which is pretty impossible to do anything about.

With my first feature film, *Me and You and Everyone We Know*, I was thinking there should be, that that should exist as its own thing, separate from what we think of as real sex, like adult sex. Children have their own ideas of that, and in some ways that's part of children's right to have their version of sex, whatever that is in their heads. I remember thinking this is such a debatable idea, it needs its own sort of branding and logo. I was consciously thinking that when I came up with the "back and forth, forever" symbol, $\rangle\langle$, that we used in the movie. I was thinking it could be like the Coca-Cola or Nike logo but for children's sexuality. So it can have humor in it, because it is funny. It gets less funny as you get older. Kids can see what's funny about all that. I think that has its own power. And it did kind of work. I think managing to brand children's sexuality is pretty radical and could even be potentially threatening in a way. Especially a woman doing that—because I'm supposed to be maternal, or I'm just so caught up in my own orgasm.

DR. RUTH WESTHEIMER

Sex therapist, author

Certainly more women know that they have to take responsibility for their sexual satisfaction. Even if their partner loves them, he cannot know what they need to be sexually satisfied. We know that today—not just because of me; there are other people in the field of sex education—there is a tremendous increase in women who know what they need to be sexually satisfied. Women have learned to be the initiators, to not wait for sex to be initiated, to know that this is important for them and their partners. It's not that she's going to be aggressive. She is going to be assertive and knows how to be sexually literate.



Ruth Glibbery

"In bed, he's just what you'd expect from a guy against any kind of gun control."

Also, I think *PLAYBOY* was very important. Hugh Hefner knows me, but not in the biblical sense of the word. Put that down! Not *knowing* in the biblical sense, but I certainly have met him many times. I'm grateful to him, because the foundation of free speech certainly had a tremendous influence on issues of sexuality—on talking about it, on being able to discuss it. I want to say one thing for *PLAYBOY*: I have always told mothers that if they find *PLAYBOY* under their boy's mattress, never talk about it. Make believe you never saw it and leave it there.

AISHA TYLER

Comedian, actress, television host, author
I think people have an unrealistic expectation of marriage. I think they have an unrealistic expectation of their spouses. I think most people don't know what they're getting into, and they're more excited about the wedding than they are about the marriage. A lot of people are just not cut out for it. Marriage is not for pussies. It requires an infinite amount of patience, not just with the other person but with yourself. And it requires a willingness to allow someone else to be flawed, and their willingness to allow you to be flawed as well. What makes a great marriage is finding someone who is willing to see the best in you at all times. That doesn't mean they are a Pollyanna or blind; it just means they see what in you is equivalent to greatness.

I am probably not your typical woman. My husband and I play Xbox together, I love video games, I engineer my own podcast, I love computers and I'm an early adopter. I own probably seven devices. So for me, technology has been great. You know, I probably should spend more time having sex and less time looking at people have sex on the internet, but I think that's probably everybody's case nowadays. We all have our problems.

I hope men realize now that that picture of their penis is never *not* going to be on the internet. When society has crumbled and humans have vanished from the earth, cockroaches are going to walk in on iOS 972 and this picture is still going to be on the internet. So just don't do it! Unless you want your great-grandchildren to see your cock, don't do it. It's not going to work out well for you.

Now people are realizing even if you post something and delete it immediately, it's too late. As soon as you press tweet, that is the last time you will ever have control of that image. And I think guys should realize that, for better or for worse, our half of the species is not particularly interested in seeing a picture of your penis anyway. Unless it's a medical marvel and you should be in a museum or a circus, we're not interested. Take a picture of your bank account or your car or your IQ. Or maybe send away to 23andMe and send us a picture of your genetic makeup that shows you don't have any cancer precursors and will never have a heart attack. Send us information we can use. A picture of your dick is not going to get it done.



BEN AFFLECK

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you've been living it down ever since?

AFFLECK: I don't know. It's pretty good, actually. Some of my best work.

PLAYBOY: *Chasing Amy*.

AFFLECK: One of the best experiences I've had. We all lived in Kevin Smith's house. We rehearsed it like a play. We shot on 16 millimeter. I got the chance to do the kind of acting I had never done before. Not knowing if anyone would ever see this cheap movie was freeing. It didn't seem like a movie, more like people running around with a video camera.

PLAYBOY: *Armageddon*.

AFFLECK: My introduction to big-budget Hollywood. I went from *Chasing Amy* a year before to being in a movie that cost \$150 million, or whatever it was. We shot for 100 days with cool indie actors like Billy Bob Thornton, Owen Wilson and Steve Buscemi. We had fun.

PLAYBOY: Is that the first time you really made money? How did you handle it?

AFFLECK: We had sold the *Good Will Hunting* script for \$600,000, and we split it, 300 grand apiece. After taxes, \$125,000. And then we each bought cars for \$50,000—I bought a Jeep Cherokee—so we were down to \$75,000. By the end of the year we were flat broke. So I had experience running through 600,000 bucks. And then on *Armageddon* I made another \$600,000.

PLAYBOY: *Pearl Harbor*.

AFFLECK: *Pearl Harbor* was a wonderful experience. I got to know my wife, and there were a lot of people I liked. It was a disappointment because I thought we were making an iconic movie that could have been made before the war, a *Titanic* kind of movie. It ultimately ended up being like *Armageddon* in World War II. You can make *Armageddon* about oil drillers on an asteroid. You can't make *Armageddon* about the Doolittle Raid because that's history and people take that seriously. You talked about being picky over historical accuracy. Michael Bay, the director, wanted a more commercial tone, and it was commercial, a big hit. People say *Pearl Harbor* was a bomb. It was absolutely not. It did half a billion dollars, but it became a light piece of entertainment.

PLAYBOY: *Changing Lanes*.

AFFLECK: Roger Michell taught me casting. He showed me that if you cast every tiny part as if it were the lead, you can create a whole world of people you can live in as an actor. I met Bradley Cooper. I liked working with Sam Jackson a lot. My memory is of Roger taking what could have easily been a 1970s genre action film and turning it into a rumination on anger and morality.

PLAYBOY: You forgot your cast mate Sydney Pollack, also a great director.

AFFLECK: Oh my God. I grilled Sydney about all his movies, and there were so many. I remember him saying, "Of the seven movies..." I said "Wait a minute. You directed seven movies?" He said, "No, I directed seven movies that star Robert

Redford." [laughs] So many amazing stories. His Stanley Kubrick stories....

PLAYBOY: Can you tell us one?

AFFLECK: Sydney was acting for him in *Eyes Wide Shut*, and Stanley wanted him to hold a glass in a specific place. Sydney told him, "Stanley, I wouldn't do that. It's not real." And Kubrick said, "Real is good. Interesting is better." He's the reason people are afraid to cast actors who are directors, because after one or two takes he'd be muttering, "Come on, I think we got this. Don't we have it?"

PLAYBOY: *The Sum of All Fears*.

AFFLECK: I met Morgan Freeman, which was great because I was able to ask him to work for free when we did *Gone Baby Gone*. We shot *The Sum of All Fears* in Montreal, and it almost killed me. That town never closes. The food is amazing, the drink is amazing, the girls are gorgeous. It's not a place to focus on your work.

PLAYBOY: *Gone Baby Gone*.

AFFLECK: I was terrified. Everybody said, "This is going to suck. Ben Affleck is directing. This movie's going to be shit." I was very discouraged by it and didn't have a lot of support from anybody really, except my wife. And Matt.

PLAYBOY: Critics were impressed with your cast. Your star, Ed Harris, is known for not suffering fools.

AFFLECK: No, he does not suffer anything. I've always gotten along with and respect actors. It becomes clear after a minute or two talking to me as the director on a movie that I care about them doing their best work and that I give them all the latitude and time they need and that I understand the story and I'm not going to ask them to do anything that doesn't make sense. That's a lot for an actor to hear.

PLAYBOY: *The Town*.

AFFLECK: I got confidence from *Gone Baby Gone* that I could get through a movie, shoot it and have it make sense. *The Town* was a step up in trying to execute on the genre components. The movie borrowed a lot from Michael Mann's *Heat*. Look how well they did it in that movie—you can't do it any better. I took that realism and tried to apply it to our action stuff. There were a lot of techniques we used. Some worked, and others we didn't put in the movie. Ultimately it was about making a slightly bigger, slightly more Hollywood movie and wrapping it around a drama that had themes that were meaningful to me. I thought, If I do this right, I will be considered for more stuff. And then Jeff Robinov at Warner Bros. handed me *Argo*. I read it and immediately knew I had to make it, that it was perfect.

PLAYBOY: How about some movies that were considered flops but might have been memorable milestones for you. *Gigli*?

AFFLECK: *Gigli*'s where I learned to direct. Martin Brest, the guy who did *Beverly Hills Cop*, *Midnight Run* and *Scent of a Woman*, is a great director who understands how to help an actor. The love he had for what he was doing, the care he took with the performances and the way he made it about the story and the actors rather than imposing some sort of artifice

or style on top of it—all that rubbed off on me when I shot *The Town*.

PLAYBOY: *Daredevil*. Can you put your finger on where it went wrong?

AFFLECK: I think it would be impolite to say so.

PLAYBOY: It doesn't sound like you think it was your fault.

AFFLECK: I bear a share of responsibility. You can't divorce yourself and say it was everybody else's fault and not mine. I was there. But by the same token, actors are often afforded too much credit and too much blame. These things are risky by nature, and I have worked as hard on ones that didn't work as I did on *Argo*. Sometimes it's in the hands of the movie gods. You think something's smart and that it will resonate, you bust your ass, and it just doesn't congeal. That's why I judge directors by their successes. Everybody's capable of missing, but there aren't many who are capable of doing something special.

PLAYBOY: Considering the career adversity you've overcome, should we not be surprised that your memories of failures are more vivid than of hits? Do you dwell on failure?

AFFLECK: No, it's something else. Look at *Daredevil*. That's where I found my wife. We met on *Pearl Harbor*, which people hate, but we fell in love on *Daredevil*. By the way, she won most of the fights in the movie, which was a pretty good predictor of what would happen down the road—my wife, holding swords and beating the living shit out of me.

The Rotten Tomatoes rating is not in direct proportion to how important a life experience a movie was. *Surviving Christmas* is a one tomato, which means a shitty movie. Again, it should've been better, could've been better. To me, meeting James Gandolfini and getting to know him at such an interesting and important period in both our lives, and the degree to which we bonded and became friends, is something I wouldn't trade for anything. He was a lovely man, and so tough on himself. Most of the good things in my life have come out of movies that didn't work very well. That made that movie a great experience, despite what people said about it. As you point out, like *Pearl Harbor*, *Daredevil* and *Surviving Christmas*. The hit movies I've done did nothing for me personally.

PLAYBOY: You got into some trouble overdoing it when you were young and had Hollywood at your feet for the first time.

AFFLECK: I wasn't married. I showed up in Hollywood, and all of a sudden girls were talking to me. I thought, Wow, what changed? So I had a lot of girlfriends and a lot of fun. I definitely ran around, and I hit the wall a few times and made some mistakes. But that's part of a young man growing up. I think it was the only natural reaction to the situation I found myself in. It's part of what has allowed me to have more perspective now as an older guy.

PLAYBOY: There is an "I'll show them" attitude in how you built your career. Does

that go back to dropping out of college after a professor embarrassed you?

AFFLECK: Matt and I were writing *Good Will Hunting* and living in Eagle Rock. I was going to school at Occidental. I had a creative writing professor who asked us to write 20 pages of anything, free-flowing, no-rules type stuff. I brought in 20 pages of *Good Will Hunting*. I started to read it and she said, "Stop, stop, stop. That's not an acceptable literary form. Screenplay is not literature." Then she allowed the class to weigh in and make jokes at my expense. I stood there mortified, my face turning red, a classic moment of humiliation. She said she expected something else from me in two days. I walked out and never went back.

PLAYBOY: Why?

AFFLECK: I quit school and never went back for one second more of classes after that. I just said, "Fuck it. This is not helping me. I'm going to do this on my own with Matt." I don't think I'm the only person who has used something like that as motivation.

PLAYBOY: What kind of influence was your father? He did everything from tend bar to write, direct and produce. And he was a bookie.

*The Rotten Tomatoes rating
is not in direct proportion
to how important a life
experience a movie was.
The hit movies I've done did
nothing for me personally.*

AFFLECK: Yeah. Not in that order, but yeah.

PLAYBOY: It sounds like his dreams went unfulfilled.

AFFLECK: Yeah. My dad was—is a very gifted writer and thinker. He worked in a theater company in Boston with Dustin Hoffman, with Robert Duvall. He knew Jon Voight and James Woods, all of whom have come up to tell me this subsequently. My dad had ambitions but also a troubled life. He had a lot of tragedy in his family, a lot of pain, and he drank to ease some of that pain. Once you start drinking too much, it's hard to fulfill your ambitions. He became a pretty serious alcoholic. He's sober now. He's been sober for 20 years, and I think it's incredibly admirable. But when he was drinking, he fell apart. My mom kicked him out, and then he was kicking around and living on the street.

PLAYBOY: What does that do to a son who also has creative aspirations?

AFFLECK: That was a formative period for me. It caused me to obsess about success and money, because my dad ran out of money and got kicked out of his house. I obsessed about how important money was. It got wired into my DNA, and that

obsession probably caused me to do some movies I shouldn't have.

PLAYBOY: How did your dad's struggle inform your voice as a writer?

AFFLECK: My dad definitely didn't push me into this. He worried, based on how difficult his own experience was, and he was caught between that and not wanting to discourage me. He was working in the theater and then he was a bartender, and that's when he was making book a little bit. He was making a lot of money betting against the Patriots, basically. And that's how we got our first VCR and washer-dryer. My dad used to say, "You can thank [Patriots quarterback] Steve Grogan." He got canned from that job and ended up a janitor at Harvard. That's where the Harvard janitor dynamic in *Good Will Hunting* comes from.

PLAYBOY: That character was your father?

AFFLECK: Yeah. The tension of the friendship between the Robin Williams character and Stellan Skarsgård's professor character was sort of me and Matt's imagination of my dad and the guys he was in the theater with who went on to become successful. Pick any one of these famous guys. The notion was, Yeah, you've done well, but you're not better than me. You know?

PLAYBOY: Matt Damon has been your friend since you were eight. What's the value in a long-term friendship like that?

AFFLECK: I probably can't overstate the degree to which he's been helpful, even in that it's psychologically good to have somebody you trust, who's going through it too, who can understand what you're going through and whose opinion you respect. Matt just moved down the street from me, so he lives closer to me now than when we were growing up together in Boston. Our kids hang out together; we have barbecues. I was at his place two nights ago. Having a friend you've been connected to since you were a little kid, that's grounding. Matt and my brother Casey are the two people I rely on the most, emotionally and professionally.

PLAYBOY: Isn't there a competitive nature between you? Who wins at poker?

AFFLECK: I'm still the better poker player, probably, though neither of us plays much anymore. Matt was talking about getting a game going in his house. Yeah, we're competitive, but we learned to handle it early on. We would take the train from Boston to New York to audition. We both felt, Look, I want to get the part, but if it's not me, I want it to be you. It was a healthy way of acknowledging you want what you want, but you're also rooting for the other guy.

PLAYBOY: Since you don't play cards anymore, what is your current guilty pleasure?

AFFLECK: A 1966 Chevelle, and the slight guilt comes from its carbon footprint. [laughs] I try to stay away from too much guilty stuff. Between working and then being home and spending time with my kids, I don't have too much time. I still have my motorcycle, which I don't drive too often. You have to have something, some contact with that part of yourself that's not just putting shoes on kids.



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BY SUN & LIGHTNING

(continued from page 201)

was this great guitar player who could play everything and Danny gave him a \$100 bill and asked him to do Sinatra tunes and they danced. The only ones on the floor, everyone watching them and she knew how good they looked, him with his black hair and flashing white teeth, her with her long legs in the black heels and her red hair swirling and when they danced slow and close she could feel him pressed against her and he told her all the things he was going to do to her when he got her back to the room and he did he did all those things and the next day they hit the bank in Payson and that night she bought him that shirt in Scottsdale, one of those soft summer desert nights, a flowered Hawaiian that she said made him look like Montgomery Clift in that old movie she couldn't remember the name of and he told her it was *From Here to Eternity*.

Now she dumps sulfa in the wound and then gets a compression bandage on it.

There's nothing she can do about the internal hemorrhaging. He needs a hospital, surgery, and even then it could go wrong. A bullet in the stomach—the bleeding, the infection, the sepsis. He could make it through the initial trauma and still die, days or even weeks later, and then he dies bad, he dies ugly. Beautiful Danny dies ugly under the sickly yellow light of a hospital room.

But there isn't going to be any hospital anyway.

Not on this side of the border.

Walk into an e-room with a bullet wound and that's it. They're reading Danny his rights as they're rolling him into the OR.

You too, Shannon thinks, because this isn't hard to put together. They're already looking for a man and a woman, the man with a bullet in his gut, the woman pretty with long legs and long blonde hair, and that reminds her to take off the wig, not that it will slow the cops down more than a few seconds. You take him to the hospital here it's a death sentence for the both of you—life without parole, the same thing—because there's a dead guard on the sidewalk outside the bank.

She has to get Danny to the other side. Across the border. A Mexican hospital, a Mexican doctor, sounds sketchy but the truth is that the Tijuana doctors are great and God knows they see enough gunshot trauma.

They've crossed the border hot before, but never bloody. First time they did Danny said it was like *The Getaway* and she asked him which one, the new one or the old one, and he said, "The old one, baby, the only one, the one with Steve McQueen." Danny loves Steve McQueen, could watch *Bullitt* all day and all night, come on, that chase scene, of course Danny could.

So she has to get Danny to Mexico but Shannon's not even sure she can get him back in a car. Getting him out was hard enough. She's a tall girl but not a big girl, and she had to jerk and pull. Agony for him. She finally got him under his shoulder and dragged him into the room, but she's not sure she can carry him back out.

Or that he'd even survive it.

242 She opens the curtains a sliver and risks a look out into the parking lot. Even though

the window looks out to the east and not the west the sky is crimson. One break is that it's winter and it gets dark early. The motel's neon sign comes on—pink against the crimson.

There are only four other cars in the lot—a Camry, a CR-V, a Lexus and a Bimmer—and she wonders who they are. Tourists on a budget, or travelers who just like the funky places, or married lovers squeezing in a dirty hour before they go home to their spouses. It's going to be hard, she thinks, to explain how the car got stolen from the Surf Inn.

She'll boost one of them but she wants to wait until it's darker.

Shannon goes into the bathroom and shuts the door behind her. One fluorescent light on the ceiling. A shower with a plastic curtain, toilet, wall heater, the porcelain on the sink is chipped. She scrubs Danny's blood off her hands, watches it swirl diluted down the drain. Then she digs her cell phone out of her jeans pocket and hits Mendoza's number.

They can trust Carlos, worked with him for years.

He answers on the first ring.

Shannon says, "He got hit—"

"I saw the news. I already have a doctor." Mendoza's voice is calm, steady, soothing, a relief.

"I can't get him there," she says. "Not by myself."

Even if I can get him in the car and down to the border, she thinks, I can't get him across. But Mendoza's people can. They'll know which line to get into, which agent is on the arm. "Can you come get us? Send someone?"

"That's not our deal," Mendoza says.

Their deal is he protects them on the other side. Them getting there is not his problem, and he's not going to risk one of his people sending him into the shit to pull them out. One thing to hump dirty money over the border, or even narcos on the run from a grand jury gone bad.

A whole other thing to run bank robbers who are fresh hot and bloody, one of them with evidence in his belly.

She gets it.

They go back, but business is business.

"It *could* be the deal," Shannon says. "I'll sweeten your taste."

Because business is business. In the silence she hears him thinking about it.

"How sweet?" Mendoza asks.

"Thirty? That's a 10-point bump." Ten more points on money we earned. We took the risk, we took the bullet, and I'll give up a third to get Danny across the border to a hospital.

"I don't know," Mendoza says.

What don't you know, you greedy prick? "Okay, how's *this* deal? How's the deal where we take our business somewhere else in the future?"

He doesn't answer and Shannon knows he's debating whether there's going to be a future, so she pulls up the past. "How much money have we made you over the years, 'Los?"

An appeal to loyalty, she thinks, in *this* business. And it gets the answer she expects. Silence.

If money won't do it and loyalty won't do it, she has to find something else.

"You get us across," Shannon says. "I'll come across."

"What are you saying?"

"You want a dictionary?" she asks. "Come on, 'Los, I see the way you look at me when Danny turns his back."

You're in her business you know your assets. It's not a matter of ego or conceit, it's a matter of inventory, knowing what you have on the shelf. You give money away, it's gone, you give points—gone. You give what you have between your legs it's still there in the morning. A little of yourself is gone, but she knows there's a lot of her, she's more than that, and she'll do it for Danny.

The air over the phone gets heavy. She knows he is thinking about it, imagining it, fighting a battle between his brain and his dick. If it's a fight between his brain and his dick, get the towel ready to throw and spare his brain a beating. If it's between his dick and his wallet, though, then you got a fight.

Sweet Danny never has that issue.

Dick, every time. The needle on that compass always points true north.

Sex, sun, laughter and life.

She's the more practical one, worries about budgets and expenses.

"Life pays for itself, darlin'," Danny would say. "Sun comes up every day without charge."

"I can get you across," Carlos says now.

Fuck you, 'Los. Danny's old friend, his amigo, sits there out by the pool in Ensenada drinking tequila, telling jokes, while he checks out my legs under the table. Big, heavy sensuous blue eyes, mane of silver hair over his big wide forehead. Turquoise jewelry, vain as a diva, always with a woman, most of them whores.

I should put one right between the blue and the silver, you think I'd dump Danny for the likes of you.

"Both of us, 'Los," she says, "or it's no deal."

"Plus the 30, though, right?"

The man keeps his wallet in his front pants pocket, right by his dick.

"Yeah," she says. "One night, I'll do anything you want. Only you never tell Danny."

Because that would kill him.

Worse than the bullet.

She'd say she did it because she loves him and he'd believe her and that would make it worse, not better. They could never look at each other again and that would kill *her*.

"I'll get back to you," Carlos says.

"Hurry."

She clicks off and goes back into the bedroom.

Danny's staring at a painting on the wall. A bad painting of a couple of horses in a field behind a white fence.

"I called Mendoza," Shannon says. "He's sending someone."

"Let me just rest for a few minutes," Danny says, "then I'm good to go."

That's Danny. Always the optimist, always sunny-side up, even his eggs. Tomorrow is always going to be better, you'll see, baby. We're going to be just fine.

That time after the job in El Centro. Sitting there with a bag of hot glass in the cab of an old pickup truck, lost as lambs on some desert back road and then the engine overheated. Out there where the sun can kill you if the cops or the coyotes—the human kind—don't get you first and Danny

hopped out of the cab and flipped open the trunk and he was whistling—whistling—out there in the sun as he fiddled and fooled around and then he slammed the hood shut, climbed back in and said, “Good to go, now which way is old Mexico?” and he looked at the sun like he was Magellan or something and then he pointed the truck and sure enough about an hour later they were at the border and Mendoza was waiting for them and Danny said, “I told you it would be all right.”

“You rest,” she says.

He gives her that brave smile. “We’re a team, baby.”

We’re a team, she thinks. Best gun-and-wheel team there is because the trust is there. It’s like Danny says, “No one wants to come out of that bank and see an empty sidewalk, have to hoof it or call a cab. You want to come out of that bank, open the door and roll.”

He goes out again now. Unconscious.

Thank God.

But pale, so pale.

Shannon sits down on the bed next to him and turns on the television. There’s the usual crap on—some judge dispensing small-claims justice, a family fighting in front of a TV shrink, all fake, all phony. Say what you will about life with Danny, it’s never fake or phony. Whatever it is, it’s real. The local news. Bank in Carlsbad robbed. Police are looking for—

She changes the channel. Cheap motel, no premium cable, no HBO or Showtime.

Why doesn’t Carlos call? She punches in his number. Busy. Okay, okay, maybe he’s working it, making his calls, setting things up.

That time down in Cabo where they went until things cooled off. The sun never stopped shining, beat down on her skin warming it she wore a big hat to keep it off her face because she doesn’t want her skin to be leather when she’s 40 and she’d lay out on the chaise reading magazines but mostly looking at the pictures wondering how she’d look in this dress or that one. And that one day Danny got up and went inside and stretched out on the couch to watch TV, he was so cute he was pouting and she went inside and asked, “What’s up?” and he said she looked so hot out there in that black bikini and the hat he just really wanted her and she said, “You can have me anytime you want, just ask,” and he did and also asked her to leave the hat on, like that song, and she did. Two weeks later it was all straightened out and they came back and drove all the way to Colorado and stayed in that cabin outside Steamboat that she loved.

Shannon opens the bag and counts the money.

Two hundred and thirty K, give or take. Not enough to retire, but even with Mendoza’s cut enough to get away for a while. Let Danny recover. Maybe that place in Cabo, maybe Cozumel. Somewhere sunny and warm.

If they can get there.

She hits Mendoza’s number again.

Still busy.

Danny groans in his sleep.

She only has one more ampoule and decides she’d better save it because he’s going to need it on the move.

It was supposed to be an easy bank. An old man of a bank, fat and sleepy. And it was. But out in the street some security guard on his lunch break had to be a hero. Wasn’t even the bank’s guard but some guy from the mall down the street. She saw him first and then saw Danny see him and she told Danny, don’t. Don’t. But he pulled his gun and now he has a bullet in his stomach, there’s a dead guard on the sidewalk and the charge is felony murder whether you robbed the bank or you just drove.

Felony murder.

The needle or life without possibility.

She didn’t sign up for either.

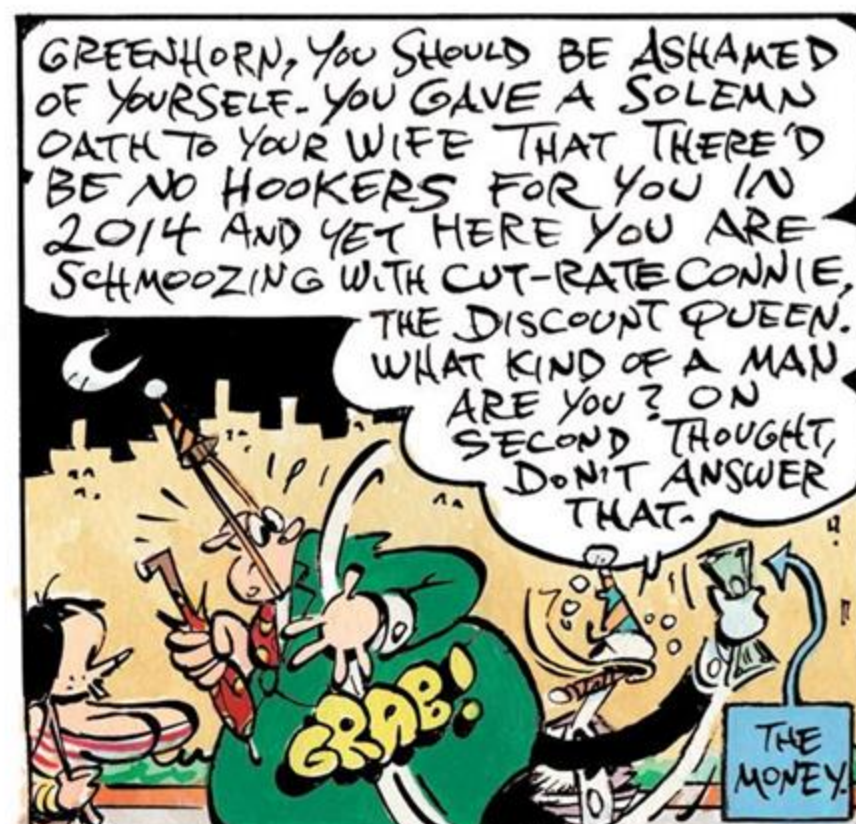
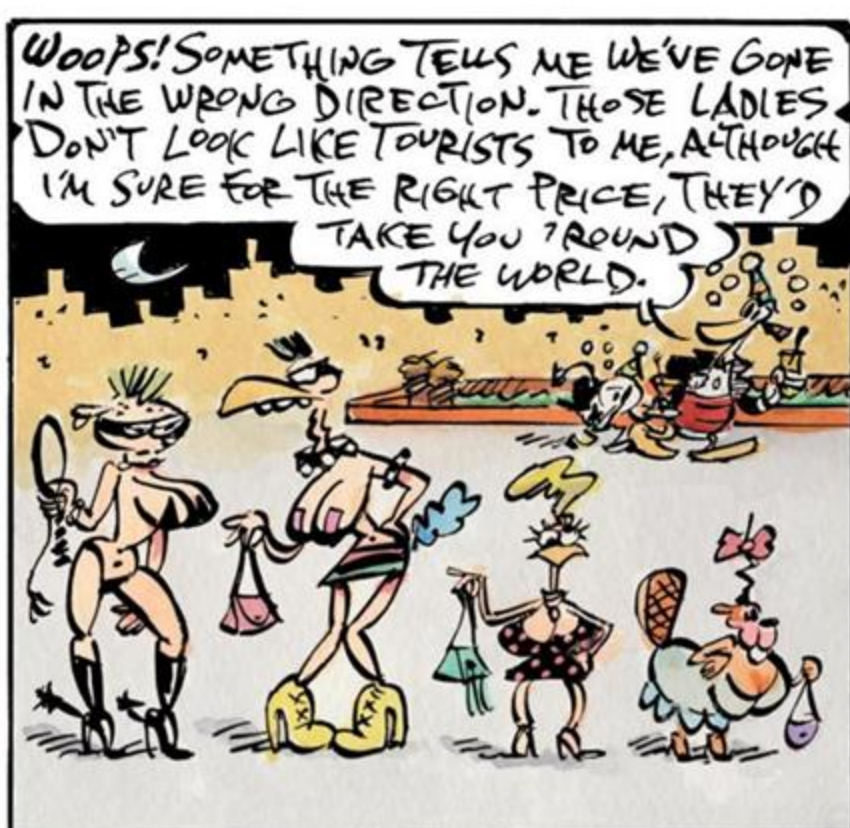
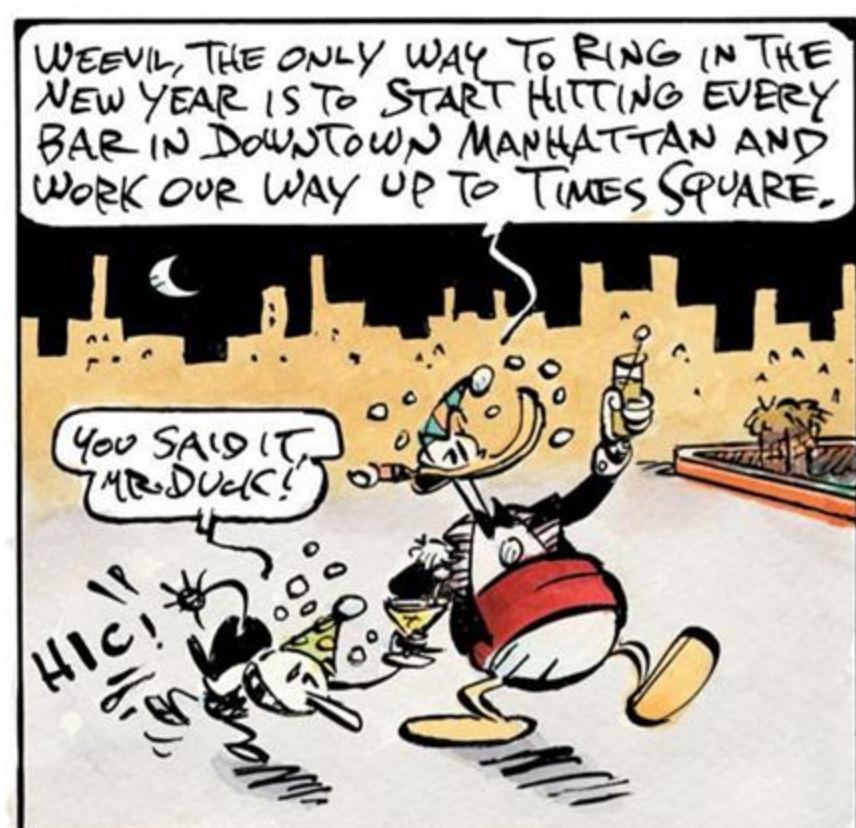
Those days up north, in Little River. Just him and her, in the cottage overlooking the ocean, with the big fireplace. Stretched out on the rug, her long red hair a carpet of its own, him coming on her like one of the waves below the cliff, washing over her, she loved to feel his arms when they lock like that, holding her in place, her place, in his arms.

His woman.

His baby.

After they made love they were hungry. She

Dirty Duck[®] by Bobby London



threw on a black sweater and jeans and they walked up the hill to the hotel. Sat at the bar and ate nachos as they looked out the window at the ocean and joked with the bartender who had to be in her early 70s easy and had been behind that bar for 30 years, and when they walked back Danny said he'd never been in the same place for 30 days unless you counted jail and she said it didn't count because it wasn't by choice and anyway she liked this life on the road, it never got boring, it was like that song, *Baby we were born to run*.

"Did Carlos call?" he asks now.

It's too bad he's conscious, she thinks.

"Not yet. He will."

Shannon turns her back to him, takes out her cell phone and holds it by her waist, goes to "settings" and then to "sound." Slides the volume up so it rings, then quickly says, "Carlos?"

Danny smiles.

"Okay, okay, five minutes," she says.

Turns back to Danny and says, "Someone's here in five."

He tries to sit up.

Can't.

"Wait, baby," she says. "When they get here, we'll help you, okay?"

"Okay."

He's so weak.

The night they met Danny came to her e-room with a dislocated little finger pointed toward Reno. He hit on her right away, like every other drunk in Fallon. But Danny wasn't drunk, he just started out with the whole "What's a beautiful creature like you" thing and when she answered, "Patching up assholes like you," he whooped with laughter. "You can wait a couple of hours to see a doctor," she said, "or you can just let me pop it back in and give you a pill."

"Will it put me to sleep?" "Maybe." "But you'll tuck me in, right?" Usually that would get a guy a big needle in the ass but she knew she was going to do him that night and she counted "one," "two" and popped the joint back in before she counted "three" and he said, "That was slick." "You haven't seen slick, slick." "Well, I'd like to." Later, in that dark studio apartment she kept in those days, she propped herself up on her elbow, smiled at him and said, "Well, we know you can do that. But can you drive?"

Oh hell yes he could drive.

He was a car thief, for Christ's sake.

Could drive anything, anywhere, anytime. Been boosting rides since before he had a driver's license, shit, he stole his first Big Wheel and made it all the way to downtown Deming before they caught him. *Baby, I can drive anything with a gas pedal and if you want to throw in four tires and a steering wheel, well, that's just a bonus.*

Danny, her best and her last driver.

Shannon grew up on a Nebraska farm that had more debt than hope and as a little girl she used to walk through the barn singing to the cows "California Here I Come" and she eventually got the nurse's degree she thought was her ticket out, but she only made it as far as Nevada, where her beat-up Chevy gave up the ghost.

Needed money but she'd seen her daddy borrow money only to give the whole damn farm back to the bank and she saw him cry, so she decided taking money was better than asking for it and a lot less paperwork to boot and revenge on all those guys, some of them bankers, who told her that with her looks she could make all the money she wanted in Nevada. Turns out she could, only not that way, and she never lacked for

a volunteer willing to get behind the wheel for a cut, but none of them was Danny.

After that night in Fallon she took off with him and never looked back at the nursing gig that she kept anyway as a beard, or the apartment she hated with the furniture she never liked, she just took off with Danny and they drove all over the West and she loved the road like she loved Danny, they were one and the same, they rode all over the West wherever they wanted to go. They just rode and she never had to worry about walking out of the bank onto an empty street because, "*Baby, I'm not just Mr. Right, I'm Mr. Right There.*"

But this time—Danny, did you have to?

The bank in Carlsbad was easy, the bank was a breeze. She showed them her .44 and they fell all over themselves loading her up with cash. Sexy woman, sexy gun, she didn't know which scared them more. Just in, just out, just like she'd done a dozen times before. She walked out and Danny was right there, but then this security guard walked up and Danny did what she told him never to do—he got out of the car.

The driver stays in the car, she told him a thousand times.

The driver stays in the car.

Behind the wheel, not the gun.

The gun is my business and I know my business.

He was protecting me, I guess, she thinks, but he shouldn't have. The truth is that she would have shot and not gotten shot, but he got out of the car and pulled the gun and then there were two shots and she got behind the wheel and shoved him over and now here they are.

She gets up and goes to the window. Slips the curtain back, looks out and picks the 2008 Camry. The cops won't break too much sweat tracking a used Camry and no one puts LoJack in one.

Danny made sure she knew how to boost a car.

"In case I'm not around," he said.

Oh Danny. Oh baby.

There was that picnic on Crystal Lake that time. Danny was so sweet, he bought chicken and champagne and they sat on a blanket in front of the car with the lake in front of them and no one else there and he wiped her mouth with a napkin and said, "I wish you'd sing for me the way you sang for those cows," because she'd told him that story. She never told anyone else that story and she sang, "You are my sunshine, my only sunshine, you make me happy" and when she was done he got on one knee and took a little box out of his jacket pocket and she asked, "Baby, what did you do?" and he proposed. "Would you make me the happiest man in the world?" and she said, "Yes. Yes, Danny," and he put that ring on her finger and they made love right there with the mountain reflecting in the lake.

The phone rings.

Carlos.

Thank God.

"Where are you?" he asks.

"Surf Inn. Leucadia."

"What room?"

She hears it in his voice and knows it's true.

Just as she should have known his wallet would win.



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Mendoza's gone the other way with it.
Doesn't see a future with us so he's cashing out. Squeezing out that last peso, blood from a stone. Going to make his money on the reward side. Bank the reward and deposit some goodwill with the cops at the same time. Never a bad thing, your cop account being in the black.

"What room are you in?" Carlos repeats. A little too urgent, pressing, like he's afraid she's getting hinky.

"One-oh-five."

"Okay, hang tight. They're on the way."

I'll bet they are, Shannon thinks.

"No," she says. "I think the desk clerk made us. Danny can walk. I'm going to get him in the car and go a couple of blocks south. There's a taco shop on the corner. We'll be in that lot."

She clicks off.

Looks at Danny.

They got married in Vegas. A cliché, but Danny made it fun and romantic. Danny made everything fun and romantic. He joked with the minister and the two professional witnesses and when the ceremony was over he said they had to go to the Flamingo for their honeymoon because that's where the old-school guys went, all those old mobsters with the great suits and the hats, and they could pretend they were Bugsy and Virginia. And that's what they did, they talked like they did in those old movies and he sat on the bed as she stood in the doorway and showed him lots of leg and he whistled and said, "Some tomato I married," and that made her laugh. Danny always made her laugh.

Shannon sits down on the bed beside him.

Knows she's out of time.

They're out of time.

She asks herself the question and hates the answer. The answer is she's out of options.

Can't stay with him, can't take him... can't leave him.

He'll suffer.

And he'll talk. He won't want to, he won't mean to, but he'll be stoned on the drugs and he'll talk and that's the death penalty or life without parole, and she didn't sign up for that and he'll understand.

Danny knows who she is.

That time driving through the South Dakota badlands at night they pulled over, cranked the radio up and left the door open and danced in the faint moonlight. Danced in the moonlight, their bodies flowing silver, their sweat shining silver they danced and then they got back in the car and stayed in Wall that night. And in the morning they drove back that same way and saw they'd been on

the knife edge of a 600-foot straight drop and didn't even know it, one wrong step and they'd have fallen to their deaths and Danny said that was them—dancing on the edge of death and that was sure them and that was life too. You're gonna live life, you have to dance on the edge of death.

"Baby?" she says.

"Yeah?"

Sweat is popping out of his face.

His blue eyes wide and feverish.

His skin hot as she strokes his cheek.

"Baby, you remember our favorite day?" she asks as she slips the pistol from her waistband.

They were driving out of San Diego all the way to Utah because they needed to put some serious distance between them and that bank downtown. All the way up on the back roads through the

As a little girl she loved the lightning, loved the storms that rolled over the plains like symphonies of drums. She would go out on the porch to watch the silver flashes against the black sky and feel the electricity tingle on her skin like the possibility of freedom and danger and another life. But she never ever saw lightning on a sunny day until that day with Danny. Danny always said that every day has its reward, you just had to be there with eyes open to see it, and this was their reward that day and then it got better because they looked up to see these horses come running over the top of a hill, two horses—one white and one chestnut—came over the hill backlit by sun and lightning and it was so beautiful so beautiful so beautiful that she cried the way she sometimes did when she was with him and he was inside her, two horses one white and one chestnut came over the hill backlit by sun and lightning, and that was their reward for that day. That was their favorite day and always would be.

"Sure I remember, baby," Danny says, his voice weak but his voice happy. "That was that day with...."

Two horses, one white and one chestnut.

Shannon raises the pistol, tears spilling from her green eyes.

Came over the hill.

He starts to nod out again and she puts the barrel to the back of his head and can't tell if he feels it or doesn't.

If he does he doesn't move or turn around.

Two horses came over the hill and danced on the edge of death.

She pulls the trigger.

A sharp crack and a muzzle flash.

Shannon jams the pistol back into her waistband, grabs the bag of money, shuts

off the lights and goes out the door.

She boosts the car the way Danny taught her and pulls out on the PCH, past cop cars wailing, lights flashing, coming the other way, passing her. Ten minutes later she's on the 5, busting south for the border, down to Mexico to kill Carlos Mendoza.

Because business is business and she can't afford to let people think they can fuck her.

She'll find another driver but she'll never find another Danny, and she knows that and she knows the road will be just a lonely dance in the dark.

Two horses came over the hill and danced on the edge of death, lit by sun and lightning.

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spare Mojave white as bone and then they gassed up in Primm and blew right past Vegas, didn't even stop to try their luck because they figured they'd had enough luck for one day and didn't want to push it and they drove past Mesquite and then nicked that little corner of Arizona and then into Utah past St. George climbing up from the desert into the cedar country from white to red to green and it was one of those long summer days, so it was still just before dusk when they came up outside Cedar City. They were looking for a hotel, they were tired from the long drive and ready to stop and have some dinner, stop and get a bed and make love and it was still a little sunny, gentle sunshine on the slopes of the hills and then suddenly there were lightning flashes.

Lightning on a sunny day.

Light behind light.



PATTON OSWALT

(continued from page 158)

and sophomore years in college, when I had no idea what I was going to do with my life, I started doing stand-up—just walked right in. Right away, it fit me. I thought, I want to be onstage; I want to be in this world where stuff is happening, not in an office somewhere getting jokes second-hand. I want to hang out with comedians.

Q9

PLAYBOY: You maintain a high, often hilarious, social-media profile. You posted a moving Facebook comment about the Boston Marathon bombing that went viral, but you were slammed when you defended Daniel Tosh for making a rape joke during a comedy-club set.

OSWALT: Daniel Tosh was trying to see if he could make rape funny. He was failing. You're allowed to do that at an open mike. This woman got angry and interrupted him before he could get to the point he was making. She was wrong for doing that. But he was wrong because he had been trying to kick upward at this terrible thing—rape—but then he kicked downward by saying about this drunk woman, "Wouldn't it be funny if she got raped by five guys?" You always have to consider who is the victim and what is the context. Sarah Silverman joked, "I was raped by a doctor, which is so bittersweet for a Jewish girl," and she's come onstage to music saying, "Oh, I was raped to that song." Is she a misogynist? If you listened to only part of a Lenny Bruce bit, you'd say, "He's a racist." But if you had waited three more minutes, you would have seen he was horrified by racism and was finding new ways to make a run at the subject.

Q10

PLAYBOY: You tweeted your support of Tosh but then followed up with a lengthy essay on heckling, joke stealing and rape. Were you walking back your position?

OSWALT: I've always tried to maintain that when you see a comedian making a run at a subject, if they're failing, at least let him get to the end. During the lead-up to the Iraq war, I got booed off the stage when I was talking about George Bush and his motivations. People came at me, wanting to fight me. I'm like, "I'll talk with you about it, but you can't just yell things away that you don't like." That's what Fox News does.

Q11

PLAYBOY: Who is your most surprising Facebook or Twitter follower?

OSWALT: I talk on Twitter now with Uzo Aduba, who plays Crazy Eyes on *Orange Is the New Black*. I have, like, a terror crush on her. I'm such a champion of the show, it's like I'm a junkie and they put a bag of heroin in front of me and said, "This will have to do until next season." And I'm like, "Fuck it, I'm probably gonna do all of it tonight."

Q12

PLAYBOY: You and writer Michelle Eileen McNamara have been married since 2005 and you have a four-year-old daughter. How do you deal with female groupies online and in person?

OSWALT: That doesn't happen all that much. My rule is, if someone makes themselves sexually available, especially over the internet, there's something kind of wrong, damaged or sad about that person. It would almost be like taking advantage of somebody who needs help. But I have to admit, I have a weird sense of awe for people like John Edwards, Arnold Schwarzenegger and Tiger Woods, who have kids and still have

the energy to go fuck other people. I have one daughter, and if a woman comes up to me after a show and says, "Hey, we should go back to your hotel room," I'm like, "Yeah, we should. And you're gonna sit outside and make sure no one wakes me up for 12 hours!" When I'm on the road, the only thing I lie to my wife about is what time I get up. I know she's getting up early with our daughter, so I'll go, "Yeah, I snapped awake at 6:30 A.M.," but really I slept till 10. Basically, I'm having an affair with sleeping late.

Q13

PLAYBOY: That's really the only thing you'd lie to your wife about while you're on the road? What about, say, masturbation?

OSWALT: Masturbation is a preventive measure against mass murder. If suddenly tomorrow we couldn't masturbate, the whole planet would be stabbing each other to death. Part of the new wedding vows should be "And you have free rein to think about whatever you want when you jerk off. There's your playground. Go."

Q14

PLAYBOY: As professional as you are, what's your method for dealing with bodily functions on the job? What would you have done if you'd gotten hot and bothered while filming intimate scenes with Charlize Theron in *Young Adult*? Or if you burped or farted while doing stand-up in front of a live audience?

OSWALT: Charlize Theron is a great-looking woman and a very cool person, but in my mind, even thinking about anything other than the job we had to do just seemed rude. Also, when I was doing that movie, I was a new dad. I didn't think I'd be into fatherhood as much as I was, and I was becoming a different person. But if you burp or fart or something during stand-up, you just go with it and make it part of what you're talking about.

Q15

PLAYBOY: You make everyone's short list of the top contemporary comedians. Would you put yourself on such a list?

OSWALT: The best stand-ups working right now, in no particular order, are Louis C.K., Dave Chappelle still, Bill Burr and, just to fuck people up, I'll mention some guys not enough people know about yet, and that would be a tie between Kyle Kinane and Hannibal Buress. They'll be huge.

Q16

PLAYBOY: You once said, "I get jealous when certain people get really big." Were you talking about the talented ones, the untalented ones or both?

OSWALT: That part of the quote was a setup to the other part of that quote, which mentioned Louis C.K.—the kind of talent who ups the bar for everybody else. That actually benefits comedians. There's competition, absolutely, but I try to concentrate on the aspect of, "Oh good, that person's success is going to be great for comedy in general."

Q17

PLAYBOY: Do you ever secretly hope your biggest acting competitors will get tied up



"How do you spell 'abominable'?"

on a long-running TV series or go off and do a Broadway play?

OSWALT: I'd like to think I'm competing as a third or fourth choice with Jonah Hill, Philip Seymour Hoffman and Paul Giamatti. Philip Seymour Hoffman is like the Muhammad Ali of actors, and yeah, he goes off and does Broadway, but TV is as good as, if not better than, movies right now. That's where the real plum roles are. I'd love for him or Paul Giamatti to walk away from TV, because if they committed to a show, it would be some amazing thing with an amazing director, a show that I'd want to be on, not *It's Philip!* Fridays on CBS. Give me TV at least, you guys.

Q18

PLAYBOY: With all the stuff you've done, there's a whole cohort of people who best know you as the voice of the lead character Remy in the animated movie *Ratatouille*. What reactions do you get from fans of that hit?

OSWALT: They'll want me to do something in character, but Remy doesn't sound like Shrek, where it's like, "Oh, I'll just do my Scottish accent for them." They ask, "Can you say, 'Don't just hork it down!' in that voice?" I'm like, "Well, I'm talking to you like Remy right now. I didn't do a voice in the movie." And they're like, "Oh." I always feel I'm disappointing them.

Q19

PLAYBOY: You're a major sci-fi and fantasy geek. What's your favorite experience at Comic-Con, the massive yearly convention for fantasy and sci-fi fans?

OSWALT: Years before Comic-Con became crazy, I saw this guy walking around in an amazing Klingon costume he'd made—costume, makeup, everything. I told him, "Wow, I'm stunned. What do you do for a living?" He told me he was an actuarial accountant and was explaining his life to me, and I said, "You should do costumes in films and TV." He looked at me and said, "But then I wouldn't have time to watch the shows I watch." It was almost as if he didn't want to watch the magic being made; he wanted it to impact him. It was his fantasy world that he didn't want messed with. That's another Walter Mitty.

Q20

PLAYBOY: Salon.com has a history of going after you on any number of topics. In response, you've tweeted, among other zingers, "Salon.com: The Fox News of Beta Male Humorlessness."

OSWALT: With all my battles with Salon and my hate for Fox News, I'm just realizing now that whether it's heads at Fox News exploding, Al Sharpton's head exploding or heads at Salon exploding, they're exploding for a tiny sliver of the population. They actually don't count. That's the show they put on. That's their job. At this point, they have different ideologies but are in the same business: "We don't care. Anything to get eyes on us." The rational discussions are going on in other places, by people who are really looking at the issues.



SMITH

(continued from page 129)

didn't see the broader trend. Family members who used to go to AOL now spent their time on Facebook. Friends hung around, for a moment at least, on MySpace. The seers who had been warning us that Google News would soon be the only news source began to pipe down. A new media age, centered on what is now called "the social web," had arrived.

And it came to me as a huge relief. Politico and I had prevailed at first simply by typing faster and posting more than anybody else. That, though, is a boring, grinding kind of victory. Twitter and its siblings favored speed, but they really loved scoops. The stories that won on Twitter were the ones that brought revelatory information, lucid argument or riveting narrative. They were the kind of stories reporters got into this business to write.

When Jonah Peretti, who had created a hard-to-figure web phenomenon called BuzzFeed out of widely shared cat pictures and remixed images and text called memes, pitched me the notion of joining his "social news organization," I had no idea what he was talking about. Political scoops plus cats seemed unintelligible. Then I thought about it more and realized it sounded like my Facebook feed. BuzzFeed had been perfecting the answer to the question of what people share in the warm, emotional medium of Facebook, while I had been racing to win in the cooler, smaller and elite-driven Twittersphere. And so I left Politico to become BuzzFeed's editor in chief.

The social web—Facebook, Twitter and their siblings, including Pinterest and Reddit—now drives more traffic to publishers than Google or any of the old portals such as Drudge and Yahoo do. For many of us they drive a lot more traffic to our stories than our own front pages do. Our readers open their computers or, mostly now, their phones, start up the Facebook or Twitter apps and find the stories their friends and the people they respect are reading. Some of the forms are new or renewed—lists, you may have noticed, are big—but the values are the same: Speed, accuracy, grace and intelligence are all more prized than ever, in an ecosystem so intensely competitive that a story that is slightly faster or slightly better will go viral while the second best goes unread.

Across the new media—and as some of the great old institutions, the *British Guardian* and *The New York Times* first among them, move online—success is often defined by the old values. Scoops, great writing, original insight and hilarity win the day, though they often take unfamiliar forms—GIFs and short videos,

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essays longer than would fit in a newspaper and, of course, lists. In the spirit of the times, here is a list of five ways social media will save journalism, plus one reason to stay skeptical.

1. Distribution is dirt cheap. News reporters spent little time thinking about how much the medium shaped their message, but the form newspapers had wedged them into had long since grown stale. The pyramidal structure of a news story—designed for space-conscious editors to cut from the bottom to make room for ads—is a kind of formal code, almost incomprehensible to outsiders and with no internal logic. The crowded first sentence, the paragraph that tells you something you already know, the random quotes restating the author's words—these are what we were trained to do. But they are as hard for young Americans to read as, say, French newspaper articles are for me: stilted and strange, full of conventions more and more readers don't understand.

The new distribution networks spent a decade growing, and they are now bigger than the biggest of the old networks. In the 1980s, when the evening broadcast news was at the height of its reach, 55 million people tuned in to the three networks. Today 128 million Americans will use Facebook, the biggest of the new networks; tens of millions will use its smaller siblings, and millions will use e-mail to share stories they love with friends. This is the network of people bored at work or bored on the couch at home.

This new distribution network doesn't require a broadcast tower or a printing press, but it can reach more people than those expensive old mechanisms can. There's only one catch: To reach these people, you have to write an article so funny, so revelatory or so trenchant that they will actively share it with their friends. To go viral, you have to do something excellent—whether it's creating the most penetrating list of owls to date or a 10,000-word exposé of false family legends attributed to Mitt Romney.

2. Sharing beats keywords. Reader-to-reader sharing has displaced that scourge of journalism in the late 2000s, search engine optimization. A band of technical wizards realized that a clever set of keywords could trick the algorithms Google had developed in its efforts to bring readers the best information. Headlines had to contain every relevant search term: "Noun Noun Noun Noun Noun Noun Noun!" Tags had to be fixed just right: "Kardashian-diet-sex-baby-divorce-Obama-flat-belly."

Journalists like me sat through SEO seminars with glazed eyes and a mounting sense of panic: This wasn't why we'd gotten into the business, and we were pretty sure we weren't organized enough to trick machines. But while this uninteresting technical crap bore no relation to journalism, it drove big traffic to the outlets that understood it—the Huffington Post first among them. Its victims were readers, who were often served junk they didn't want, and reporters, whose jobs became increasingly focused on feeding a mechanical beast.

3. Long-form journalism is back. A common calumny from people who don't understand the social web is that kids these days have short attention spans. The reality is the reverse: Social-media sites regularly publish features far longer than any that appear in newspapers or even in most magazines since Tina Brown stopped publishing 50,000-word essays on zinc in *The New Yorker*. This goes for silly content—"108 Reasons Corgis Really Are That Great" is not for short attention spans—as well as for serious stuff. One of BuzzFeed's most popular political stories in 2012 was an 11,000-word reevaluation of Mitt Romney's father. A broad embryonic movement, an informal network organized in part around sites such as Longform.org and Longreads.com, is offering a vast new audience for what used to be considered magazine journalism.

4. So are journalism jobs. Things are finally getting better for that other class of newspaper employees, reporters. A University of Georgia survey released in August found that more journalism graduates—66 percent—got full-time jobs in 2012 than in previous years. New outlets such as BuzzFeed, Politico and Business Insider have hired hundreds of reporters to beat the incumbents at their own

*One reason to be skeptical:
The social web has its own
vices, one of which is that it
favors inspiration, warmth
and a kind of happy talk that
doesn't always match reality.*

game. This isn't to sugarcoat a glum fact: A generation of great journalists got screwed. Reporters who were cubs in, say, the late 1980s mastered a game that suddenly ceased being played. They rose to second- and third-rank jobs in newsrooms with an obvious promise that they would rise to the top—only to be faced with endless cuts and buy-outs aimed at forcing the old and well paid to leave. This created a harrowing gap in the profession's institutional knowledge.

5. New business models are emerging. The grim counterpart to SEO-driven journalism is revenue driven by banner ads. As readers learned to ignore those ugly, irrelevant rectangles, publications made them ever more aggressive—jumping across your screen, blinking and dodging, impossible to close—in a kind of lunatic arms race against their own audience. The ads get worse and worse—and they pay publishers less and less each year.

The businesses that have begun to succeed in the social-media ecosystem are taking different paths. First there is sponsored content—high-quality original advertisements that readers like or dislike on their merits. They're controversial in some

quarters, but they're not unlike the advertising that runs in women's magazines such as *Vogue*. Beautiful, well-produced ads are simply an additional reason to buy the magazine, not a reason to scorn it.

Meanwhile, another set of publications has finally made subscriptions work. When *The New York Times* reported it was nearing \$400 million a year in digital revenue—enough to operate even the most ambitious newsroom in America—Business Insider's Henry Blodget declared that "we never have to worry about the future of journalism again."

Finally, a vibrant new world of nonprofit journalism has emerged on the web, with Pro Publica leading large journalistic investigations and emerging as a trusted partner in important collaborations. *The Guardian* handed off a portion of Edward Snowden's leaked documents to Pro Publica reporters and analysts. And this summer, an investigation that resulted in an exposé of the 50 worst charities in America was led by the Center for Investigative Reporting, a nonprofit newsroom that employs 50 journalists.

And one reason to be skeptical. I'm not a utopian, though I think this is a wonderful moment to be a journalist. The new distribution model is based on psychology, not on ink or radio waves. Its flaws are human flaws, and they have to do with what people share and don't share. People are not sharing the worst of the old journalism. "If it bleeds, it leads" was the rule of thumb for tabloids, and it motivated the *New York Post* and your local TV news.

But the social web has its own vices, one of which is that it favors inspiration, warmth and a kind of happy talk that doesn't always match reality. At its best, this means sharing something like "I gave \$100 to help the victims of Hurricane Sandy—I hope you will too." At its worst, it spreads a false impression that problems can be easily solved if only you'll share more. The best example of this kind of bad viral news is the "Stop Kony" video, which rocketed around the internet in 2012 with an inspiring narrative calling on Americans of all ages to press our representatives to go after a Ugandan warlord—and, of course, to share the video.

After 100 million views, the U.S. government responded. It sent a military task force to the Central African jungle, and to sharpen the point of the mission its commander kept a STOP KONY poster on his door. The problem: The Ugandan government believed it had the warlord contained and had been working on a nonmilitary solution to his rampages. Many policy experts think Americans' hunger for inspiration drove terrible policy in Uganda. And Kony is still at large.

But in the end this is a small-bore complaint. There are plenty more reasons to be deeply glad about the state of journalism. I spent this past summer hiring a foreign editor and bureau reporters in Eastern Europe, Istanbul and Cairo; I spent the fall putting together an investigations team. And the market for great reporters, I'm finding, is pretty competitive.





MOODY

(continued from page 125)

Goffin and Carole King, and they began playing the electric guitar, and, eventually, they grew their hair out and/or sported some tie-dye.)

Icons of the 1960s: the Beatles, Bob Dylan, Aretha Franklin, the Supremes, Jimi Hendrix

It is fair to say this is an incomplete and totally personal list of entertainers I think were meaningful during the decade in question. The Beatles for the obvious reasons of innovation and reinvention, Bob Dylan for making the case for lyrics, Aretha Franklin for revolutionizing soul and finding a way to marry gospel impulses to mainstream R&B, the

Supremes for being the leading edge of the Motown sound, and Jimi Hendrix, not only the greatest electric-guitar player who ever lived but also a style genius and a great thinker about *sound*.

Your list may differ, as would mine on another day, though to some degree it is indisputable that, upon reflection, these artists made a great impact on the songs of their time. They seemed to crystallize the social change and ferment of the 1960s, and from vastly different directions. Hendrix did not sound like the Supremes, and the Supremes did not sound like the Beatles. In each case, the music of the period is inconceivable without including these artists. But it's exactly the retrospection of this exercise that makes the delineation of these icons so easy. Nevertheless, I would like to try to define iconic status based on this sampling—no matter how fast and loose—and I would define its characteristics as follows: style, influence, talent, creativity, vision. These are the qualities I associate with icons, and the further back you go, the easier it is to evaluate them. For example, everyone knows who's at the top of the list in the 1950s—Elvis Presley (or Little Richard or Chuck Berry). And the 1970s are not appreciably more difficult than the 1960s, though those times were less politically charged.

Icons of the 1970s: the Rolling Stones, Elton John, Stevie Wonder, the Sex Pistols, Fleetwood Mac

I worried a little about putting Elton John on this list (I worried even harder about leaving off Led Zeppelin). But if you're making a list of artists with the most impact, you have to try to assess that impact regardless of whether it takes place in a form you admire, and for me, despite his indisputable chart dominance (and fancy glasses), Sir Elton really was a bubblegum artist, a singer of confectionary choruses. Which makes him hard to love. And yet his name was on the lips of the record-buying public, assuredly so. He was *iconic*. And the same is true of every other artist on my list above. The 1970s are unthinkable without the radical funk-R&B of Stevie Wonder (and if we were making the list on the basis of influence, we would have to include Parliament-Funkadelic too, whose long shadow continues to be felt in hip-hop). And I have to say, one album every single teenager in my high school possessed, no matter what they listened to, was *Rumours*; as style icon, no one in the 1970s had half the impact Stevie Nicks had.

So far, so good: style, influence, talent, creativity, vision. The 1970s are a fish-in-a-barrel decade as far as musical icons go. Your list could include Queen, the Who, the Kinks, the Clash, the Bee Gees. But the next decade is not so easy.

Icons of the 1980s: Michael Jackson, Bruce Springsteen, Prince, Eurythmics, Madonna

In the 1980s, I start to have mixed feelings about the popular song. Partly because it was a period when the popular song began to deploy a really ugly and now-dated sonic palette (gated reverb on the drum kit, for example), a sound that enveloped even those who might have known better (Springsteen, Don Henley, Sting). Moreover, the popular song of the 1980s was less frequently political and more often ruled by the rigid confinements of post-album-oriented-rock radio. On the above list, exactly one artist has a perceptible political bent, and that is Bruce Springsteen. It seems fair to say that certain artists land on lists of 1980s icons solely because of their appearances on MTV, star factory of that decade. Did Prince or Madonna change American culture in any way? The Madonna of 2013—fashion executive and occasional road warrior—seems more about a certain kind of mass merchandising and the spectacle thereof than she seems given to creativity and vision. Really, in the 1980s there is *exactly one* indisputable icon, Michael Jackson, against whom others are judged. Even Springsteen seems irresolute by comparison (try listening to "Dancing in the Dark" or "Tunnel of Love" again). But Jackson's accomplishment on *Thriller* is so immense that he has no competitor worthy of the name. Still, his personal



"I'm usually around the office somewhere, and my secretary knows exactly how to reach me."

problems—pathological narcissism, let's say, and delusion and prescription-drug addiction—seem to commence almost immediately with subsequent albums, each less appealing than the last, until his later work is more the occasion of self-parody than of great music. But still. If Michael Jackson is not the quintessence of a music icon, then we have no legitimate icons. After him: lots of imitators.

**Icons of the 1990s: Nirvana,
Guns N' Roses, Tupac Shakur,
N.W.A, Mariah Carey**

This is the first decade in which I strongly dislike an icon of the period, namely Mariah Carey. In fact, "strongly dislike" is putting it mildly. Mariah Carey's vocal histrionics, no matter how many top 10 singles she has had (and I think she is at or near the number achieved by Elvis), leave me cold, and there is never a song by Mariah Carey that is at all memorable to me. I could not, I don't think, sing you a single melody by Mariah Carey. I don't know that I have ever willingly played a song by Mariah Carey all the way through. Are there young people out there for whom the music of Mariah Carey was essential to their psychosocial development? I expect there *are* such young people, and I grieve for them. Obviously there are a great many more who also appreciated the manhood-in-a-vice falsetto of Axl Rose and his precariously close to homophobic and racist lyrics. I am not one of these people. I always thought Slash was the most derivative great guitarist ever (sort of like Angus Young of AC/DC but not as good, and Angus Young was not as good as a host of very gifted blues-based guitarists of the early 1970s). And the songwriting of Guns N' Roses, especially by the time you get to *Use Your Illusion I* and *II*, is especially lackluster. Later Guns N' Roses sort of feels like the Goo Goo Dolls, really. Kurt Cobain, however, like Hendrix and Janis Joplin and Jim Morrison, had his iconic status well in hand and managed to ensure for good or ill that he would

always be lionized as he was in his youth. Kurt Cobain, alone on this list of the 1990s, had it all: style, influence, talent, creativity, vision. We might have mentioned R.E.M. if they had *stopped* in the 1990s, the way Nirvana did. But an icon, in part, is what the culture needs the icon to be. An icon is a musician who has social value across diverse social groups, however fleetingly. Once your moment has passed, you do yourself a disservice by hanging around and producing *more work*, though that is just what any self-respecting artist would want to do. Kurt Cobain established himself by looking backward and finding, in the melody writing of John Lennon, Ray Davies and others, a template for the modern song, and then he opted out. Which means: instant icon. Meanwhile in Compton, N.W.A revolutionized African American music all at once by bringing back a social message to the music and thereby leaving room for Tupac, with his vision, his street rage, his black nationalism. Tupac, who also had a good idea about how to go out in a blaze of glory.

**Icons of the 2000s: Britney
Spears, Eminem, Kanye West,
Carrie Underwood, Jay Z**

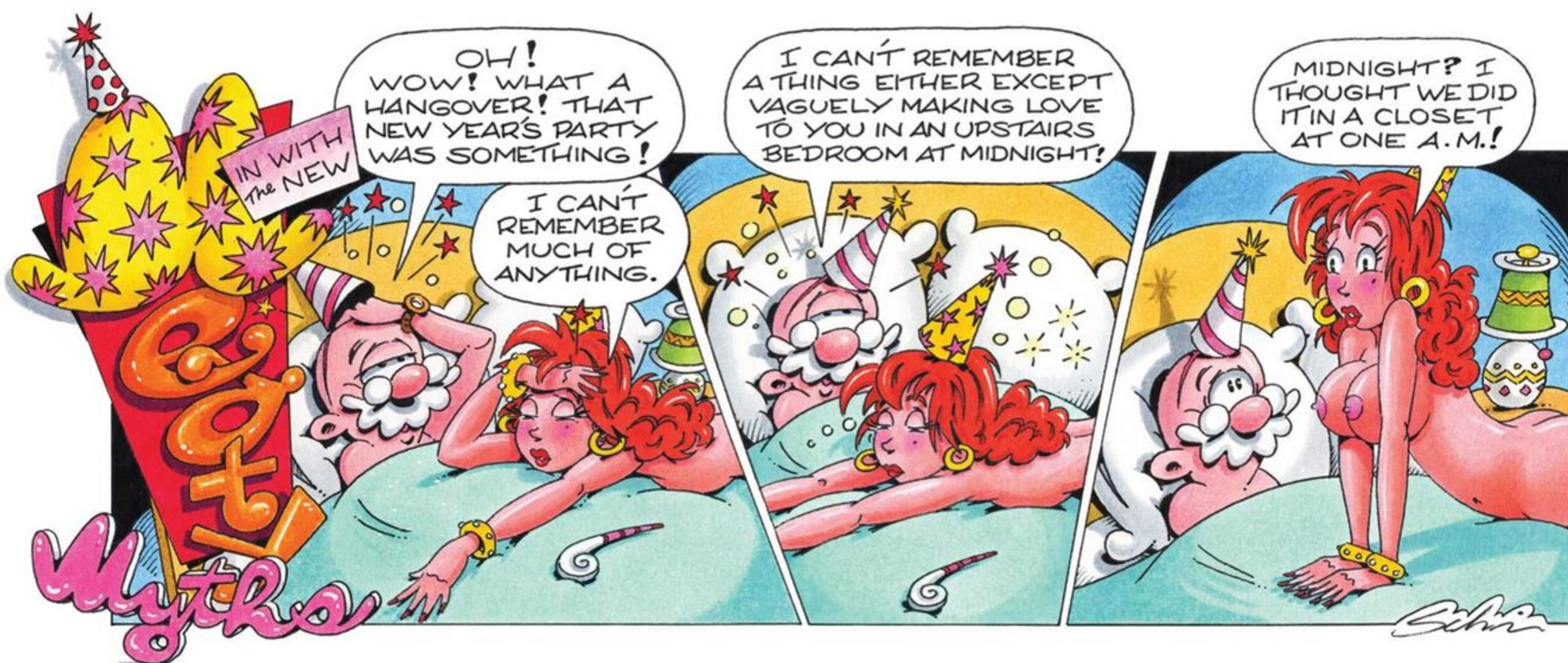
The icons of the 2000s are about the primacy of television, about Britney's childhood as a Mouseketeer, about Carrie Underwood's graduation from *American Idol*, about Kanye West thumbing his nose at George W. Bush on live TV. As such, these artists do not bear prolonged musical scrutiny. You'll notice there are no bands in the new millennium. Who needs a band? There are bands that have hung around since the 1990s, like Metallica and the Roots, devoted to a sublime idea of communal music making, but iconographically it's almost as if bands existed simply to allow music buyers who have outgrown the television or celebrity-magazine idea of music to find some other outlet for their entertainment dollars. In this new millennium of

icon-hood, it's almost impossible to out-live your decade with reputation intact, though Jay Z has hustled the hardest. By definition an icon is something that *lasts*, historically. An icon is something or someone we can mostly agree on later. It is hard to support the idea that Britney Spears is anything but a vulnerable and somewhat confused young woman who got in over her head. And this is often the case now. The icons of the 2000s are scarcely icons at all because they haven't stood the test of time. We mistake Carrie Underwood for an icon, but she's more of a commodity, and we mistake Kelly Clarkson for one, and it's only in the fullness of time that we realize just how fraudulent the *American Idol* idea of iconography really is.

Which brings us to:

**Icons of the 2010s: Lady Gaga,
Justin Timberlake, Taylor
Swift, Skrillex, Psy**

Of Psy we have already observed that there is not a lot of music to his music, and Lady Gaga, though I think she is one of the great style mavens of the present, has never written a song that didn't sound exactly like some other song. Justin Timberlake has the luck to be an attractive white guy, so his wholesale appropriation of everything Michael Jackson no longer merits lengthy comment. His imminence as an icon in this decade, despite long-ago solo albums (not to mention his boy-band origins), is owing to his legitimacy in the acting department. He suddenly seems to have graduated to a kind of reasonable adulthood. Taylor Swift, as I have said elsewhere, is a publicly traded corporation, the girl version of Thomas Kinkade, painter of light. And Skrillex is exactly what our age deserves, a guy who has managed to brutalize the popular song into a totally mechanized and quality-controlled blip that is perfectly calibrated for takers of Adderall or people who can count only to four. He is the place where all music goes to die.



If Grumpy Cat made music, I would definitely put Grumpy Cat on this list of the 2010s, because Grumpy Cat is one of the best and most effective communicators of the style of the period, even if she has recorded no songs. But in the absence of Grumpy Cat we have Psy and Taylor Swift and Skrillex and, perhaps, Robin Thicke. And they are uniformly disappointing. There is not an artist on this list whose music I would play for the sheer pleasure of it. This illuminates the problem of the period, instantaneity, which requires music in a fully diversified stock portfolio of multinational entertainment providers, which entertainment providers need to deliver music in exactly the way they might deliver high-fructose corn syrup. The quality-controlled deliverable dance-oriented Auto-Tuned American pop music product, with traces of hip-hop, is somewhat afraid of icons, because icons, with their style, influence, talent, creativity and vision, have their own ideas about how to proceed with their careers.

The music that has interested me most recently is made by people in living rooms, without much electricity required, and it's about soul, about feel, about the way music can often touch on the deepest of human emotions. A band like Alabama Shakes, which is decidedly unglamorous in every possible respect, is a good example to me of this music made almost entirely in exile from the prevailing themes of the moment, from the laptops and synth modules and drum machinery. This exile is good, because it's where creativity and vision enter into the project. Everything that actually resembles music, at least for me, comes these days from this condition of exile.

Does this mean it's impossible for an icon to come to pass now, spontaneously, in these degraded times? Does this mean niche marketing makes it impossible for anyone to speak to *us all* again, in the way the Beatles occasionally spoke to us all? In the way Jimi Hendrix once spoke to us? In the way Michael Jackson once spoke to us? Does this mean people my age are perpetually relegated to this ugly condescension in which, to love music, we have to refer to a time no one else cares very much about, the music of 40 or 50 years ago?

I think not. I believe in style, influence, talent, creativity, vision, and I believe there are kids in their rooms, right now, who can do it all, who can be iconographic without oversimplifying themselves, without selling out, and as evidence of this, I adduce the one surpassing example of icon-hood in the past 10 years, a musician of remarkable grace and potential, with songwriterly skill and sparkling stage presence, a singer the camera loves but who changes the look and feel of the popular song whenever she turns up, who unites the disparate tendencies of the contemporary pop song, who makes this form serve a rather profound narrative purpose it has not much served recently, namely the artist called Adele.

I will admit I didn't really understand Adele at first. I will admit, in fact, that if Adele had not been the daily fare at physical therapy, where I was stuck several times a week for shoulder trouble, I might not know who Adele is. But at the physical-therapy establishment there was in fact a song playing twice an hour, "Someone Like You," whose repetitious piano figure—with its Philip Glass solemnity—I came to love. It was partly the riskiness of making a song out of so little (piano and vocals), but also the incredible poise of the singer, that I soon learned to admire. It has a big chorus, this song, but it's also exceedingly personal and manages to make a romance that probably dated back a year or two (at the time of composition) seem as though recollected from a great distance. And when "Someone Like You" reaches for the very top of Adele's range and teeters there (in the studio recording), the human voice and the condition of lost romance seem like one thing, one frail insubstantial subatomic miracle of heartsickness and conflicted human consciousness. "How bittersweet this would taste...."

That song (and others by Adele I soon came to find equally compelling) is about being 21, I suppose, and it's about being a woman, and it's about, perhaps, living in a culture that is preoccupied with the anorexic and willowy model girl, and it makes these problems seem as fresh and important as new love, but "Someone Like You" is not *just* a song about these things, which are not all that astonishing (though the nuance of Adele's performance is); it could be about a number of other things too, which is the mark of a great pop song. "Someone Like You" could be Old Europe talking to the rest of the world about its fading dominance. It could be about Anglo-American relations. It could be about the pop song itself, about the traditional troubadour-oriented pop song, made in an era of heavily machined laptop kitschification. I can think of few pop songs that have such varied allegorical freight. (Oh wait, there is one: "Yesterday" by Paul McCartney.)

So is it impossible that another icon can appear anew, when here one is, a mere stripling from England with the wisdom and presence of an 80-year-old black woman from Mississippi? If there's one such icon, why not more? Here in the world of 7 billion there are innumerable tiny rooms, thatched cottages, each with its kid attempting to describe his or her experience, each with the itch to perform, each looking for like-minded souls, each hunting down songs to sing, each with all the necessary style, influence, talent, creativity and vision. You don't think there are icons out there? It would be unwise to say so. Every block has one. Every tribe. Every town. Every subdivision. Every church. Every mosque. Maybe we can figure out how to get out of their way and let them sing.



LEYNER

(continued from page 123)

at best. A series of television screens are cantilevered over the seats as on an airplane. The loud, thumping dance music cuts out, and the psychotically cheerful blond guy introduces himself as Mathew, the tour guide. He says he's Australian. He introduces the bus driver as Jacques and compares him to Jacques Cousteau (in the same way, I suppose, one could compare me to Mark Wahlberg or Mark Rothko).

My initial feelings about the tour are very negative. I assume it's going to be one of the most miserable experiences I've ever had, that I'm about to spend two hours during which the indescribable horror of meaninglessness will be interminably described. I feel as if I've broken out over every inch of my body in oozing pustules of psoriasis and impetigo and am suffering from tertiary-stage anal pruritus, and I'm convinced I will never see my family again. But I decide to try to keep an open mind.

Mathew assures everyone that this will be an interactive experience and that the TMZ tour bus is a "loving sharing friend zone," and as we head into Times Square he warns us against "catching an STD from a scary Elmo."

We've hardly been in the bus for two minutes when we bag our first celebrity. It's Mariska Hargitay, filming an episode of *Law & Order: Special Victims Unit*. She's not stumbling out of a club drunk or huffing glue or punching a police horse or dangling a vomiting baby over the observation deck of the Burj Khalifa or anything. She's just doing her job, so it's slightly disappointing. Mathew suggests that she seems taller in person than she does on TV. And then, just like that, we have our first interactive moment. Mathew muses out loud that Mariska Hargitay is "related to someone famous." And a passenger yells out, "Jayne Mansfield!"

Of all the actors who've appeared on all the many-splendored *Law & Order* spin-offs, my absolute favorite is Kathryn Erbe, who, from 2001 to 2011, starred as Detective Alexandra Eames on *Law & Order: Criminal Intent*. And my absolute favorite episode is season six, episode one, in which Eames is kidnapped, blindfolded, gagged and hung by her bound hands from a meat hook. For anyone who has ever had sexual fantasies about Kathryn Erbe, this is one of the finest examples of episodic television ever.

Mathew flicks on the TV screens, which show a TMZ story about Chris Brown appearing on *Good Morning America* and, after being questioned by Robin Roberts about his 2009 attack on then girlfriend Rihanna, storming off the set, trashing his dressing

room and breaking a window with a chair. Mathew flicks off the TVs and asks us if we're aware that Chris Brown recently had a seizure. "He claimed it was from *too much publicity*...." There's a beat. Then a campy, incredulous guffaw.

As we pass Parsons the New School for Design, Mathew does a Tim Gunn impersonation: "Designers, make it work." Then he adds, in his own Australian accent, "Tim Gunn is asexual and celibate. His only boning is in a corset."

It dawns on me that the TMZ bus tour is a quaint exercise in anachronism, like a buggy ride through Amish country. Who really needs TMZ when we've got drone-mounted biometric optical surveillance systems? In this age of ubiquitous panoptic domestic espionage, aren't we all notorious reality stars? (The tour ticket itself states that TMZ "may record you in conjunction with the tour. And air footage on TV, web or other media. Who knows," it speculates, "it might even make you a star!") And in this DIY world of selfies, isn't everyone his own worst paparazzo? So many of us have had minor and fleeting brushes with fame (which has been in a deflationary tailspin for decades now) that we're all celebrity manqués in one way or another, though some of us are more resentful and embittered than others. (When I see red carpets, I dream of bloodbaths.) As for *TMZ on TV*, no one is sitting in his living room watching TV anymore. The kids are soaking tampons in digital emulsions of programming and sticking them up their asses.

My notes simply say, "Justin Bieber pees in a yellow mop bucket." In all hon-

esty, I can't remember if that's something Mathew mentioned or if it was something from the *TMZ on TV* clip that popped up on the screens, or if it was perhaps just the beginning of a new poem I'd started writing. Anyway, then Mathew says, "Did you guys see Justin Bieber naked this morning?" and he walks up and down the aisle of the bus showing everyone a photo of Bieber's butt on his cell phone.

Mathew calls Flo Rida "my good friend" and then, as we pass Madison Square Garden, tells us Taylor Swift sold out the venue in 60 seconds, which he says "is longer than most of her relationships!"

We're now in front of Katie Holmes and Suri Cruise's apartment building, the Chelsea Mercantile at 252 Seventh Avenue. Mathew informs us that Nick Jonas also lived here and that Anderson Cooper and several members of the *Jersey Shore* cast have patronized Beach Bum Tanning across the street, and then the TVs flash on, and there's John Mayer addressing the camera, saying, "Harvey Levin, I've got pictures of your nuts," and then an announcer declares, "He's boned some of Hollywood's hottest talent!" And then Mathew walks up and down the aisle, showing everyone a photo on his cell phone of John Mayer in what he calls a "Borat bikini."

Identifying the apartment building of Tiger Woods's ex-mistress Rachel Uchitel, between 14th and 15th streets, Mathew says, "Tiger offered her \$10 million, but she blabbed and went on *Celebrity Rehab*," and then quips, regarding Tiger's current romance with alpine ski racer Lindsey Vonn, "I hope that relationship doesn't go...downhill!"

As we enter the Meatpacking District, Mathew reminds us that it "used to be a crap hole with drugs and transvestites." He enumerates several of the area's most notorious gay bars and sex clubs of yesteryear—the Manhole, the Mineshaft, the Ramrod. "You know what kind of meat they were packing there," he says darkly. Then he has one of his weird mood swings, suddenly all bright and chipper: "Now it's one of the trendiest neighborhoods in NYC!"

Mathew continues jabbering to himself in a private nonsensical language that only he (and apparently everyone else on the bus) understands, as I work on a couple of tweets: "Reading about Achilles defiling the corpse of Hector gives me a hard-on. Does this mean I'm a fascist? Gay?" and "Anyone know how to remove white stains from hyena excrement from black leather jeans?"

"We saw Usher the other day," Mathew announces, prompting him to redefine the bus tour as a safari. "We're hunting celebrities in their natural habitat!" He flicks the TVs back on, and an announcer screams hysterically that we're in the "Lindsay Lohan Terror Zone!" Mathew brings us up to speed: She was just released from rehab, where she was supposedly endeavoring to kick her Adderall addiction; Oprah's offered her \$2 million to do a series and convinced her not to move to Europe; her recent stint guest-hosting *Chelsea Lately* garnered fairly favorable reviews. "She was really good!" someone yells out. (It's the same passenger who knew about Mariska Hargitay's relation to Jayne Mansfield.) After pointing out the alley adjacent to the Dream hotel where Lohan clipped a pedestrian with her Porsche Cayenne, Mathew declares, his voice cracking with genuine fervor, "We can't lose Lindsay!"

"On your left is the Gansevoort hotel. Kim Kardashian stayed here. It cost \$7,000 a night! Ryan Seacrest paid! Keep your eyes peeled. Last week we saw that little guy from *Game of Thrones*!" As we roll past the Griffin (on Gansevoort, between Washington and Greenwich), Mathew discloses that Chris Brown and Rihanna once spent 20 minutes in the nightclub's bathroom. "What do you think they were doing in the bathroom for 20 minutes?" he wonders. I brace myself for the chipper voice of that know-it-all passenger, but there's just an ambient murmur of speculation, and before we're able to pursue the matter in greater depth, we're across from Hogs & Heifers Saloon, where Julia Roberts took off her bra on top of the bar.

Apropos of the Industria Superstudio, Mathew deduces, from the fact that they haven't been photographed together recently, that Victoria's Secret model Miranda Kerr and actor Orlando Bloom may no longer be together, and then he declares the restroom on the bus is very clean because "no homeless people use it." He identifies some graffiti spray-painted on a building by Jim Carrey; the Spotted Pig, co-owned by Jay Z; a house once owned by Kiefer Sutherland; Julianne Moore's place on Greenwich and 11th, from which, Mathew says, \$127,000 in Cartier jewelry was



stolen; Jennifer Aniston and Justin Theroux's condo on Hudson and 12th ("They moved. She hated New York"); the Bleecker Playground, where Katie brings Suri; the Magnolia Bakery, where Katie brings Suri; and the Charles Street brownstone where Sarah Jessica Parker and Matthew Broderick live, and though I don't know whether or not Katie brings Suri there, I do know (thanks to Mathew) that Sarah hosted a \$40,000-a-plate fund-raiser for Obama there and that Aretha Franklin *loved* the chicken, though Mathew just can't believe they'd serve chicken at a \$40,000-a-plate fund-raiser. A little later, when we approach the W.i.P. nightclub (site of the notorious Chris Brown-Drake brawl), Mathew blurts out, "Drake is a rich Canadian Jew!" but he really can't seem to believe it either.

He flicks on the canned TMZ footage that decrees Tribeca "Robert De Niro Land," though Mathew is quick to point out that the actor actually lives in a \$20 million home on Central Park West and that there was recently a serious fire in his apartment caused by a dryer's overstuffed lint trap. Again Mathew finds this almost impossible to believe. It's all so crazy! "A stuffed lint dryer? Really? A stuffed lint dryer?"

I get a text from my dad, reminding me—somewhat plaintively—that I'd promised to spend several days with him out in the country to commemorate his upcoming 82nd birthday.

Jacques steers the bus onto North Moore Street, and Mathew indicates the home of the late John F. Kennedy Jr. He explains his theory—based on his reading of *Fifty Shades of Grey*—that JFK Jr. had a "sex dungeon" in there. Again, Mathew's theory is based on a damning absence of evidence. "No one has seen a photo inside the house—ever," he tells us. Ergo, there must be a sex dungeon. Isn't it equally plausible that the lack of photographs also implies that chemical weapons such as VX and sarin (or at least precursors such as monoethylene glycol and potassium cyanide) were being manufactured and stockpiled in the sex dungeon of JFK Jr.'s penthouse co-op? Can you just say *anything* to a bus half full with tourists? That Miley Cyrus was a Gestapo informant during World War II? That J.D. Salinger used gynecological instruments as serving utensils?

"Is that Lance Armstrong?" Mathew wonders out loud as we pass Jay Z and Beyoncé's loft at Hudson and Desbrosses. "Bethenny Frankel lives there too." Approaching the Trump SoHo, Mathew tells us the first of several candid autobiographical stories. "I saw Jane Lynch from *Glee* and I chased her down the street. She ran into Starbucks. It turned out this was the day Cory Monteith died. I felt so bad." He flicks on the TVs as we roll by the park where Jonah Hill took cell-phone pictures of a homeless woman's placenta moments after she gave birth. Apparently a posse of TMZ correspondents were following the actor around and everyone serendipitously happened upon the nativity scene at the same time. Hill's tweet is legendary: "Craziest thing I've ever seen. A woman gave birth next to me in a park.

I took a picture of the placenta and TMZ caught me. Embarrassing."

We're in the Village, in front of the Bitter End, where, many years ago, Lady Gaga started performing on open-mike night at the age of 14 with her mother. "I spent an entire night hanging out with Lady Gaga in Japan," Mathew tells us excitedly. "I tweeted her to come hang out. She showed up! We got absolutely wasted! It was a karaoke bar with a glow-in-the-dark, adult-toy theme. I slapped Lady Gaga across the face with an adult toy!" Mathew walks up and down the length of the bus showing everyone a photo on his cell phone of him and Lady Gaga. (There are no marks on her face.) "Did you guys see her doing naked yoga?" In all the time I've known Mathew, I've never seen him this excited.

I wonder if anyone's interested in *me*? In what *I'm* doing right now? I'm neither a celebrity nor homeless. But I once helped Chris Chelios butcher a deer. In Malibu! I was on an elevator once with Steven Tyler. He even called my wife "Marcy." He said that was his favorite name! (Her name is Mercedes.) I once almost asked Arthur Miller what it was like to fuck Marilyn Monroe. (I was wasted!) And I thought I saw Kate Middleton on the elliptical at my gym in Hoboken. So in case anyone's interested in what *I'm* doing...well, I'm just sitting here in my seat, fidgeting with the footrest, texting my dad.

Idling in traffic in front of the SoHo store Dash, Mathew asks, "Who's your favorite Kardashian female?" He can't wait for an answer. He's still all worked up. "Mine's Bruce!" he shouts. "Bruce is whipped!" There are isolated murmurs of assent. "What do you think of Kanye?" he asks. A passenger proffers a tentative "Douchebag?" "He's an absolute idiot," Mathew cackles.

I'm not sure where I read this, but neuroscientists using brain-scanning techniques are able to identify measurable biomarkers for specific celebrities in people's brains. Just as there are specific receptors in the brain for cocaine and cannabinoids, there are specific receptors for, say, Jennifer Aniston (in Area 25—the subcallosal cingulate region) and for Khloé Kardashian (in the right anterior insula). So somehow, in the Late Cretaceous period, we were hardwired to recognize and respond to celebrities who wouldn't exist until millions of years later. I'm not sure if this proves or disproves the existence of God.

We have inexorably arrived at the home of the late Heath Ledger on Broome Street in SoHo. TMZ takes enormous pride in having broken the "sad news" of his tragic death. (It was also first to break the news of Michael Jackson's death and first to report the death of actress Brittany Murphy.) Mathew tells us Mary-Kate Olsen was the first person called. (Diana Wolozin, the massage therapist who discovered Ledger's body, used the speed dial on his cell phone to call Olsen in California before dialing 911.) Mathew wonders why Olsen was called and whether she responded with her signature catchphrase from *Full House*: "You got it, dude."

To say that this is all recycled pabulum, that there's absolutely nothing you hear on



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this tour that couldn't be gleaned from the cover of any tabloid magazine, nothing a pilot couldn't point out from 30,000 feet or that only a person who'd been in a persistent vegetative state for the past decade would find any of this the least bit interesting, would be easy and contemptible.

Sometimes, though, for long stretches, Mathew's running commentary loses any linguistic meaning for me and becomes a series of hisses and pops, and my mind drifts back to my childhood in Jersey City.... I was an exquisitely sensitive little boy who looked upon other children my age as swine, as boors and as philistines and cringed at their approach. My pale, ethereal mother would prepare me a lunch of cream of mushroom soup, with banana Turkish Taffy for dessert, and she'd read me folktales from the Brothers Grimm as I ate, exertions that left her almost too exhausted to fend off the coarse advances of the various hook-nosed peddlers who seemed to be endlessly ringing our doorbell. I was fascinated by the nuns who seemed to float across the boulevard on rainy afternoons. I got my first hand job from a schizophrenic girl with webbed fingers.

Apropos of Canal Street ("Land of the Knockoffs"), Mathew tells us a story about shopping in Dubai and then, as we head uptown on the West Side Highway, about how, when he worked at a gym called Barry's Bootcamp, he used to see Anne Hathaway and David Hasselhoff, this somehow segueing into an oddly somber (is Mathew, like, bipolar?) rant about Michael Jackson and how "we should remember him for the good stuff."

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Then we play Celebrity or Homeless Person. Mathew flashes the photo of a bedraggled person (face obscured) on the dangling TV screens, and we guess whether it's a celebrity or a homeless person. It's Courtney Love! Celebrity! The winner (who gets a TMZ T-shirt and who, I'm fairly certain, is the same person who knew Mariska Hargitay is related to Jayne Mansfield and who thought Lindsay Lohan was a great guest host on *Chelsea Lately*) says, "I won a beanie on the L.A. TMZ bus tour!"

Mathew tells us that André Balazs is dating Chelsea Handler, and that Sting and Trudie Styler (who supposedly practice "tantric sex") boned in a bathroom at the top of the Standard hotel, and that Katie Holmes takes Suri to Chelsea Piers for gymnastics lessons, and that the pilot who miraculously landed US Airways Flight 1549 (after its collision with a flock of geese) on the Hudson River is named "Sully," and for a moment I think I see Diana Nyad swimming in the Hudson, but then I realize it's just a cardboard box...and the TV screens come back on with old stories about Zac Efron in a sex shop on Seventh Avenue, and also Casper Smart, "J. Lo's boy toy," at a sex shop, which prompts Mathew to exclaim, "Good for her!" and then call Farrah Abraham (the erstwhile star of MTV's *Teen Mom* who made a porn film called *Backdoor Teen Mom*) "a terrible role model," and now, inevitably, it's time to talk about Amanda Bynes, or "Lindsay 2.0."

Mathew asks us to enumerate Amanda's

recent contretemps, and passengers yell out, "Dressing room!" "Selfies!" "Wigs!" To which Mathew adds, "She threw a bong out of her apartment window at the Biltmore! She calls everyone ugly! She started a fire in L.A. with a gasoline can in the driveway with her pet Pomeranian. She was arrested. And now she's in a mental hospital. She's schizophrenic. Her parents are getting conservatorship. TMZ knows all the drugs they're giving her." And then he pauses, his tone falling to a much more somber register, and says, "It's sad. I hope she gets better. We do love Amanda Bynes."

We pass by the Ritz-Carlton on Central Park South and hear the story (corroborated by footage on the TV screens) of Britney Spears almost dropping her baby as she disembarks from a town car with a drink in her hand, and then (passing the Plaza) the tale of Charlie Sheen and porn star Capri Anderson and the \$165,000 Patek Philippe watch she purportedly stole from him.

Mathew tells us he has a degree in pop culture, specializing in pop music, and that he's on *TMZ on TV* every Tuesday. "You could not ask for a better boss," he says, speaking of Harvey Levin. "He's extremely short. Well, maybe it's just that I'm very tall." And then,

Sometimes, though, for long stretches, Mathew's running commentary loses any linguistic meaning for me and becomes a series of hisses and pops, and my mind drifts....

after a story about how Al Roker shit in his pants at the White House after undergoing gastric-bypass surgery, Mathew discloses that he was a finalist on *Australian Idol*. "I just finished my album today. Harvey is going to help me promote it!" And then he reveals for the first time his full name: Mathew Chadwick.

We play one more round of Celebrity or Homeless Person (this time it's Sylvester Stallone), and as the bus pulls up to our original port of embarkation across the street from Ellen's Stardust Diner, Mathew asks for tips. We file out, and some passengers pose for pictures with Mathew.

Accompanied by Andean panpipe music and the aroma of sweet nuts and hot pretzels, I make my way back toward the Port Authority, passing en route the figure of Samuel L. Jackson in front of Madame Tussauds and a live sword swallower in front of Ripley's Believe It or Not.

I have to piss (I never had the opportunity back at Ellen's Stardust), so before catching the 126 bus back to Hoboken, I dart into the men's room. You wouldn't think the overpowering stench of sodden urine cakes, flatulence and rancid body odor, plus a general ambience of degenerate anomie, would seem like a breath of

fresh air, but it is. Oh, it is. It shows you how salutary—as a kind of aversion therapy—an inane scam like the TMZ bus tour can be. Dare I say it? It's *real* in here, yo.

The man at the urinal next to me is expressing some sort of white liquid from one of his nipples. It's disgusting but absolutely fascinating. Is he lactating?

Male lactation is extremely rare, occurring most notably in the Dayak fruit bat. It just goes to prove how easy it is to find someone genuinely exotic. After two hours on a celebrity safari, the best we came up with was Mariska Hargitay and Mathew Chadwick, and then I just duck into a men's room in a bus terminal—and here's a lactating man who's half human, half fruit bat.

And after two hours of Mathew's relentlessly cheerful drivel, I'm oddly buoyed by the crush of sad men in here. Bald, toothless, sal-low men. Palsied, limping, exhausted, abjectly sad men. Men whose brows are unmarked by a god. They make me unaccountably happy. I feel tremendous solidarity with them.

INTERLUDE

Several days after the TMZ bus tour, I take a train out to the country to visit my father. I don't know the actual name of the town. It's somewhere out in western New Jersey, and I usually just refer to it as "Ker-munk-a-chunk" or "Lake Little Lake."

I spend a considerable amount of time studying hummingbirds. My dad's got a little hummingbird feeder filled with sugar water hanging off his back porch. (When I get back to Hoboken, I find the following turgid observation in my notebook: "I much prefer the insouciant wit and punkish gesturalism of the hummingbird to the strenuous solemnity of, say, the dung beetle or the weevil.") And it's while gazing at a hummingbird hovering mid-air that I make the momentous decision to take the TMZ tour again, to conduct a sort of shot-for-shot remake (à la Gus Van Sant's *Psycho*), to try to rigorously recapitulate every moment of the original.

All in all, it's an exceptionally productive, pleasant visit. But there is one ugly incident. After my father comments that the untrimmed hair on the back of my neck makes me look slovenly, I explode in oedipal rage and launch a volcanic profanity-laced diatribe about his supercilious carping that lasts for several hours. I stop only when I realize how disoriented and frail he looks. (Later, he tells me he felt perfectly fine and that I was the one who looked disoriented and frail.)

I think that in my personal life I behave very much like North Korea. I am almost always desperate for cash. And it's my timeworn tactic to raise tensions—to remind my "adversaries" (i.e., my family and friends) that I'm an unstable menace who needs placating—by sending wildly mixed signals, sometimes belligerent and at other times conciliatory.

PART TWO

I make good on my commitment to scrupulously recapitulate, in every detail, my first TMZ bus tour and return to Ellen's

Stardust Diner for another abortive attempt to urinate. This time the singing waitress who obstructs my path to the men's room looks into my eyes and intones "Love You I Do" from *Dreamgirls*.

I board the bus, taking the exact same seat I'd occupied the first time, though this time around two exuberant Australian sisters-in-law are seated across the aisle from me, and behind them, with her dad, is an extroverted little girl who bears an amazing resemblance to Honey Boo Boo.

Mathew doesn't disappoint me in how extraordinarily consistent he is in his rote spontaneity, though there are several notable variations. Instead of almost immediately seeing Mariska Hargitay filming a scene from her show in Times Square, we almost immediately see Dr. Mehmet Oz filming a scene from his. This time Mathew says, regarding Elmo, "When bad drugs happen to good puppets." Regarding Tim Gunn's asexuality and celibacy, he appends, "Serious case of blue balls." He randomly predicts that Madonna has a shelf life of 65 and says of John Mayer's Borat bikini, "It's disgusting. It's all hairy down there."

He claims, "Yesterday we almost saw Gaga." (I've taken the TMZ bus tour twice now, and I still don't understand what it means to "almost see" someone.) When he says, "Kim Kardashian was married to Kris Humphries for...?" the Honey Boo Boo look-alike yells, "Seventy-two days!" Apropos of Hogs & Heifers, Mathew says, "Tyra Banks is horrific in *Coyote Ugly*," and concerning the bus restroom, he reassures everyone that there are "no homeless people in there!" He repeats his characterization of Drake as "a rich Canadian Jew" and expertly identifies Food Network star Anne Burrell exiting Da Silvano.

Meanwhile, I'm just whiling away the time, stewing in my own rancid solipsism, morbidly leering at the two sisters-in-law, who, it seems to me, haven't showered or eaten anything other than Doritos since arriving in New York and who dizzily giggle at every single thing Mathew says.

After reprising his story of getting wasted with Lady Gaga in Japan and slapping her across the face with an adult toy, Mathew adds, "It was one of the coolest things that ever happened to me." Approaching the store Dash, he cites Paris Hilton's comparison of Kim Kardashian's ass to "a garbage bag filled with cottage cheese" and says, musing upon the death of Cory Monteith, "Heroin is the opposite of *Glee*." After his homily about how we should remember Michael Jackson for "the good stuff," he adds that "his butt was so scarred that the syringes were just breaking off." Then he says, "This is the best tour I've done for a while!"

Then he divulges—and this is a major revelation—that he lives in Hoboken. Hoboken! I don't know exactly what I'm doing at the time (a series of potholes has made my notes illegible at this point)—probably still morbidly leering and whiling away the time stewing in my own rancid solipsism—but when he says he lives in Hoboken (Hoboken!), I jerk forward in my seat as though I've been tasered.

Somewhere between the Ritz-Carlton and the Plaza, Mathew says, "I met Suri

Cruise. She's a little brat." And he tells us an anecdote that involves calling Donald Trump a douchebag and Harvey Levin reprimanding him and saying, "Don't call Donald Trump a douchebag." Then Mathew tells us he said to Levin, "You're the smallest man I ever met in my life," though it's not completely clear to me that this remark about Levin's stunted growth was made during the same conversation as the one about calling Donald Trump a douchebag.

I receive a text from my father informing me that he is suffering from an extremely serious, painful and debilitating case of shingles. The outbreak presumably began several weeks ago and certainly overlapped with my visit. Now I feel a hundred times worse for having berated him with such disproportionate, bombastic combativeness. It never ceases to amaze me how sons—and especially the sons of successful and doting fathers—can become trapped in such endless cycles of resentment and guilt.

Like the dismembered head of Orpheus that floats down the river still singing of Eurydice, Mathew prattles on and on.... I had somehow forgotten from the first time that Al Roker shat his pants at the White House.

With the tour almost complete, Mathew asks, "Have any of you seen any celebrities?" And someone yells, "You!" Again, the allegorical implication of Mathew's celebrity (that the true celebrity was among us all the time) hits me like a thunderbolt, and I'm roused from my drowsy captivity. I had been unable to leave the bus, like a guest in Buñuel's *Exterminating Angel*, but now my imaginary shackles fall away. "Mathew, please sing!" pleads the Honey Boo Boo doppelgänger as we begin to file off. "Please, Mathew, sing!" Mathew demurs. "Help me stay off the stripper pole," he says, soliciting tips.

Again, the smell of hot pretzels and sweet nuts and the sounds of Peruvian panpipes as I tramp through Times Square. I stop at Champs to get an A-Rod T-shirt and then head to the Port Authority.

And again, I duck into the men's room. This time there's no lactating man. I piss and then pause to look at myself in the mirror.

It's a great relief, after squinting at the apparitions of pseudo-celebrities for two hours, to look at yourself in the mirror, to look at your own anonymous, moribund face. In my own eyes, I can see tiny nuns floating across the boulevard; perhaps it's just the degenerative debris that floats in the vitreous humor of the eye, but to me it's tiny Jersey City nuns.

There is something unspeakably consoling in one's own smile. In your reflection, you can discern the face of yourself as a child and the face of yourself as a corpse. And in this moment, all the fundamental antinomies are reconciled—the voyeur and the narcissist, the father and the son, the sacred and the profane, the celebrity and the homeless.

I get off the 126 on 14th Street in Hoboken to do some errands. I think I see Joseph Stalin buying condoms at CVS. But when he turns around, it's just some kid in an overcoat.





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ZIZEK

(continued from page 121)

In a living language, words never directly designate reality; they signal how we relate to that reality.

Another effort to get rid of brand names is grounded not in poverty but in extreme consumerist awareness. In August 2012 the media reported that tobacco companies in Australia would no longer be allowed to display distinctive colors, brand designs or logos on cigarette packs. In order to make smoking as unglamorous as possible, the packs would have to come in a uniformly drab shade of olive and feature graphic health warnings and images of cancer-riddled mouths, blinded eyeballs and sickly children. (A similar measure is under consideration in the European Union parliament.) This is a kind of self-cancellation of the commodity form. With no logo, no "commodity aesthetics," we are not seduced into buying the product. The package openly and graphically draws attention to the product's dangerous and harmful qualities. It provides reasons against buying it.

The anti-commodity presentation of a commodity is not a novelty. We find cultural products such as paintings and music worth buying only when we can maintain that they aren't commodities. Here the commodity-noncommodity antagonism functions in a way opposite to how it functions with logo-less cigarettes. The superego injunction is "You should be ready to pay an exorbitant price for this commodity precisely because it is much more than a mere commodity." In the case of logo-less cigarettes, we get the raw-use value deprived of its logo form. (In a similar way, we can buy logo-less sugar, coffee, etc. in discount stores.) In the case of a painting, the logo itself sublates use value.

But do such logo-less products really remove us from commodity fetishism? Perhaps they simply provide another example of the fetishist split signaled by the well-known phrase "*Je sais très bien, mais quand même....*" ("I know very well, but nevertheless....") A decade or so ago there was a German ad for Marlboros. The standard cowboy figure points with his finger toward the obligatory note that reads, "Smoking is dangerous for your health." But three words were added: *Jetzt erst recht*, which can be vaguely translated as "Now things are getting serious." The implication is clear: Now that you know how dangerous it is to smoke, you have a chance to prove you have the courage to continue smoking. In other words, the attitude solicited in the subject is "I know very well the dangers of

smoking, but I am not a coward. I am a true man, and as such, I'm ready to take the risk and remain faithful to my smoking commitment." It is only in this way that smoking effectively becomes a form of consumerism: I am ready to consume cigarettes "beyond the pleasure principle," beyond petty utilitarian considerations about health.

This dimension of lethal excessive enjoyment is at work in all publicity and commodity appeals. All utilitarian considerations (this food is healthy, it was organically grown, it was produced and paid for under fair-trade conditions, etc.) are just a deceptive surface under which lies a deeper superego injunction: "Enjoy! Enjoy to the end, irrespective of consequences." Will a smoker, when he buys the "negatively" packaged Australian cigarettes, hear beneath the negative message the more present voice of the superego? This voice will answer his question: "If all these dangers of smoking are true—and I accept they are—why am I then still buying the package?"

To get an answer to this question, let us turn to Coke as the ultimate capitalist merchandise. It is no surprise that Coke was originally introduced as a medicine. Its taste doesn't seem to provide any particular satisfaction; it is not directly pleasing or endearing. But in transcending its immediate use value (unlike water and wine, which do quench our thirst or produce other desired effects), Coke embodies the surplus of enjoyment over standard satisfactions. It represents the mysterious factor all of us are after in our compulsive consumption of merchandise.

Since Coke doesn't satisfy any concrete need, do we drink it as a supplement after another drink has satisfied our substantial need? Or does Coke's superfluous character make our thirst for it more insatiable? Coke is paradoxical: The more you drink it, the thirstier you get, which in turn leads to a greater need to drink more of it. With Coke's strange bittersweet taste, our thirst is never effectively quenched. In the old publicity motto "Coke is it" we should discern the entire ambiguity: Coke is *never* effectively it. Every satisfaction opens up a desire for more. Coke is a commodity whose use value embodies an ineffable spiritual surplus. It's a commodity with material properties that are already those of a commodity.

This example makes palpable the inherent link between the Marxist concept of surplus value, the Lacanian concept of surplus enjoyment (which Lacan elaborated with direct reference to Marxian surplus value) and the paradox of the superego perceived by Freud: The more you drink Coke, the thirstier you are. The more profit you have, the more you want. The more you obey the superego, the guiltier you become. These paradoxes are the opposite of the paradox of love, which is, in Juliet's immortal words to Romeo, "The more I give, the more I have."

•

The predominance of brand names isn't new. It is a constant feature of marketing. What has been going on in the past decade

is a shift in the accent of marketing. It's a new stage of commodification that Jeremy Rifkin has designated "cultural capitalism." We buy a product—say, an organic apple—because it represents a particular lifestyle. An ecological protest against the exploitation of natural resources is already caught in the commodification of experience. Although ecology is perceived as a protest against the virtualization of daily life and an argument for a return to the direct experience of material reality, ecology is simply branded as a new lifestyle. When we purchase organic food we are buying a cultural experience, one of a "healthy ecological lifestyle." The same goes for every return to "reality": In an ad widely broadcast on U.S. television a decade or so ago, a group of ordinary people was shown engaged in a barbecue, with country music and dancing, and the accompanying message: "Beef. Real food for real people." But the beef offered as a symbol of a certain lifestyle (that of "real" Americans) is much more chemically and genetically manipulated than the "organic" food consumed by "artificial" yuppies.

This is what design is truly about: Designers articulate the meaning above and beyond a product's function. When they try to design a purely functional product, the product displays functionality as its meaning, often at the expense of its real functionality. Prehistoric handaxes, for example, were made by males as sexual displays of power. The excessive and costly perfection of their form served no direct use.

Our experiences have become commodified. What we buy on the market is less a product we want to own and more a life experience—an experience of sex, eating, communicating, cultural consumption or participating in a lifestyle. Material objects serve as props for these experiences and are offered for free to seduce us into buying the true "experiential commodity," such as the free cell phones we get when we sign a one-year contract. To quote the succinct formula of Mark Slouka, "As more of the hours of our days are spent in synthetic environments, life itself is turned into a commodity. Someone makes it for us; we buy it from them. We become the consumers of our own lives." We ultimately buy (the time of) our own life. Michel Foucault's notion of turning one's self into a work of art thus gets an unexpected confirmation: I buy my physical fitness by joining a gym. I buy my spiritual enlightenment by enrolling in courses on Transcendental Meditation. I buy my public persona by going to restaurants patronized by people with whom I want to be associated.

Let's return to the example of ecology. There's something deceptively reassuring in our readiness to assume guilt for threats to the environment. We like to be guilty. If we're guilty, then it all depends on us. We can save ourselves by changing our lives. What is difficult to accept (at least for us in the West) is that we are reduced to a purely passive role. We are just impotent observers who can only sit and watch what our fate will be. To avoid such a situation, we engage in frantic and obsessive activity.

We recycle paper and buy organic food so we can believe we're doing something. We are like a sports fan who supports his team by shouting and jumping from his seat in front of the TV screen in a superstitious belief that this will somehow influence the outcome of the game.

The typical form of fetishist disavowal apropos ecology is "I know very well (that we are all threatened), but I don't really believe it (so I'm not ready to do anything important like change my way of life)." But there is also the opposite form of disavowal: "I know very well I can't really influence processes that can lead to my ruin, but it is nonetheless too traumatic for me to accept. I cannot resist the urge to do something, even if I know it is ultimately meaningless." Isn't this why we buy organic food? Who really believes that half-rotten and expensive "organic" apples are healthier? The point is that, by buying them, we do not just buy and consume a product; we simultaneously do something meaningful, show our care and global awareness and participate in a large collective project.

Today we buy commodities neither for their utility nor as status symbols. We buy them to get the experience they provide; we consume them to make our lives meaningful. Consumption should sustain quality of life. Its time should be "quality time"—not a time of alienation, of imitating models imposed on us by society, of the fear of not keeping up with the Joneses. We seek authentic fulfillment of our true selves, of the sensuous play of experience, of caring for others.

An exemplary case of "cultural capitalism" can be found in the Starbucks ad campaign that says, "It's not just what you're buying. It's what you're buying into." After celebrating the quality of the coffee, the ad continues: "But when you buy Starbucks, whether you realize it or not, you're buying into something bigger than a cup of coffee. You're buying into a coffee ethic. Through our Starbucks Shared Planet program, we purchase more fair-trade coffee than any company in the world, ensuring that the farmers who grow the beans receive a fair price for their work. We invest in and improve coffee-growing practices and communities around the globe. It's good coffee karma. Oh, and a little bit of the price of a cup of Starbucks coffee helps furnish the place with comfy chairs, good music and the right atmosphere to dream, work and chat in. We all need places like that these days. When you choose Starbucks, you are buying a cup of coffee from a company that cares. No wonder it tastes so good."

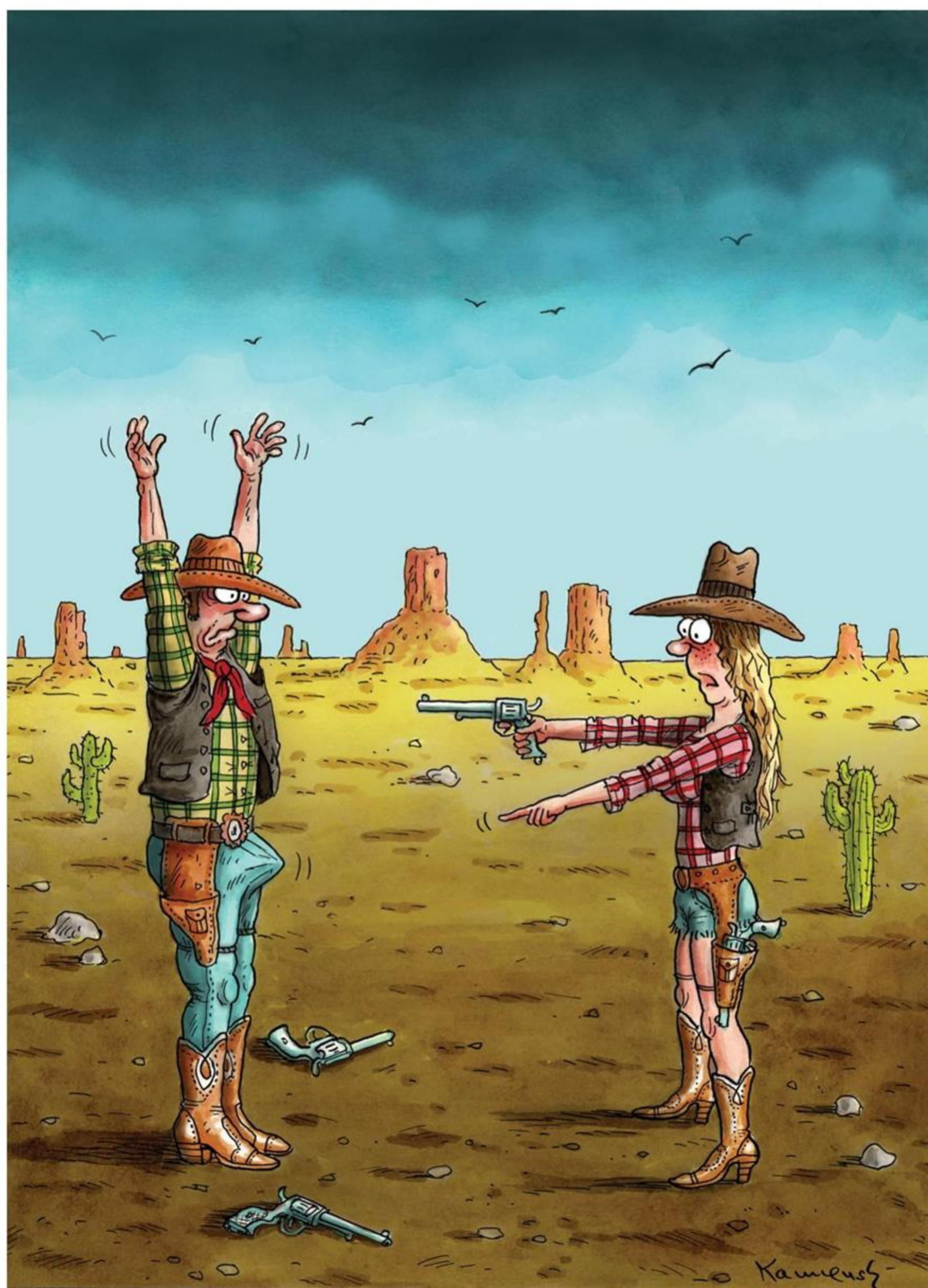
The "cultural" surplus is here spelled out. The price is higher because you are really buying the "coffee ethic," which includes care for the environment, social responsibility toward producers and a place where you can participate in a communal life (from the beginning Starbucks presented its shops as ersatz community spaces). If this isn't enough, if your ethical needs are still unsatisfied, if you continue to worry about Third World misery, there are other products you can buy.

Consider the description Starbucks offers for its Ethos Water program: "Ethos Water is a brand with a social mission—helping children around the world get clean water and raising awareness of the world water crisis. Every time you purchase a bottle of Ethos Water, Ethos Water will contribute five cents toward our goal of raising at least \$10 million by 2010. Through the Starbucks Foundation, Ethos Water supports humanitarian water programs in Africa, Asia and Latin America. To date, Ethos Water grant commitments exceed \$6.2 million. These programs will help an estimated 420,000 people gain access to safe water, sanitation and hygiene education."

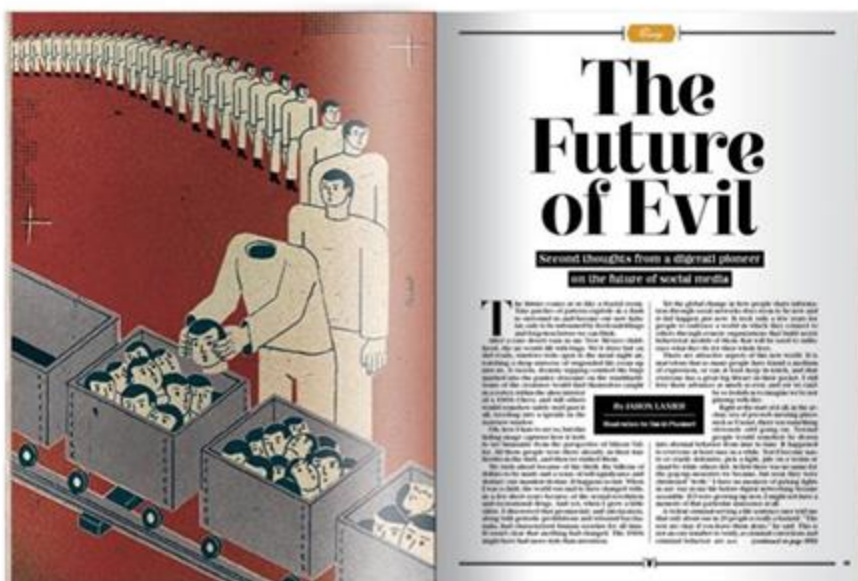
Authentic experience matters. This is how capitalism, at the level of consumption, integrates the legacy of 1968. This

is how it addresses the critique of alienated consumption. A recent Hilton ad consists of a simple claim: "Travel doesn't only get us from place A to place B. It should also make us a better person." Can we imagine such an ad a decade ago? The latest scientific expression of this new spirit is the rise of happiness studies. But how is it that, in this era of spiritualized hedonism, when the goal of life is defined as happiness, anxiety and depression are exploding? It is the enigma of this self-sabotage of happiness and pleasure that makes Freud's message more actual than ever.

Authenticity and brand names are not mutually exclusive—authenticity echoes beneath every brand name.



"This too!"



LANIER

(continued from page 119)

the same thing. I have also known financiers who seemed to be similarly sadistic and scornful of the law, except they lacked physical courage and were never caught.

If it is the case that only about five percent of people are self-starters at being nasty, then the question becomes how the rest of us react when we aren't left alone, when we are in fact provoked, moved to action by brilliant manipulators or charismatic leaders. What we see in history is that all too frequently waves of violence overtake entire populations.

For years I have explored a theory that human behavior is bimodal, that our species can function either in a solitary mode or in packs. Certainly other species on earth, including wolves, have this quality. If there is a "clan switch" in the human brain, it might help explain how ordinary, reasonable people can sometimes be drawn into horrible behavior toward those who aren't members of their clan.

When I travel in Germany or Austria and see an elderly man watching the world go by, I can't help wondering, Where was he when my relatives were being rounded up to be killed? Did he play a role in placing my mother in a concentration camp? What is even more haunting is to look at now-ordinary elders, in a setting that is placid and safe, and wonder how unusual they would really be if they *had* been part of a great wave of evil.

Scary movies often condition us to fear some sort of switch within the soul of a man that can turn him evil. An unfortunate encounter will turn an ordinary person into a zombie, for instance. But of course the real evidence of the switch is that we have the ability to perceive others as zombies.

It is terrifying that someone who seems ordinary might turn out to be dangerous, but it is rare for a dangerous person to perceive himself as a wrongdoer in the moment. Evil people usually think they are reacting to horrors visited upon them by others. Our capacity to imagine monsters is what can make us monsters. It is always you who are the monster when you are scared by a horror movie. But that doesn't mean there's no reason to be scared, because of how much we are all alike.

●

There are two questions I'm asked more often than any others. The first is, Would you look at my start-up, advise me and help me get funded? There is often a well-hidden desperation, a wincing just behind

the eyes of young entrepreneurs, like a contestant on *American Idol* just one judge's vote away from stardom. But the stakes are much higher. If you believe today's rich will become tomorrow's immortals (because the technology for becoming immortal ought to be sorted out *any minute*), then your start-up is your elixir—nothing else matters.

The other question is, Are you an optimist or a pessimist? The two questions are deeply connected.

What can be called high-tech culture is of two minds about the future, those bugs in our headlights. In the one mind there is practically an epidemic of methodical optimism. It is evidenced in TED Talks and the trendy brand of positivity that start-ups use to sell themselves to investors and customers.

Here is the recipe for getting it all: a positive attitude combined with technical brilliance. It's an unlikely combination of New Age thinking (your attitude creates reality) and geek supremacy. The formula could have sprouted only in the Bay Area.

The high-tech hero will become an immortal playboy *and* a man of the people who feeds the hungry. He will become vastly powerful *and* promote democracy. His brilliance will overwhelm the very existence of trade-offs. The transcendence of trade-offs is at the core of the official mission of Silicon Valley lately: People will be agglomerated into a global brain—a superbeing—*and* individuals will be empowered.

This is the flavor of optimism that drives the culture of companies such as Google and Facebook. It is immune to empirical evidence. No matter if democracy doesn't grow stronger and income inequality explodes, the ideology isn't questioned. It's hard to be taken seriously in modern high-tech business if one doesn't exude this particular brand of optimism. You'd be well advised to at least pretend you believe in it if you want to be an internet billionaire. There, your start-up has received my advice.

In the other mind—or maybe I should talk about the other side of the coin, since so much money is at stake—the science fiction of our times has become relentlessly dark and cruel. Consider the roster of the most successful filmed science fiction since the rise of social networking and computerized megafinance: the *Matrix* movies, *Battlestar Galactica*, *Inception*, the *Terminator* movies, on and on. Even movies based on old comic books have gone deeply dark; look at the Batman and X-Men franchises. Sci-fi based on older titles that originally had an optimistic flair has gone as dark as it can go. (*Star Trek* has gone *Into Darkness*.)

It is hard to imagine anyone raising money for a non-dystopian science fiction movie today, even though the world of sci-fi fandom adores—perhaps more than anything else—old science fiction that exudes positivity, as the *Star Trek* TV shows and the original comic books do.

Failing to be as dark as everyone else is like failing to be as macho. It is weak, wimpy. To step outside a doctrine of darkness—even a little—is to invite ridicule. This cultural sieve was not invented by techies. You can find it just as easily in

punk culture and certain strains of hip academic criticism. It is as old as trolls.

Another mechanism that promotes darkness is Veblenian. (Thorstein Veblen was an economist celebrated for his sarcastic appreciation of the culture of affluence.) It is the sign of a privileged life that one grows weary of comfort and security. One longs for the lost vitality of violence, risk and doom. So to tolerate any deviance away from darkness in your culture of fantasy is to admit that you might face some actual insecurity in real life. To admit that you might occasionally need to be comforted or inspired is to admit a failing. Of course, since we are all mortal and destined for some form of disease or demise, the pretense of infinite comfort is just that, and yet we still strain to assert it.

My preference would be for our two brains to be swapped. We need positive visions of the future more than ever. But we might need cautionary interpretations of our present actions even more.

It appears that human behavior has gradually been getting less awful overall in the course of our history. Harvard psychologist Steven Pinker has gathered what is known about the history of violence and argues that there has been a steady decline in both everyday violence and organized massacres over the centuries and millennia. Let us suppose this is correct. Unfortunately, the trend Pinker documents is slow, while the change to a digitized society is happening quickly.

Are we so sure that the next holocaust won't begin with an app, toyed with in our cafés and coordinated by our smartphones? Might "social networking"—in its formulation of the moment—be a prelude to genocide?

The parallels are clear. People segregate themselves into groups in the digital world. This is often done to escape the evil eye of trolls or, more softly, to seek sympathy, but whatever the intention, the result is segregation, into red and blue, geeks and babes, techies and the clueless.

Digital segregation is exacerbated by what has been called the "filter bubble" effect. This means that algorithms customize your world to reinforce a model that is being used to define you. You see news chosen to match your theorized interests, hear music chosen to match your theorized tastes and so on, until you are no longer a free-range person.

Filter bubbles are meant to make online advertising more valuable, and advertising is the primary official business of information systems these days. But the whole scheme relies on what is mostly a lie.

The lie is artificial intelligence, which doesn't really work. When a company like Google or Facebook, or an agency like the National Security Agency, is selling itself to whoever will fund it, you can expect unbounded AI braggadocio. Algorithms will understand, classify and predict human behavior, or so it is said. In fact, such technology is mostly still only a dream, so instead of a supersmart artificial being learning how to predict or manipulate everyone after observing them from a distance, people

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must somehow be cajoled into classifying themselves. Google's algorithms don't really understand people, but Facebook asked us to categorize ourselves, and lo, we did. Google attempts to infer what we like, but we simply tell Facebook. This is why Facebook is a threat to Google.

People reveal everything to those who have the most gigantic and effective computers. The ordinary person acts like a supplicant to a cult or an insider to a repressive regime. One of the first stages of induction into a coercive organization used to be that one would reveal deep, embarrassing intimacies to the organization. Now everyone does that, in advance. We have entered into a culture of ambient blackmail, where each person's reputation might be vulnerable to degradation at any time. Individuals are compelled to engage in continuous confession through windows into computers owned by remote moguls.

A correlate of this odd alignment is that masses of people can now move in coordination on a dime. That ability is often hailed as the politics of the future, with examples including the Arab Spring and the instant waves of opposition that can stop internet-related legislation such as the Stop Online Piracy Act. But the kind of online coordination we've seen so far isn't constructive. This is not to say it's always destructive; there are many cases of successful charitable drives and Kickstarter projects, for instance. But the net has not proved itself a medium for building consensus or even workable middle ground. It hasn't succeeded as a tool of inventive statecraft.

Social media has on occasion been able to harm corporations and help bring down

governments, some of them deserving of their troubles, but it hasn't been shown to be effective at building democratic coalitions. Social networking has not thus far helped bridge the red-blue divide in the U.S., for instance. Shouldn't we demand that it be able to do that before we trust that we already know the way forward to a superior, technically enhanced politics?

If the optimism about social networks is based on hypotheticals, it had better be balanced by pessimism. Sure, though some present-day Silicon Valley figures can be arrogant, overall they're a pleasant crowd. But what is to prevent a "king of trolls" from galvanizing the nastiness of the net into a coherent force? Suppose one of the powerful computation centers that can model everyone and manipulate the world, whether it be Facebook or the NSA, is inherited by a real bastard, a member of the five percent?

We have seen a few creeps use online tools to incite violence, including Anwar al-Awlaki, the imam born in the same town in New Mexico where I grew up, who incited hatred and violence over the net until he was slaughtered by a drone in Yemen. But he didn't have a whole Facebook or Google at his disposal. He was only a user. We have not yet seen a creep with genuine network empowerment, and we don't know what would happen. Could such a monster engineer sudden violence on a stupendous scale?

There is another, far more likely scenario I fear more. Consider what massive degrees of computation have done to American health care and bankruptcy, to name only two of many similar domains. The most successful business strategy of all time turns out to be using a big computer to out-

compute everyone else on a network. An insurance company can calculate who is more likely to need insurance so as to insure only those who need insurance least. A lender can calculate who will be most susceptible to predatory lending and how to milk the most out of those who are targeted.

Whoever has the most effective computer resources wins seemingly unlimited wealth and power but sits at the center of a web of hidden hurt. Computational power might be grand in scale, but it is also sloppy. As with drone strikes, using big data to amass economic might works, but it also causes collateral damage.

Maybe a homeowner would have paid off her mortgage if she hadn't been evicted, but from the point of view of the lender, it's a sterile game of statistics and numbers. The lender doesn't know what he's doing on a case-by-case basis, and the ignorance is intentional.

This is why "robocallers" are so important in mass foreclosures and similar computer-coordinated economic events. It isn't so much that one doesn't wish to pay humans to make the phone calls as that one can maintain an antiseptic, arm's-length insulation from a sprawling automata that spins out limitless wealth as long as it is not perturbed.

From the point of view of a big computer, there are no individuals. As long as an overall statistical advantage can be calculated, sloppiness doesn't matter.

The impersonality of power in the information age makes those who win oddly blind. Even crime is becoming abstract. Identity theft occurs randomly and impersonally. Evil is losing its point of view and its flavor.

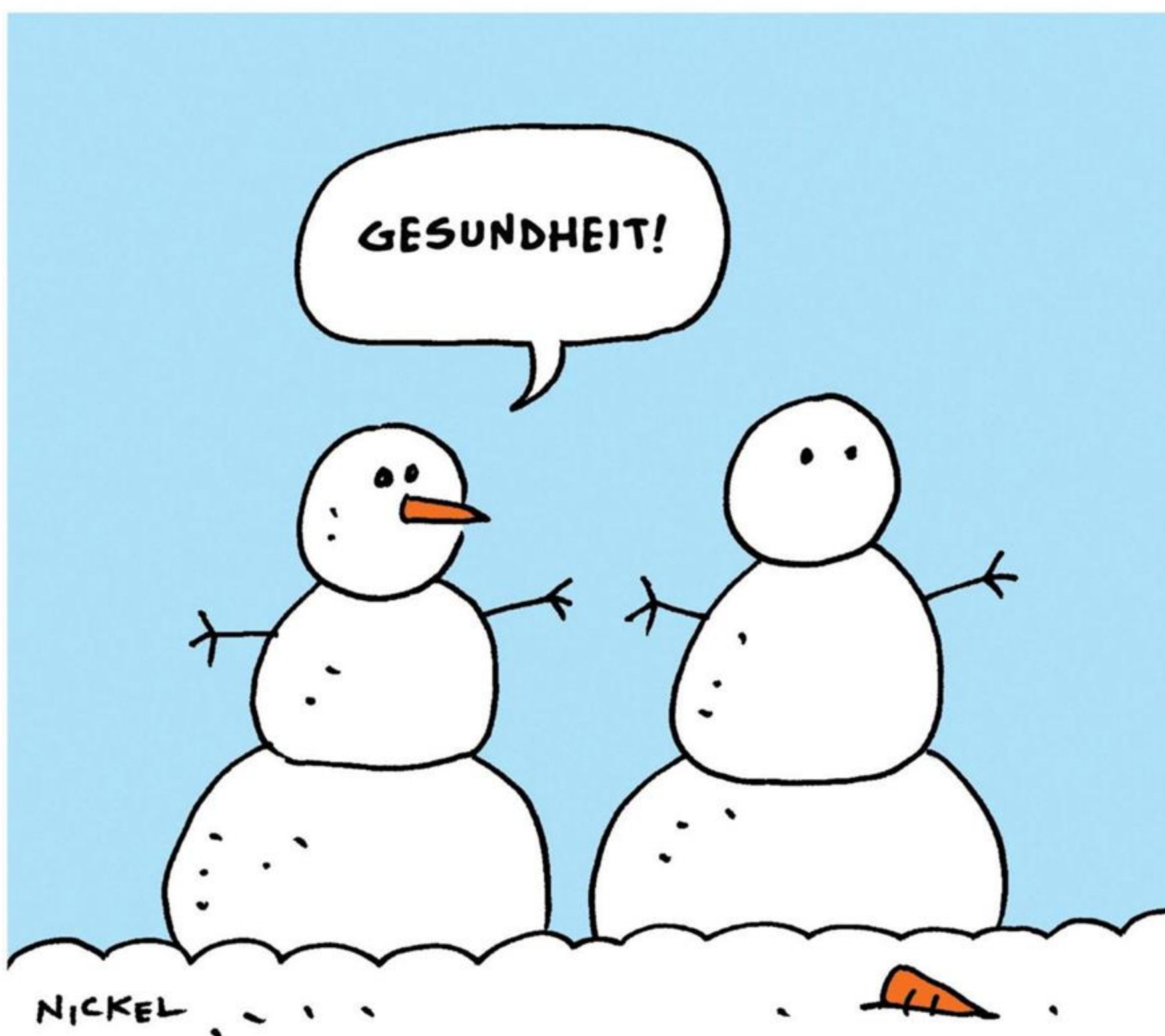
If present trends continue, diffuse massacre by lottery is in our future—violence by the numbers. An ordinary person might someday soon be killed by an untraceable drone strike. Why? Probably because a benefit to some unknown third party will have been predicted by an automatic statistical calculation.

Maybe a cloud of investments, coordinated in secret, accrues a small win due to a security's fluctuation that results from the murder, or maybe the victim's mortgage is highly leveraged and someone bets against it.

Is this an unreasonably paranoid vision? Hopefully yes. It is similar to many a tale found in dystopian science fiction but with one big difference.

Traditional paranoia features villains. But our computational society seems to be creeping toward a future in which computed murders will be components of statistical campaigns. No one will ever know for sure which strike actually contributes to the fortunes of whoever is running the biggest computers. Some murders will probably be decoys, as calculated by algorithms that model the efficacy of all available strategies.

The biggest winners—those who master the most effective computers—will be as clueless about the details as anyone else. Hannah Arendt famously described evil as banal, and the abject banality of this scenario is what makes it plausible.





BISSINGER

(continued from page 127)

neutralized the issue with August's tentative settlement of a suit brought by former players over not being properly warned of the risk of repeated head injuries. The \$765 million the NFL agreed to pay is not only tiny but irrelevant; by settling, the league avoids depositions, testimony and the evidentiary disclosure of confidential documents that most likely show the league knew for years that repeated concussions are enormously dangerous. Plus, the media move on once a resolution has been reached. What was once a sexy story is no longer nearly so sexy. The spate of "Why My Son Will Never Play Football" stories will trickle away.

Then there is the enormous impact of fantasy football. Millions of fans no longer care about teams nearly as much as they care about individual players; that's why television ratings are up. The games could be played secretly on a soundstage and no one would care. Given the product, maybe that's already happening and we just don't know about it.

The game will continue its one-sided slide into a pass-happy free-for-all. Shoot-outs are fine, but these have become pig fests. The plethora of new rules about legal and illegal hits is confusing and contradictory. They're also public relations ephemera, an attempt to make an inherently unsafe game somehow safe. And since when does the Constitution guarantee us the right to protect ourselves from ourselves? Stupidity (and anyone who plays football is, frankly, stupid) is a national trust.

Driving while using a cell phone is unsafe. Living in poverty in Detroit or Philadelphia is unsafe. Driving a truck is unsafe. Drinking is unsafe. Obesity is unsafe. Fox News is unsafe. And so it goes with football: The more vicious you are as a player, the better you are. The more you intimidate, the more you excel. It is a game predicated on physical threat. But players today are continually being told to put the brakes on the aggression that is so indigenous to football. At a certain point, no amount of packaging can mask an inferior product.

The game is no longer balanced; there is a lopsided advantage for the offense against an increasingly neutered defense, with cornerbacks and safeties not knowing whether to hit high or low and sacks that too often look like couples therapy. It used to be that a 300-yard passing day by a quarterback was a great day. Now it's a routine day. The new benchmark is 400 yards.

In 2008 the average offensive production for a major college team was 27 points and 371.6 yards per game, according to the

Associated Press. In 2012 those numbers had increased to 29.5 points and 409 yards per game, an increase of almost 10 percent.

Baylor and Oregon have become dirty words in college football. Their statistics were fun for a while. But now they have become downright silly, particularly since they, like most major college teams, play as many weak opponents as possible at the beginning of the season to build up numbers that lead to inflated national rankings.

My football libido just couldn't get it up for Baylor versus Louisiana-Monroe this season, when the Bears won 70-7 and gained 781 yards of total offense. In doing so, they tied a school record that had lasted for all of two weeks, and regardless of all the media salivation in Texas newspapers, the only real news was why on earth Louisiana-Monroe even has a football team. The only good news is that Baylor fans are onto the charade: 42,967 piled into Floyd Casey Stadium in Waco, 14 percent short of capacity.

Oregon Ducks fans are more rabid because there is nothing else to do in the state except watch *Portlandia*. With the building of

a \$68 million Football Performance Center (at a school with rising tuition) and only one in five players actually from the state at what is a state school, the Ducks have taken off.

Sort of.

Former Oregon coach Chip Kelly either revolutionized the game with the hurry-up, no-huddle offense every play or hastened the game's absurdity, since the team looks like an amphetamine-induced *Tom and Jerry* cartoon in which the beleaguered cat and its nemesis mouse wear green Speedos. Kelly's team in 2012 averaged 82 plays per game, or roughly one every 20 seconds, and 537 yards per game in total offense. There's only one problem: Oregon is putrid against nationally ranked opponents. All the Ducks really do is feast on the poor and suck it up against the rich.

"I don't have anything against the no-huddle," University of Alabama head coach Nick Saban said last year. "It's a tremendous advantage to the offense. So I don't blame any offensive coach for wanting to do it and taking advantage of it, deceiving the defense with the pace of the game, whatever you want to call it."



"He looks like Daniel Day-Lewis!"

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Given that Alabama won consecutive national championships under Saban in 2011 and 2012, perhaps he should be conceded the point.

NFL passers threw for 400 yards or more 33 times in 2011 and 2012, an average of 16.5 per season including playoffs. The average was roughly four a season up until then. The 2011 season will go down as the watershed year in which the NFL completely surrendered to pass madness, rendering the running game a tactical afterthought. As pointed out by Kerry J. Byrne of SI.com in his terrific column "Cold Hard Football Facts," the NFL has been on an offensive jones ever since 1977, when defenses dominated (the average score of an Atlanta Falcons game that year was 13-9) and television ratings had plummeted.

Some pop was needed, but not like this. In the NFL's first 91 seasons, two passers topped the 5,000-yard mark in a season, according to Byrne. In 2011 alone three players did, and a fourth missed by 67 yards. Four teams ran the ball more than they passed in the 2011 season; instructively, three of them won their divisions. In 1978 every team in the NFL ran the ball more than it passed.

The new rules will render the records of 2011 obsolete. The average passing yards per game is on a record pace this season, and the 1,039 combined yards by the Denver Broncos and the Dallas Cowboys resulted in the second-highest-scoring game since the NFL-AFL merger in 1970.

Too much power has been placed in the hands of officials who already had too much power. Infractions in football have always been wildly subjective. Some officials understand that their role is to be in the background, but too many strive for relevancy, announcing over their little microphones like petty dictators as they call penalty after penalty. The rule instituted in 2013 on appropriate contact with the crown of a helmet will only make things worse. It reads as follows:

"Initiating Contact With the Crown of the Helmet. It is a foul if a runner or tackler initiates forcible contact by delivering a blow with the top/crown of his helmet against an opponent when both players are clearly outside the tackle box (an area extending from tackle to tackle and from three yards beyond the line of scrimmage to the offensive team's end line). Incidental contact by the helmet of a runner or tackler against an opponent shall not be a foul."

Huh?

Officials might as well consult a Ouija board to figure this one out. Not to mention that using the crown of a helmet is an essential element of the game for running backs plowing for extra yards. Just as it is for a defensive back trying to make a memorable bell-ringing dot-shot tackle. Enforcement of the helmet-crown rule is so arbitrary that players who were not called for the infraction during actual games this season have been later fined upon film review. If the official doesn't call it during a game, then leave it alone. Or maybe every game should also be reviewed for missed offensive holding, which would lead to

fines for every current lineman in the NFL on every play of every game.

●

We have been here before, a critical juncture of safety versus savagery.

The game of football in 1905, much like the doomsday scenarios of today, was on the precipice of radical change. Even America's most macho president, Theodore Roosevelt, couldn't tolerate it. Because of free-for-all rules that encouraged excessive violence, as well as a paucity of adequate equipment, too many players were fatally injured. At least 18 died that year alone, prompting Roosevelt to meet with representatives from the game and discuss modifications.

Those meetings led to a game that's rarely cited in football lore yet is one of the most seminal in the sport's history. The setting was Wichita, Kansas. The two teams bore little distinction, except that Washburn's would later adopt the moniker Ichabods and Fairmount College would eventually change its name to the even duller Wichita State.

In an effort to shift football from life-threatening running plays, the two teams used radical new rules allowing a forward pass and requiring 10 yards for a first down. Neither team scored. There were 38 punts. Fans booed out of intolerable boredom. A subsequent article in *The New York Times* deemed the experimental rules "a failure." Who would ever want to throw a forward pass? But we adapted.

The likelihood is that we will adapt again, but there must be limits: The powers that be need to realize not every new rule is a good one. They must also stop the charade of acting as if they care about players. When you plan to go up to 18 regular-season games, safety is not a real issue. Defenseless receivers should not be pulverized, though the concept of a "defenseless player" in football is an oxymoron. If a receiver doesn't feel fear going over the middle, if a defensive back isn't allowed to nail him on the sidelines so he can't keep his feet inbounds, then a crucial element of the game is being taken away.

Defensive backs still hit with heat, but that won't continue if penalties, fines and suspensions keep coming. A split second of hesitation will creep in, and the game, like a rolling ball of yarn, will begin to unravel. If anything, football desperately needs to redress the imbalance between offense and defense. Maybe there should be 12 players on defense instead of the traditional 11, since too many offensive players are able to score at will. Pass interference should routinely not be called if a receiver has no chance of catching the ball. Quarterbacks need to get sacked, not pushed over with bad breath. I never saw a head slap I didn't like. Let the players hit full throttle again.

I don't watch football to feel a sense of peace afterward. I watch it for the possibility of a head-on human collision.

Does that make me depraved?

Just honest.





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HALL

(continued from page 131)

shocked about the water temperature. But ocean currents also make this patch of the Pacific especially cold." He tilted his head down and looked up at me. "Okay, well now we know why this beach isn't as fun as it could be." This time I laughed for real.

The relatively slow ocean warming in response to increasing sunshine does more than disappoint beachgoers. It has an exact parallel in climate change, creating a lag in warming. In computer-based simulations of the climate system's response to increasing greenhouse-gas concentrations, the ocean receives the same amount of extra heat from the greenhouse-gas buildup as the land does. But it registers a much slower warming. Likewise, as greenhouse-gas concentrations have increased over the past century, the accompanying temperature increase has generally been smaller over oceans than over continents. This effect works to our advantage because it gives us more time to adapt to a changing climate—especially in coastal areas, where climate is influenced by the ocean. But it's also symptomatic of the irreversibility of climate change. The ocean eventually has to adjust fully to enhanced heat input. So the global warming we see at any given

time doesn't fully reflect what will ultimately materialize as a result of the previous greenhouse-gas buildup. This leads to a disconnect between the current state of the climate—which probably has the greatest influence on our perceptions of climate change—and the eventual climate change we are already committed to, thanks to our past burning of fossil fuels.

There's momentum behind climate change for another reason, but this one is related to the inertia of human habits rather than to physics. It's impractical for us to stop burning fossil fuels right away, even if we collectively decided to. California, much of Europe and other localities are creating incentives to transition away from fossil fuels. In these jurisdictions, efforts are under way to lower carbon footprints. The light-rail line to Santa Monica is an example. But as I noted to my skeptical houseguest, even though Angelenos have largely embraced new rail transportation projects, this line won't be finished until 2016. And it's one of the first elements of a regional rail network that will take decades to complete.

Most people seem to grasp the inevitability of climate change. Ask a climate scientist what question he or she usually gets at cocktail parties, and it's something along the lines of "Based on your research, are we totally screwed?" It may also be the underlying reason why some people deny climate change: The problem may seem too insurmountable to grapple with. For sanity's sake, we might as well change the subject to something we *can* grapple with.

The inevitability of climate change was underscored for me when my UCLA research team and I completed a study on what climate change will mean for Los Angeles in the middle of this century. Our research shows that if greenhouse-gas emissions are curtailed over the coming decades, the most likely warming in the region will still be 70 percent of what would

occur if greenhouse-gas emissions continue to increase. Climate scientists work with standardized scenarios of greenhouse-gas emissions to predict future climates. We worked with a scenario of reduced emissions we nicknamed "mitigation" and a scenario of rising emissions we called "business as usual." Both scenarios result in significant regional warming: about 2.9 degrees Fahrenheit under the mitigation scenario and 4.2 degrees under business as usual.

Put differently, immediate and far-reaching global measures to reduce our carbon footprint over the coming decades would reduce midcentury warming in Los Angeles by only 30 percent. When we examined other aspects of climate change in the region—such as changes in snow, water resources, winds and wildfire—we reached the same conclusion: Reducing greenhouse-gas emissions attenuates climate change somewhat, but it doesn't lead to dramatically different outcomes. A similar story can be told in other regions or for the entire planet. According to a recent report of the Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change Fifth Assessment, the most likely midcentury rise in global sea level will be nine inches under the mitigation scenario and 10 inches under business as usual.

We have no choice but to think seriously about how to adapt to changing climatic conditions, no matter what we choose to do about emissions.

Given this conclusion, it may seem wise to simply adapt to climate change and be done with the whole issue, as my houseguest sarcastically suggested. We're also not good at the long-term planning required to reduce greenhouse-gas emissions. This deficiency is especially apparent in the way we make economic decisions: Most people don't plan adequately for retirement. A perennial complaint about corporations is their tendency to focus on quarterly earnings instead of long-term profitability. Governments borrow money to enact popular tax breaks or to spend, without giving thought to affordability in years to come.

When it comes to reducing greenhouse-gas emissions, the inability of governments to make long-term plans is perhaps the most crucial obstacle. Elections come every few years in Western democracies, where much of humanity's emissions occur. Any politician who implements long-term reform will pay a price at the ballot box as soon as the reform begins to cause economic pain. And that politician won't be around to see any political benefit when the reform bears fruit. Meanwhile, the state-capitalist regimes of East Asia, the planet's other big carbon emitters, rely on consistent economic growth to perpetuate their authority. They don't make structural economic changes easily either. With short-term thinking dominating politics in countries with the highest emissions, meaningful regulatory efforts to reduce greenhouse-gas emissions—such as a cap-and-trade system or a carbon tax—are rare.

There are few pragmatists when it comes to climate change, but if they were numerous enough to make their voices heard, their argument against action to reduce emissions might go like this: Humans are already on course to change the climate significantly,



"A long-term relationship? You mean dinner and breakfast?"

and our species is terrible at the long-term planning necessary to slow the increase in emissions. The best we can hope for is a robust adaptation plan, perhaps implemented locally and regionally, where natural-resource management is most nimble.

But let us consider results from climate change projections a bit further into the future. If we examine projected outcomes at the end of the 21st century rather than midcentury, the differences between the business-as-usual and mitigation scenarios are dramatic. In our Los Angeles study, under business as usual the region would experience another large increment of warming over and above what already occurs by midcentury. It would be warmer by a total of eight degrees. Three months of the year would have days when the maximum temperature exceeded 95 degrees, which would mean we'd have a new season of extreme heat. Southern California currently has significant snow at high elevations in the winter, but by the end of the century this snow would nearly disappear. This scenario also sees dramatic changes in water resources and in areas burned by wildfire. The ecological consequences are difficult to quantify, but it doesn't take much imagination to realize that what's left of the region's natural landscape would be transformed beyond recognition, hosting different plant and animal species. Meanwhile, in the mitigation scenario, end-of-century temperatures are similar to their midcentury values. The other climate impacts are also comparable to those projected for the earlier period.

On the global scale, sea level would rise something like 17 inches under mitigation and 29 inches under business as usual. Some summer Arctic sea ice is projected to survive at century's end if greenhouse-gas emissions are curtailed. But if we don't curtail emissions, the ice will probably disappear. So our emissions choices will profoundly affect the planet's condition at the end of the century.

Our pragmatic friends who propose adaptation as the only response have to defend the idea that the effects of climate change on the midcentury world can be considered in the moral equation but the effects on our end-of-century world cannot. At some point in the distant future we stop caring about the well-being of our species and rely instead on intervening generations to do the planning for us. But does it make sense to discount the interests of those who will be living at the end of the century, some of whom are already alive?

It's also worth examining the other assumption of the pragmatist's argument, that we are inherently bad at long-term planning. Consider a long-term project that involved profound political and societal change: the struggle for racial equality in the United States. Since the country's founding, those who promoted racial equality knew it would take an effort extending well beyond the lifetime of any single individual. Among the country's founders, some, including John Adams, explicitly opposed slavery. They accepted the constitutional arrangements that permitted it because they calculated that the language of equality and individual rights created a

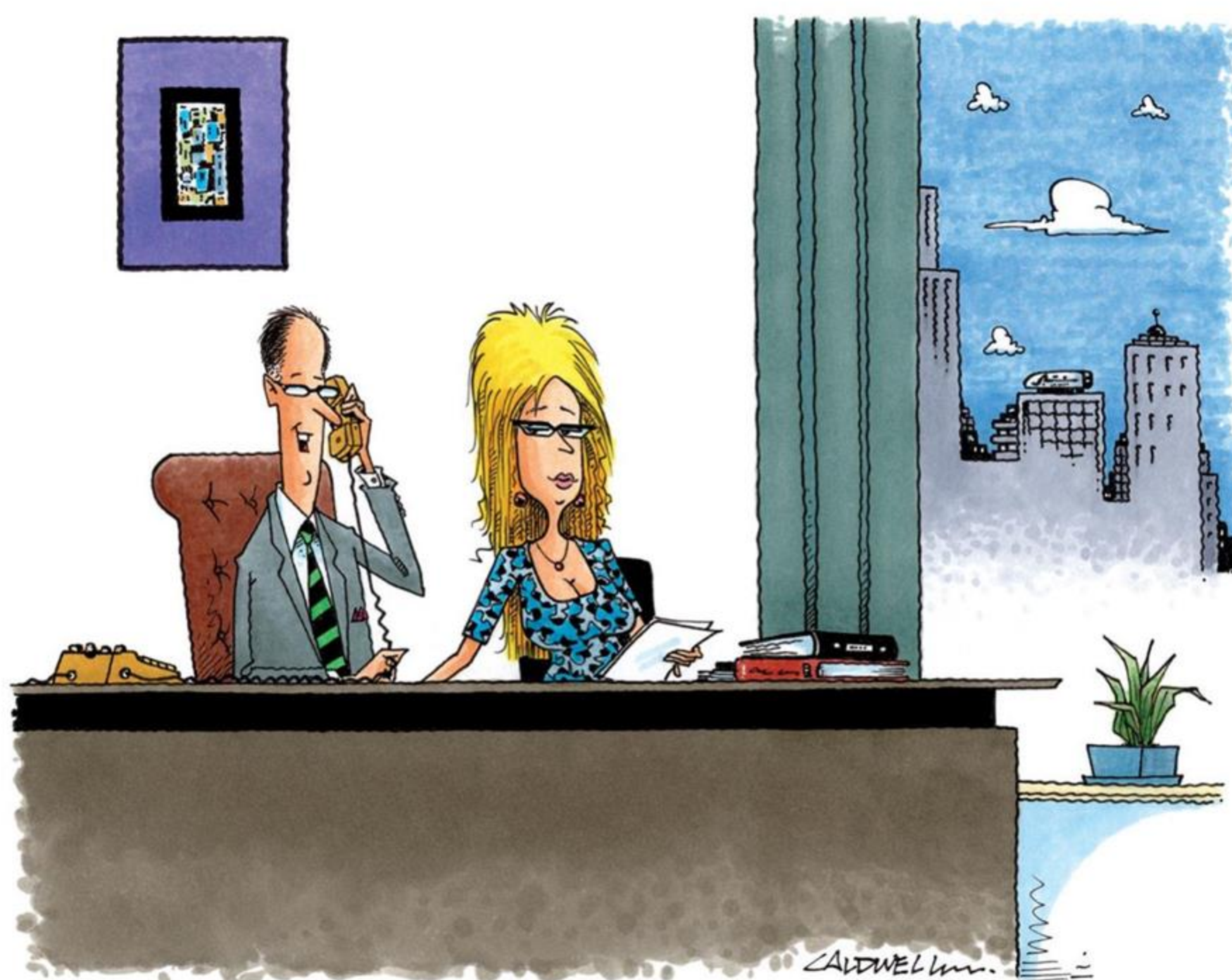
contradiction with the institution of slavery. They knew it would eventually have to be confronted. Within a few decades, they were proved right, and the country fought a civil war over slavery. Abraham Lincoln also understood the abolitionist project as part of a long struggle rooted in the promises of the founding documents. In spite of his opposition to slavery, he advanced the abolitionist cause only incrementally. Once slavery was eliminated and the struggle for social equality took center stage, civil rights campaigners also understood that the struggle would take time. The 2008 election of the first U.S. president with African ancestry was understood by most Americans to be an epochal moment. President Barack Obama's election was an achievement built on at least two centuries of political and social change.

Similarly, the human role in climate took a few centuries to develop. Its roots go back at least to the beginnings of the industrial revolution in the late 18th century. Carbon emissions probably began to have a detectable impact on climate sometime in the mid-20th century. It took generations for the human influence on climate to emerge, and it will probably require generations to slow down or reverse that process. We've become accustomed to confronting problems with short-term fixes, and we keep waiting for a silver bullet to make our greenhouse-gas emissions disappear. When it fails to materialize, we throw up our hands and declare the problem beyond addressing. Looking back at the history of race relations in America, it's easy to imagine how intractable a problem racial inequality must have

seemed. For decades, many declared the status quo to be the only practical option.

Yet others kept chipping away at the status quo, and even though racial inequality and discrimination persist, those efforts led to a changed society. According to Martin Luther King Jr., "Faith is taking the first step even when you don't see the whole staircase." King would have found my houseguest's cynicism about the light-rail line to Santa Monica entirely misplaced. The year 2016 is no further in the future now than 1966 was in 1963. And when King led the 1963 March on Washington, he knew it would take longer than three years to achieve a color-blind society. Some may believe the light-rail line to Santa Monica is too small a step or too far in the future to make a difference. But that belief condemns us to put off other small steps that would make a difference when added together.

We have to acknowledge the irreversibility of climate change. Like my disappointed houseguest, we can't fight the physics of slow ocean warming, and we can't wave a wand to make greenhouse-gas emissions disappear. Every region needs a climate-change adaptation plan for the coming few decades. But beyond that point, further climatic changes—perhaps to a point where the planet's state is unrecognizably different—are not inevitable. If we care about the condition of that world, the only way to avoid those changes is to do what people have always done when faced with an overwhelming project: Get started.



"Cancel all remaining interviews, Hobson. I've found my new right-hand woman."



MAMET

(continued from page 117)

was larger than Hitler's and could have defeated him. Having sacrificed Czechoslovakia, Chamberlain then abided by a treaty with France for the mutual defense of Poland; both of these actions, his original betrayal and his subsequent support, led to World War II. Why would Chamberlain act with such absurd inconsistency? Because he was human.

As we are a product of energy (some quantum folks would say we are energy), we must run downhill; that is to say, we, forced to make decisions, must regularly choose wrongly, which is to say, expend irretrievable energy. Therefore, all civilizations must eventually fail. Lincoln put it magnificently in his Second Inaugural Address, in which he suggests that all the wealth accrued through slavery may have to be dispersed through the medium of war.

But there is, of course, no status quo ante, and the effects of slavery, and of the Civil War, are, even today, occupying our energies, physical and mental; and original unfortunate choices in the source of cheap energy (slaves) are still playing out their course downstream in affirmative action, welfare, "diversity," busing and our foreign policy (those with darker skins are considered "more worthy"), just as they did in Jim Crow segregation, lynching and miscegenation laws.

Is this progression toward chaos a sign of man's evil nature or, put differently, of our ineradicable propensity to search for an easy way to do a hard job? The introduction of slavery into the United States, and the refusal of the Continental Congress to outlaw it in our Constitution, was a predictable human vote for something-for-nothing, for cheap energy; or, say for energy conservation, in the avoidance of a difficult choice. It turned out, in the event, to be the most expensive choice our country ever made.

Slavery was abolished at the cost of great agony, sacrifice and waste. It was the expenditure of energy in the service of Good (a rather unique choice and one recapitulated by our participation in World War II). Here the United States, as a body politic, acted to defend the powerless, with no ulterior motive. But two things occurred, the first being that such massing created the most expeditious machine for the dissipation of energy the world has ever known, the Federal Government; and the second, that we, as a people, had learned a Good Trick.

This trick ("doing good") gave to the body politic great satisfaction, as it should, and to politicians great opportunity to exert and expand their power and to solidify their perch on the catbird seat, through demagoguery.

Our Good Trick, in fighting the Civil War for Good, persisted. We fought the Spanish in Cuba and the Philippines for similar reasons, not the least of which was to defend the honor of an American white woman who was supposedly examined and affronted by Spanish officials in Cuba. Our cultural memory retained the sterling example of heroism in the Civil War, and newspapermen like William Randolph Hearst, and others who might otherwise profit from the Spanish-American War, brought it about.

The presumption of goodness, on the part of a country or an individual, is moot. Information is costly, and we humans tend to make the easiest choice and call it good. So the defeat of tyranny in the Second World War, as the machine was not yet exhausted, led to the occupation of Japan and Germany and the restoration of their economic health.

But our occupation of Japan led to the defense of South Korea and thus to our doctrine of opposition to Communism, which led us to Vietnam.

Was our stance against Communism a mistake? In Asia, arguably so (North Korea is Communist today, as is all of Vietnam); in Europe, we must say no, as our presence through the Cold War kept Europe free of totalitarian slavery.

But note that, with the fall of the Soviet Union, the United States' presence in Europe, always opposed by the very folk protected by it, is decried at home; and we, in the waning days of our empire, withdraw our forces, creating that cheap energy (material resources and slaves) that will, in time, be garnered by Russia or by a revived Ottoman Empire.

We cannot escape the essential nature of the machine, which is human nature and its elaboration into society. The billionaire must have a bigger plane, and the country must have its excess cathected into war, government "programs" and other attractive waste.

The healthy uses of our energy are spelled out in the Constitution, and they are reducible to the law that the government shall do only those things the States cannot do, and the States only those things from which the individual may profit but with which he cannot supply himself (courts, roads, sewers and so on).

The attempt of the body politic to live under the Constitution has resulted in 226 years of strife. It must, as individuals must differ in their intelligence, goodness, information, resolve and willingness to debate. That is the meaning of "a free society."

The Constitution is the possession of the American people. It is not the fiefdom but rather the rule book of those employed to administer it. It is, however, inevitable that with the growth and prosperity of the Country, energy would become diffuse—flowing from a state of high entropy (the

individual) to one of low, the government.

The rejection of Governmental power in aid of the governed is so rare as to be the stuff of legend. (When George III heard of George Washington's resignation as commander, the king remarked, "He is the greatest man in the world.")

The question, finally, is, What is going on here? How is it possible that Germany and England, twice in two decades, retired to the traditional dueling grounds to kill off an entire generation of their youth? Why did we follow France to Vietnam, and Russia into Afghanistan? Why have we, the citizen-owners of this country, allowed an entrenched class of bureaucrats to have control over our laws and resources? Here is my own law of thermodynamics: The blonde always breaks up the band.

The successful band attracts groupies. The groupie, girlfriend, boyfriend, spouse of the most successful member of the band may inherit a certain power. He or she, at the least, may, in bed, comment upon or indeed contravene the decisions made in the studio. He or she is taking easily offered (cheap) power and using it. Does this make these operations evil? Not necessarily. The paramour may very well have the interests of the band at heart and may even have musical knowledge and insight. But the mechanism of decision (the band in the studio) is forever altered and weakened. The other band members, faced with this new regime, each will find his or her own blonde (paramour, agent, brother-in-law), for the precedent has been set, the compact has been broken, and energy will take the most efficient path downhill, and thus it ends in court. As it does with our government in the waning days of American hegemony.

What can one say of a country in which elected officials voted, in a 2,400-page bill, to give the government power over six percent of the economy, *according to laws that no one had read*? "We have to pass the bill to find out what's in it," said Nancy Pelosi, Speaker of the House. Is this an example of daylight madness? Of course.

It is also an example of the dissipation of energy.

Money, put in the vulgate, has burned a hole in our pocket. The larger yacht looks not only attractive but essential to the billionaire, the trophy wife to the successful merchant; and our actions in concert cannot but partake of our individual nature, which is to expend energy and, after the fact, to explain the expenditure as reason.

Is the West dismantling itself because we are fools? Of course we are fools; we are human. Is this devolution inevitable? Yes, though its course and speed are unforeseeable.

Is my view overly bleak? I don't think so. The human body, a machine, has its natural span. We have extended the human life span greatly, but it cannot be extended indefinitely, as such would fall afoul of the Second Law.

We might understand our lives as a

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house built on a cliff. In an attempt to enjoy the view (get something for nothing), we spend much time and energy (including the expenditure of information costs) testing the soil, researching various modes of construction, studying or paying others to study winds and tides and the optimum architectural design to promote structural longevity. And then we build our house. Do we intend it to last forever? We know that neither it nor we will last forever, but we plan to have it last a “reasonable” amount of time.

But we may have sited our house in error, winds may change, the soil reports may have been inaccurate or, indeed, fudged; a freak, which is to say rare but probable, wind or earthquake may tumble our house down the cliff. It may outlast us, but neither it nor we will last forever. And no civilization can last forever.

Note that a large component of energy is expended in information costs: what is the best site for the house, what are the best materials, who is the best architect, what is a reasonable price and so on. The Wright brothers profited from their own pursuit of information, from years of testing and thought, and from the energy expended by hundreds of others in studying not only the nature of flight but of air, winds and mechanics.

Now the United States has turned its back on manufacturing. And the current administration is, inexplicably, tragically, opposed to development, experiment and the personal wealth that funds them; we may see, if we step back, an astonishing phenomenon. We, American citizens, do a small fraction of the physical work done a century ago; we do a fraction of the manufacturing work done a generation ago. But the energy this work amassed must be dissipated (just as the billionaire must dissipate the hundred million or so for the new yacht advertised as “the latest thing”).

Our current administration, our President, who has not vetoed one spending bill in one and a half terms, has risen to power as a proto-Marxist; that is, one dedicated to an equal distribution of goods, such equality effectuated by the state’s ability to confiscate and award.

Note that those things he has done in supposed support of conservation (banning drilling, banning the Alaska pipeline, banning development the EPA might find objectionable, attempting to overtax medical devices, bludgeoning a health care bill through Congress) have, inevitably, resulted in a greater consumption of energy—just as the production of the electric car uses more energy than the continued use of the aged internal-combustion vehicle.

All expenditure of energy increases disorder. It seems there is no exception. Is there, however, any comfort? I think so.

A myth is not an untruth. It is an attempt to state, poetically or symbolically, a shared foundation belief that cannot be empirically proved. When quantum physicists posit the big bang, they are, essentially, retelling a myth first noted some time before.

I refer to Genesis, in which we are told there was nothing and then there was something. The something, in the Bible, is called God; the physicists call it the singularity, that which came from nothing and caused everything. Both formulations may be reducible to “Damned if I know....”

In the Bible we are told God created the heavens and the earth (the universe, which was void and dark), *and the spirit of God hovered upon the face of the waters*. And so the first process described in our foundation myth (the foundation myth of the West) was evaporation, which is to say the movement of energy from a more- to a less-ordered state.

God then, as we know, created light, day, night and a firmament between the waters below and the waters above, which machine we may, if we wish, recognize as a cell and the text as a description of the cell dividing. The cell, of course, grows into various creatures and, eventually, culminates in Woman and Man, who, in their first human act, get into trouble.

And there we have it. Adam and Eve form a family, which begins to fight and kill. Other families arise; none are happy. Jacob’s prosperity leads to children who quarrel, and one of them, Joseph, is abandoned to slavery. He rises to be vizier of Egypt. Moses, another Jew risen to prominence, takes the slaves out of Egypt, and they reward him by clamoring to go back and put an end to all this foolishness.

They do not know how else to dissipate (employ) their energies. So, as they cannot any longer use their energies according to the way of slaves, they turn their energies on Moses, who has forced them into this new, traumatic position.

I will not belabor the parallels with the current position of Western democracy wending its way back to the sea.

Of what is all this headlong elaboration in aid? Toward what are we rushing and why? This daunting problem seems to admit of no solution at all, but if we address it not as a problem but as a solution in itself, it may begin to make some sense.

If before the big bang there was nothing, and if all energy since then is expended in the manner best suited to return the world to that state, then all seemingly random permutations of energy dispersal must be attempts to accelerate the return to chaos.

Life then, human and otherwise, may be understood not primarily as the desire to perpetuate life (which just begs the question “Why?”) but as an attempt to maximize this dispersal.

The parametia, reptiles, primates and so on evolved toward the agent best capable of waste; that is, the human being, whose sole adaptive excellence is the ability to conceive of and create increasingly effective engines for the discovery and dispersal of energy.

Though we may not find this purpose flattering, we may draw comfort in being part of a universal plan in which even if God did not love us, he must admire our capacity to throw ourselves into our work.



SHE'S GOT THE LOOK

It was hard to have so many opinions about fashion but no voice with which to be heard," says PMOY 2010 Hope Dworaczyk. "Being a bombshell is brutally boring after a while." So Hope joined FashionWirePress.com, an outlet where she can express herself. The website caters to Seventh Avenue buyers and insiders and covers e-commerce, trend analysis and industry updates; its social media arm on Instagram has made the pages of *Harper's Bazaar*. As editor in chief of the site, Hope enjoys straddling the line between modeling and photography. "This is not a job; it's a lifestyle," she says. "Uninspiring clothes are like a cloudy day on a breathtaking beach."

GUTS AND GLORY

In the moments after two hardened gladiators return to their corners, a soft feminine figure provides respite for the psyche. Miss July 2013 Alyssa Arce is that welcome distraction as a Glory Girl for the Glory World Series, a new kickboxing circuit that airs on Spike TV. And she doesn't do it just for the check. The new gig gives Alyssa, a fight fan, one of the best seats in the house.



Social Shutterfly

Two Centerfolds represented in one photo: @JaslynOme, Miss April 2013, wearing lingerie designed by Miss December 2009 Crystal Hefner.

Girl Talk

Playmate Dancers **Neferteri Shepherd, Hiromi Oshima, Serria Tawan** and **Nikki Leigh** met boxer Larry "the Easton Assassin" Holmes—and his title belt. Women love accessories.



Berlin's Galerie Melilli Mancinetti hosted Lawrence Schiller: A Splash of Marilyn, an exhibition featuring nudes of **Miss December 1953** that Schiller shot on the set of *Something's Got to Give*.



PMOY 2005 **Tiffany Fallon** (Mrs. Joe Don Rooney) and another gal pal helped fellow country bride Caroline Bryan, wife of singer Luke Bryan, "trash the dress." The girls did it country-style by spraying beer and smearing barbecue sauce all over the wedding dress.



No Need to Stay Thirsty

To make a splash, upstart 138 Water, which calls itself the "first fashionable water," is featuring eight different-colored labels that can be matched to an outfit—and putting them in the hands of Playmates including Miss July 2011 Jessa Hinton. Sounds like a solid plan.



PLAYMATE FLASHBACK

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GOSSIP HOUND—AS THE FOUNDER OF GAWKER, **NICK DENTON** HAS BEEN CALLED A MODERN-DAY CITIZEN KANE. IN A *PLAYBOY* INTERVIEW WITH **JEFF BERCOVICI**, THE MEDIA MOGUL TALKS ABOUT TURNING RUMORS INTO NEWS, HIS PLANS TO REINVENT JOURNALISM AND HOW HE BECAME ONE OF THE MOST POWERFUL MEN IN NEW YORK CITY.

CARS OF THE YEAR—*PLAYBOY*'S AUTOMOTIVE EXPERTS MAKE THEIR PICKS FOR THE TOP RIDES OF 2014, INCLUDING THE BEST SUVs, SWEETEST SEDANS AND THE ALL-NEW CORVETTE.

TY BURRELL—IN *20Q*, THE ACTOR WHO PLAYS THE GOOFY, SENSITIVE PATRIARCH OF *MODERN FAMILY* TALKS WITH **STEPHEN REBELLO** ABOUT HIS SORDID PAST AS A DELINQUENT IN RURAL OREGON, KEEPING HIS COMPOSURE ON SET WITH SOFÍA VERGARA AND BEING THE GUY EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO HUG.

REMATCH—THREE DECADES AGO THE **IRON SHEIK** DOMINATED THE WWF AS THE HOT-TEMPERED WRESTLER IN AN ARABIAN

HEADRESS WHO RAILED AGAINST HULK HOGAN AND BOB BACKLUND. TODAY HE IS STILL BASHING—ALBEIT VIA TWITTER. **KEITH ELLIOT GREENBERG** VISITS THE IRANIAN WRESTLER (IN ATLANTA, OF ALL PLACES) AND LEARNS HIS ANTICS ARE MORE HOSTILE, AND HILARIOUS, THAN EVER.

PRESCRIPTION FOR DEATH—IN *STRUNG-OUT*, *HARDSCRABBLE* APPALACHIA, THINGS WENT FROM BAD TO WORSE: TOM HATCHER, MAYOR OF WAR, WEST VIRGINIA, WAS FOUND DEAD IN HIS BEDROOM. WAS IT MURDER? **VINCE BEISER** INVESTIGATES A SMALL-TOWN TRAGEDY.

TEA CEREMONY—JACK AND GWEN ARE A COUPLE WHO CAN'T KEEP THEIR HANDS OFF EACH OTHER. BUT WHAT LIES BENEATH THE SURFACE? **STUART DYBEK** REFLECTS ON THE NATURE OF DESULTORY LOVE IN A NEW SHORT STORY.

PLEASURE SEEKERS—THE SECRET TO GETTING OFF MAY BE 15 MINUTES OF FOCUS. SO SAYS ONETASTE, AN ORGANIZATION TRYING TO SELL ORGASMIC MEDITATION AS THE LATEST BREAKTHROUGH IN FEMALE PLEASURE. BUT DOES IT WORK? **MOLLY OSWAKS** OBSERVES AND REPORTS IN THE NEVER-ENDING SEARCH FOR A BETTER ORGASM.

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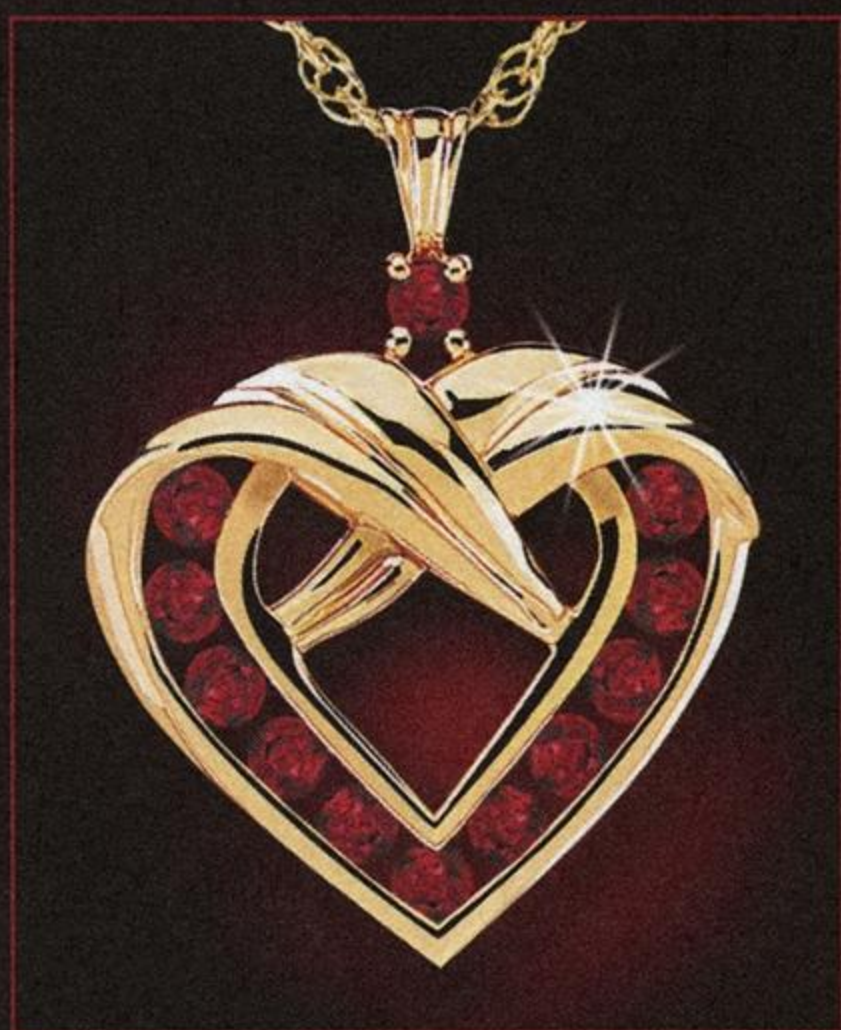
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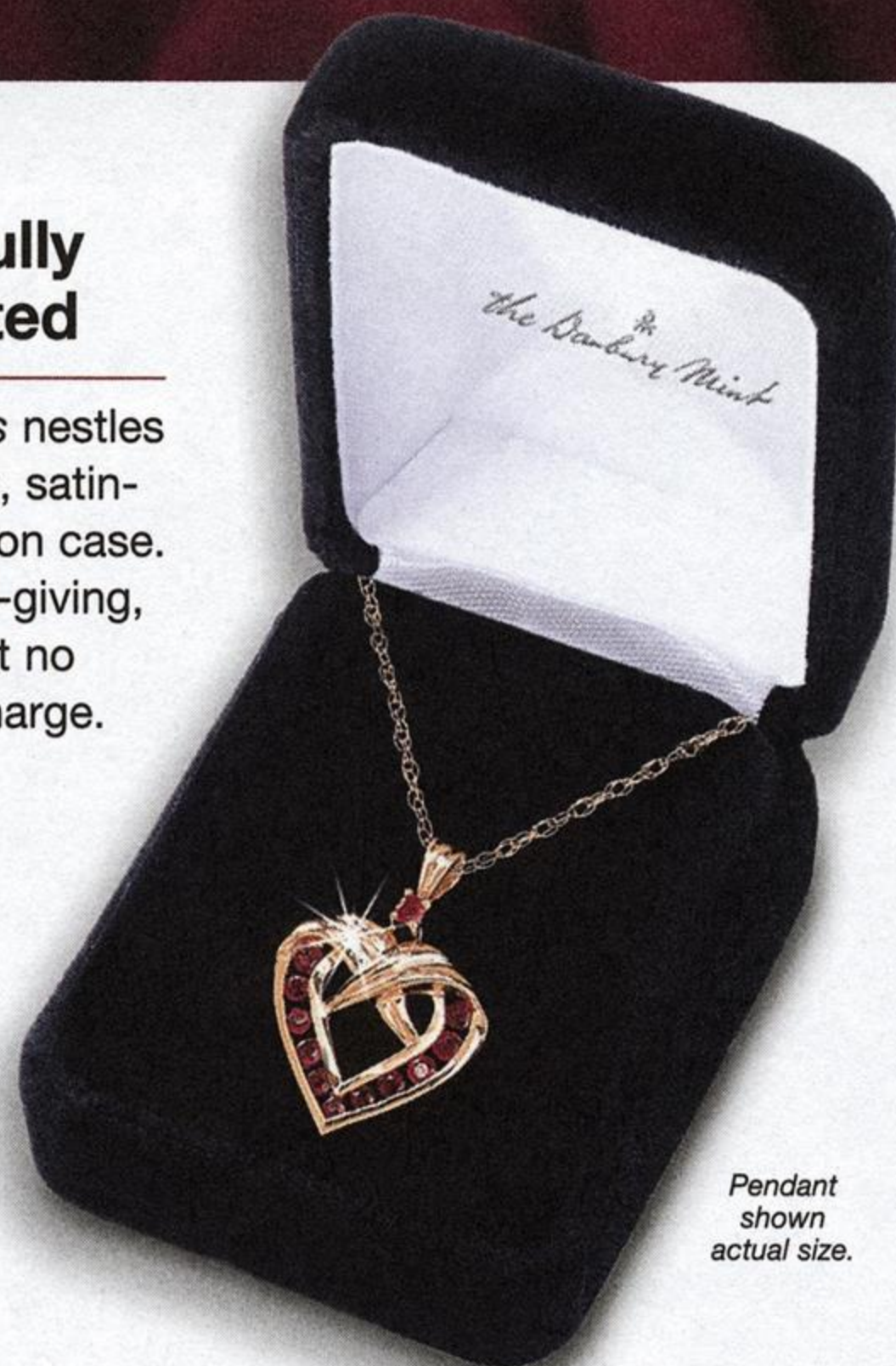


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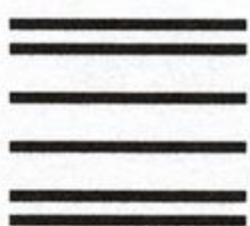
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